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THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

August 1st, 1890.

JULY has been a month of peace congresses and of international agreements, and it has seen the breaking out of a war as a corollary to the formation of a League of Peace. But it is possible that all these imposing international political acts and demonstrations count for less on the future of the world than the ingenious mechanical contrivance which was exhibited at the headquarters of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers on July 18th by a French engineer named Giffard. To outward appearance it was a simple thing enough, consisting of a small tube of toughest steel only nine inches in length, containing nothing that when opened the eye can see, the ear hear, the nose smell, or the finger touch. Yet that small tube may yet be destined to destroy empires, check the progress of Socialism, and establish throughout the world the principle of government by consent of the governed. Whether it will abolish war is a question open to discussion. But if all that is claimed for it be true, it will abolish gunpowder, and convert all the armaments of the modern world into old iron.

The Giffard Gun. The tough steel tube, nine inches long, is charged with liquefied carbonic acid gas, the same gas that we breathe from our lungs after every respiration, but converted by liquefaction into one of the most powerful propulsives known. It is fixed to the barrel of the rifle in such a way that when the trigger is pulled a drop of the liquefied gas is forced into the breech of the gun behind the bullet, where, instantaneously resuming a gaseous condition, it develops a force equal to 500 lb. pressure on the square inch. The bullet is then expelled at any degree of velocity desired, for the power can be increased or diminished by a simple turn of the screw. The pressure is equally distributed and continuously in-

creased until the bullet leaves the barrel. There is no sudden explosion such as that which constitutes the constant puzzle of the artillerist to overcome. There is no smoke, no noise, no recoil, no smell, no heat. A slight fizz, like the escape of gas from a soda-water bottle, is the only sound which announces the despatch of a bullet that flattens itself against the target at a distance of 1,200 yards. There is no danger from leakage. The new propellant is indifferent to heat or damp. It will not burst under the impact of a heavy blow, and it is so cheap that 250 bullets can be fired at the cost of a penny.

For Liberty and Individualism. It is said that Messrs. Colt, the famous American makers of small arms, have bought the American rights to the Giffard patents for £200,000. Experts who have seen the gun in practice are enthusiastic in its praise. The French Government is said to be experimenting on its application to cannon of the largest size. If M. Giffard does not abolish war he will at least revolutionize it. The smoke, the noise, and the perils of powder will disappear. That is however but a small thing compared with the enormously increased power that it will give to the individual. At present no man can slay his neighbour by revolver or rifle without betraying his whereabouts by the flash, the report, and the smoke of the discharge. But in future, when the Gessler, or the Napoleon, or the Lord Leitrim rides down the street or along the road, he may, without a single warning sound, be riddled by a hail of invisible bullets, streaming a hundred a minute from the concealed muzzle of a Giffard gun. None of his staff will be able to save him, for they will have no clue as to where the assassins may be concealed. They will only know that the air has become filled with a swift

death, coming from they know not whence, and slaying without sight or sound. Dynamite has hitherto been the last hope of despairing individualists. Now, the Giffard gun comes as a far more manageable and not less deadly reinforcement.

For, as Lord Lytton pointed out in "The Vril in Politics. Coming Race," when he described the utilization of Vril—the invisible force of the universe, the mere electric fringe of which already lights our streets and drives our tramcars — when man can instantly at will kill his fellow with impunity, government by force becomes extinct. Speaking of the Vril, Lord Lytton said :—

They brought the art of destruction to such a perfection as to annul all superiority in numbers, discipline, or military skill. The fire lodged in the hollow of a rod directed by the hand of a child could shatter the strongest fortress, or cleave its burning way from the van to the rear of an embattled host. If army met army, and both had the command of this agency, it could be but to the annihilation of each other. The age of war was therefore gone, but with the cessation of war other effects bearing upon the social state soon became apparent. Man was so completely at the mercy of man, each whom he encountered being able if so willing to slay him on the instant, that all notions of government by force gradually vanished from all political systems and forms of law. It is only by force that vast communities dispersed through great distances of space can be kept together, but now there was no longer the necessity of self-preservation nor the pride of aggrandisement to make one State to desire to preponderate in population over another.

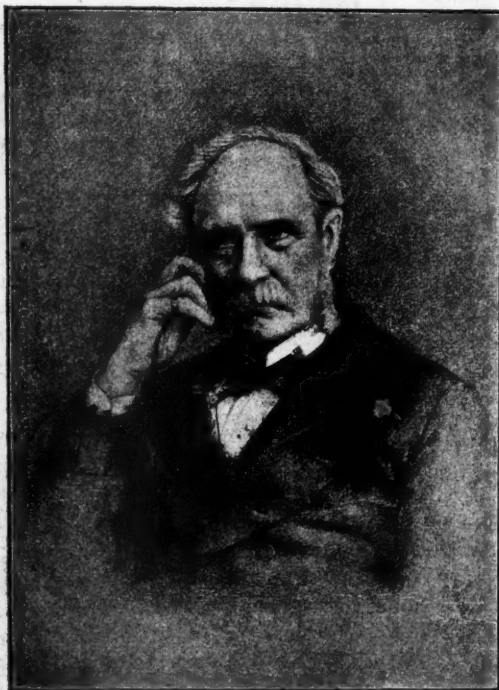
The Vril discoverers thus, in the course of a few generations, peacefully split into communities of moderate size. The tribe amongst which I had fallen was limited to 12,000 families.

The dream that the application of the
An Object Lesson from the force which makes the cork of a soda-
Far West. water bottle pop may solve problems
which nineteen centuries of Christian teaching have

struggled with in vain may no doubt appear fantastic and far-fetched. But the enthusiastic Americans who constituted the driving force of the Universal Peace Congress which met at Westminster in July, were provided with a very striking illustration of the fashion in which the practical impunity with which the individual can kill has told for peace in the Far West. For years the Modoc Indians, thanks to their occupancy of the lava beds, a natural stronghold where

a handful of men could hold an army at bay, defied the utmost efforts of the United States army. The Modocs, although only a few hundred strong, baffled all the efforts to subdue them. The war cost millions. Only twelve Modocs were killed, but General Canby was slain and 160 of his men. After all, the war seemed no nearer an end than it was at the beginning. In their despair the Americans abandoned the bullet and took to the Bible. Then, according to Mr. Wood, the Secretary of the American Christian and Arbitration Society, in the providence of God one little Quaker woman, "believing in the Lord Jesus Christ's power, and in non-resistent principles, has converted the whole Modoc tribe to non-resistent Quakers,

and they are now most harmless, self-supporting farmers and preachers of the Gospel of Christ." The story of the transformation effected in the relations between the Red-skins and the United States Government by substituting Christian for military principles is one of the strangest of the true stories of our day. It is not surprising that the men who have found the Gospel a talisman for civilising a Modoc and an Apache should cross the Atlantic full of faith that it would be equally efficacious in staying the blood feud of the Germans and the French. Mr. Wood



J. D. B. Smith

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brought me two photographs which I reproduce here as an example of the change that three months of the new treatment brought about in an Indian of the Wild West. The alteration from a picturesque point of view is no more an improvement than the change that takes place when a Lifeguardsman dons the jacket of a joiner, or shoulders the hod of a bricklayer. But as a neighbour in a solitary place, even the most devoted lover of the picturesque would willingly exchange the noble-looking savage for the close-cropped Christian into whom he is metamorphosed.

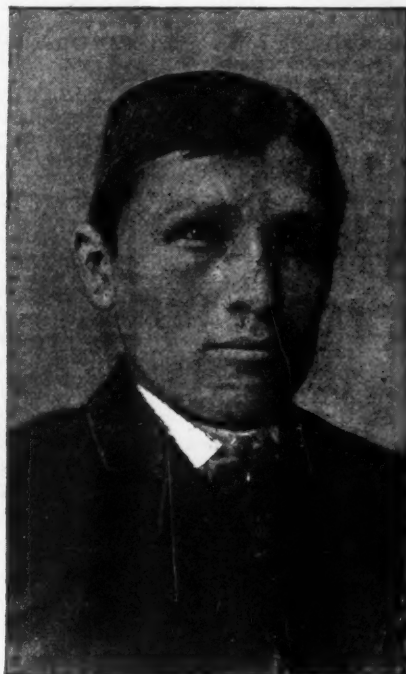


FRESH FROM THE WILD WEST.

gress, which met at Westminster under the presidency of the Hon. F. Dudley Field, one of the leading international lawyers of the United States, appointed a committee of five—

To prepare an address or communication in the name of the Congress to the principal religious, commercial, labour and peace organizations in civilised countries, requesting them to send petitions to the Governmental authorities of their respective countries, praying that measures be taken for the formation of suitable tribunals for the adjudication of international questions, so as to avoid the resort to war.

The International Parliamentary Conference which



AFTER FOUR YEARS.

Arbitration. On July 11th the Italian Chamber passed a resolution affirming the principle of international arbitration. Stirred up to good works by the example of the "usurpers," the Pope is said to be composing an elaborate encyclical, in which he will propound a grand scheme of Papal arbitration. France and Holland have referred the disputed frontier of Guiana in South America to the arbitration of the Tzar, and England, Portugal, and America have referred the dispute about the Delagoa Railway to the arbitration of three arbitrators, to be selected by the Swiss Government. The Universal Peace Con-

gress followed passed resolutions calling upon all Governments to adopt arbitration. The crux of the question—failing such a modern Christianization of Europe as took place among the Modocs—was, however, but glanced at casually at the Conference. That question is how recalcitrant States are to be compelled to submit their differences to arbitration, or, having submitted them, to abide by the decision of the arbitrators. Judging from analogy, the only hope for the future—always barring the conversion of the nations—is in the establishment of a federal power strong enough to enforce the decrees of

the Supreme Court. The European Concert is the United States of Europe in germ. When the Concert consents to make its decisions by majorities instead of unanimously, and when the majority will enforce its decisions, the end will be in sight. But before that end is attained there will be a good deal of blood spilled.

Take, for instance, what is happening in Central America at this moment. **Peace, peace, when there is no peace!** One of the resolutions passed at the Peace Congress ran thus:—

The Congress congratulates the friends of Peace on the resolution adopted by the International American Conference (with the exception of the representatives of Chili and Mexico) at Washington in April last, by which it was recommended that Arbitration should be obligatory in all controversies concerning diplomatic and consular privileges, boundaries, territories, indemnities, right of navigation, and the validity, construction, and enforcement of treaties, and in all other cases, whatever their origin, nature, or occasion, except only those which in the judgment of any of the nations involved in the controversy may imperil its independence. The Congress respectfully recommends this resolution to the attention of the statesmen of European and other nations of the world, and expresses the ardent desire that treaties in similar terms be speedily entered into.

Another subject for congratulation among friends of Peace was the decision arrived at this year on the part of the Central American Republics to form a Federal Union. But notwithstanding these good resolutions, nay, even on account of them, war has broken out between San Salvador and Guatemala, which seems likely to spread far and wide among the combustible material of these Spanish-American Republics. San Salvador was summoned to assent to the ratification of the proposed Union, and when its president, General Ezeta, refused, the Guatemalan troops crossed the frontier to enforce obedience. It is difficult to make out exactly what occurred, lying by telegram being regarded as legitimate a mode of warfare as the use of the mitrailleuse, but one thing ap-

pears to be clear. The Guatemalans were defeated on their first attack, and the moral effect of the reverse was to bring about a revolt in their capital. Fighting is still going on. Honduras threatens to join Guatemala, while Mexico, which has boundary disputes with Guatemala, hopes to profit by the confusion. Thus the first attempt to precipitate the establishment of a larger unity has brought about war and threatened insurrection. This is exactly what would happen if in Europe the Powers were to propose to form a Federal Union on the basis of the territorial *status quo*. France would play the part of San Salvador, and the first result of a combined attempt to base the establishment of peace on the acceptance

of the established order of things in Alsace and Lorraine would precipitate a general war.

While the attempt to achieve federal unity by united coercion has precipitated war in Central America, South America has witnessed a revolution even more sanguinary. The Argentine Republic, with a population less than that of London, has, within the last few years, incurred a national debt of

£150,000,000 on Argentine securities. There seemed no limit to the dividend-earning capacities of the young Republic of the South. The millionaires of the future, it was confidently predicted, would hail from Buenos Ayres. But swift money-getting demoralizes like drinking. The appetite grows faster than the means by which it can be satisfied. In vain did the Bourses of Europe pour their millions into the lap of the South American prodigal. It was not enough to satisfy the craving of the men who, seated at the receipt of Custom and the control of the Administration, believed they had a purse of Fortunatus. Loan succeeded loan in rapid succession. The money received from investors fattened the adventurers who



SEAT OF WAR IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

controlled the Government. When loans fell flat, worthless bank notes were issued to the extent of £12,000,000 sterling. As long as the prodigal could raise the wind by issuing I O U's he kept going. But at last credit gave way. Banks stopped payment. The paper dollar was only worth two shillings. When the crisis was seen approaching, the Argentines said it would be necessary to assassinate their President in order to rehabilitate their currency. That is the way they have in those regions of changing the Government. The sacrifice, however, was postponed, and the crash came. Then it was seen the malady had gone too deep to be cured by simple assassination. So a revolution became the order of the day, and the last week of July filled the papers with news of bloodshed and barricades—made of hay—in the streets of Buenos Ayres.

1890
Anno Domini. President Celman had still one-third of his six years' term of office to run when, by way of strengthening his precarious position, he clapped General Campos into gaol. The Civic Union rallied to the support of their favourite General, and rescued him from gaol. The army, which in the Argentine consists of less than 7,000 men, espoused his cause, and the Revolution began. Buenos Ayres is the New York of the Southern Continent. Its population is estimated 300,000, yet its destinies and the fate of the Republic were left to be decided by the result of a desultory street-fight between the handful of soldiers and a handful of armed police. Imagine London standing passive while the future of the Empire was decided by a free fight between the Guards from Knightsbridge and a section of the Metropolitan police! It was war à la Offenbach. The warships, when the tide served, got near enough to shell the quarters of the President; when the tide fell they retired, lest they should be left stranded. The citizens kept their shutters up, and stood on guard between them with loaded rifles. From the tops of houses policemen and firemen took pot-shots at the Revolutionists below. The Government house was guarded by mitrailleuses, the approaches defended with barricades of hay. Pickets were stationed at the outposts of the respective quarters, and the people cheered when a policeman dropped dead from his horse. Heaps of dead men strewed the roadway. The chief butchery, however, seems to have been due to a mistake by which the insurgent artillery mowed down a regiment of the line which had suddenly gone over to the Revolutionists. The Revolutionists seized the arsenal. The President fled at first, but, returning with reinforcements, attempted to arrange a conference,

which was rejected, and fighting was resumed "with loud vivas." Unfortunately, however, for the revolutionists the arsenal, instead of being crammed with munitions of war, was almost empty. Boxes that were supposed to be full of cartridges were found to be empty, and after a day or two's firing, the revolution came to a standstill for want of powder and shot. President Celman returned to the city from which he had fled, bringing with him some troops from the country, and they, fortunately, were not devoid of cartridges. The navy surrendered. The revolted soldiers received a free pardon. The officers were cashiered. No one seems to have been punished. Thus peace reigns once more in Buenos Ayres—for a time. This tragical opera-bouffe makes us understand how it is that ambitious Spanish-Americans have come to regard assassination as a pardonable political expedient. Why there should be so many Spanish-Americans in the world is almost as great a mystery as why there should be so many Chinese.

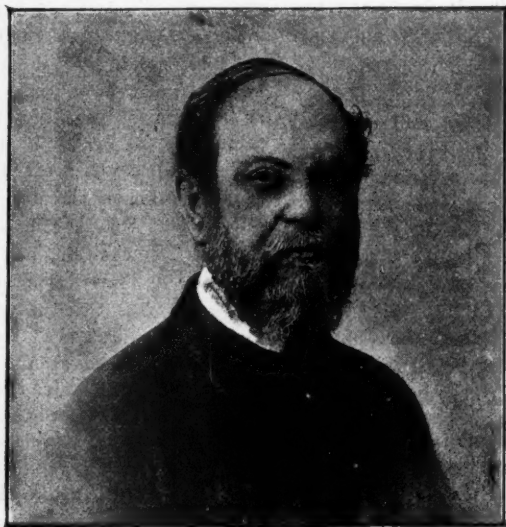
In Northern America.

It cannot be said, however, that in July the English speakers in the North have displayed much political capacity in the adjustment of their differences. The wrangle about Behring's Sea remains unsettled. The despatch published at Washington breaks off at a critical point, Mr. Blaine insisting on the right of the United States to regard the north end of the Pacific Ocean as their private preserve, and Lord Salisbury formally protesting against any renewal of active interference with British vessels outside the territorial waters of the United States, and holding the Government of the United States responsible for consequences that may ensue from acts contrary to the established principles of international law. Mr. Blaine is very sore. The Canadians are delighted to find that Lord Salisbury has put down his foot on their behalf, and indignant at being described by Mr. Blaine as "next door to pirates." All the seals in Behring's Sea are not worth the bad blood this difference of opinion may make between the Empire and the Republic. The strength of the Christian peace and arbitration party in both countries must be small indeed if they cannot secure a prompt reference of this question to arbitration.

The dispute between France and Newfoundland! foundland has made no advance to a settlement. Half the politicians of Newfoundland are in London, and among them one who is not a politician but a Prefect Apostolic for the French shore, who knows his facts better than

almost any of the deputation. Dr. Howley, who called at London the other day, on his way to Rome, told me he thought the question might be settled if we began by admitting what he regards as the uncontrovertible rights of the French, and then propose to buy them out. The cash value of their fishing on the French shore was not more last year than £4,000, and they have very few lobster factories. No arbitrator would award them more than a trifle for claims which bring in less than the rent of a London warehouse. If, however, as is almost certain, France refused to arbitrate, then Dr. Howley thinks the difficulty might be surmounted by keeping the French to the strict letter of their rights, and while rigidly abstaining from interfering with them wherever they have establishments in operation, resolutely to ignore their claim to a potential veto upon the development of colonial resources along the west coast. Dr. Howley assured me that unless the question was dealt with vigorously, the secession of the colony to the American Republic might come about any day. The Newfoundlanders have no love for Uncle Sam, but they believe he would stand no nonsense from the Frenchmen, and they have come to the conclusion that they must get rid of the latter at any cost. The attempt to induce France to give up her bounties in exchange for the repeal of the Bait Act is doomed to failure. One-tenth part of the British capital lavished on the Argentine Republic would stretch a railway across the island. Canada will make the railway if Newfoundland would join the Dominion. But at present the St. John's capitalists who control the policy of the colony turn a deaf ear to all overtures from the mainland.

The Anglo-German agreement, which has been negotiated chiefly by the agency of Sir Percy Anderson, one of the hitherto almost unknown officials at the Foreign



Sir Percy Anderson

Office, having been signed at Berlin on July 1st, the Government has spent the rest of the month in endeavouring to beat down the price demanded by France as the condition of its assent to our protectorate of Zanzibar. We understand that Lord Salisbury has offered to recognise the French protectorate of Madagascar, abandoning our protégés, the Hovas, who, however, stand in little need of our assistance, and that the negotiations have chiefly turned to application of the Hinterland doctrine to Western Africa. France, having got Senegal, claims that her sphere of influence extends to Lake Tchad, where no Frenchman

has ever penetrated, covering vast regions where the French have neither consul, travelers, merchants, nor missionaries. France owns Algeria; therefore all that lies behind, including the Sahara down to Timbuctoo and the Niger, belongs to their sphere of influence! Such is the preposterous claim with which Lord Salisbury has had to deal. As we own the Niger district, we might equally claim the southern half of the Sahara as our Hinterland. The map which I publish as a frontispiece to the present issue will enable the reader to understand the nature of the controversy better than any amount of description.

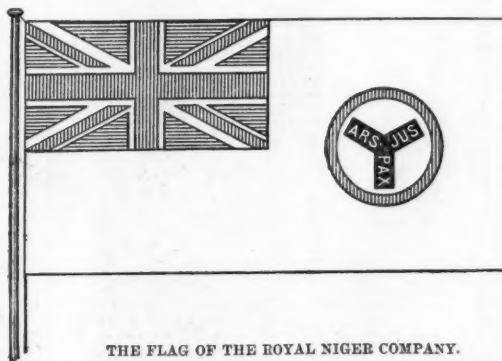
It is understood that we are willing to cede the Gambia, and to admit that everything north of a line drawn from Timbuctoo to the north-western corner of Lake Tchad belongs to the French sphere of influence.

The month of July has drawn attention to the four new empires which we have founded, as the Indian Empire was founded by the convenient agency of a Commercial company. The North Borneo Company, which was the pioneer of these corporations, held its fifteenth half-yearly meeting on the 9th of July. Sir Rutherford Alcock reported an increase of revenue of nearly 60 per cent. in their receipts, the annual

Income having risen from £24,986 in 1888 to £39,850 in 1889. As the Chairman observed.—

To create trade in a tropical island in the East, where none had existed when possession was first obtained; to bring under civil administration and government a territory where only pirates and nomad tribes of savages formed a scanty population; and for its development to attract capital, and to found a colony which must annually increase in value as a commercial opening, and naturally improve under the British flag, was manifestly an arduous and costly undertaking, but it had been accomplished.

The British East African Company held its first general meeting on the 25th of July. It has a territory of 700,000 square miles allotted to it as its sphere. It has spent up to now £183,000 in laying the foundations of its dominion. It has liberated 4,000 slaves, enlisted a small army of 50 employés, is about to put three or four small steamers on the Victoria Nyanza, and is already clamouring for a Government railway from the lake to the coast. For the present, the shareholders are content to take their dividends out in philanthropy, and console themselves by reflecting that they have secured by the Anglo-German agreement undisputed leave to extend their dominion from Zanzibar to Khartoum.



THE FLAG OF THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY.

The only Company that pays a dividend **The Royal Niger.** is that to whose energy and enterprise we owe it that the whole basin of the Lower Niger has not fallen into the hands of the French. The company, whose quaint colours—black with yellow lettering on white ground—are quartered on the British flag, has achieved results that well deserve more attention than can be given in this brief and rapid survey of the history of the month. While actually earning a dividend of 6 per cent., it has established a commercial sovereignty over one of the greatest river basins in Africa. It has absolute sovereign rights over the Lower Niger, while the Empires of Sokoto and Gandu, and Borgu, have placed themselves under its beneficent protectorate. Lord Aberdare announced at the annual meeting which was held on July 29 that—

Constant friendly intercourse and commerce with Sokoto and Gandu have altered the position, and we have just been able to conclude irrevocable and perpetual treaties, giving us the fullest jurisdiction—fiscal, criminal, civil,

and of every other kind—over all non-natives throughout the whole of the two empires, that is to say, over all persons not actual subjects of those empires.

They have treaties with 300 pagan tribes on the river, which is patrolled from end to end by the Company's fleet, consisting of some 20 or 30 steamers and launches, while law and order are maintained by a small but admirably armed native force whose mitrailleuses and Maxims enable it to maintain a Roman peace almost to the borders of Lake Tchad.

Taking advantage of the international agreement, the Company has made a regulation absolutely prohibiting the importation of spirituous liquors, for sale or barter, into any place within the jurisdiction of the Company north of the seventh parallel of north latitude—that is to say, into about nineteen-twentieths of the regions over which the Company has treaty rights of jurisdiction. The same policy will be enforced in the remaining twentieth of the territories, when the Company's military force is greatly strengthened.

Mr. Rhodes' Company.

By far the most ambitious,

and perhaps the most perilous, of all the Empire-making projects is that which is associated with the name of Mr. Rhodes, the Diamond King of South Africa. The British South Africa Company, which has undertaken to establish British influence over Matabeleland and

Mashonaland, up to the Zambesi, is this month under weigh. The expeditionary force of 750 mounted men, under Colonel Carrington, crossed the frontier for the land of Ophir, which it is expected will be occupied peacefully the second or third week of August. The railway northward from Kimberley to Fourteen Streams was opened on July 1st; the telegraph has been carried to Ramontra, and is being laid across the country to Meschudi. "It is a wonderful thing, is telegraphy," was the first message sent over the wires by the Chief, Ikening: "I am in the dark, and cannot understand it." A line of native runners will keep communication open between the small expeditionary force and the base far in the rear. So far Lobengula has been amiable, and the hopes of the mounted men are high. Unless all reports are false, they will find a veritable El Dorado in Mashonaland.

The adventures that await Mr. Rhodes' Company are, however, less interesting

than the adventures that await Mr. Rhodes, who, on

the 17th of July, became Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, in place of Sir Gordon Sprigg, who fell over a proposal to spend £10,000,000 in creating eastern and western railways which would unite the northern and southern railway systems of the colony. The Victorian Premier, Mr. Service, has been more fortunate with his great railway scheme, which is as gigantic as Sir Gordon Sprigg's; but Victoria has no native question, and no cautious Dutchmen to sprag the wheels of its rapid development. The rightful successor of Sir Gordon Sprigg ought to have been Mr. Hofmeyr, the leader of the Dutch, who are a permanent majority in the Cape Parliament. Unfortunately, Mr. Hofmeyr refused to modify the obstinate refusal which he has always returned to every proposal that he should be saddled with the responsibility of his authority. Mr. Rhodes was then sent for, and the foremost Englishman in South Africa became Prime Minister of the colony. To Mr. Rhodes' ambition, which is commensurate with his immense wealth and magnificent ideals, the Cape Premiership is but a stepping stone. He is a man far above mere Colonial aspirations; even the existing Empire is far too narrow and circumscribed a field for his energies.

The Cession
of North
N'gamiland.

While men like
Sir W. Mac-
kinnon, Sir

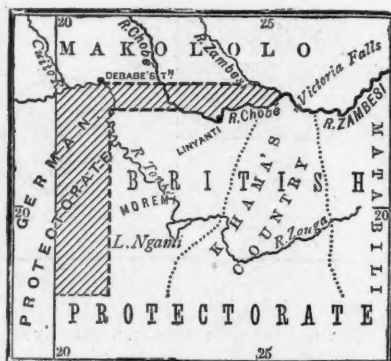
Rutherford Alcock, Mr. Rhodes, and Sir George Goldie are building up the Empire, Downing Street is handing over Heligoland to Germany, Gambia to France, and has given away the northern gnomes of N'gamiland to Germany. The accompanying map shows the preposterous extension that has been given to German territory by Lord Salisbury, made to enable the Germans to reach the Zambesi. What with "Hinterland" theories and the cession of chips of territory in regions where the Hinterland is ours, in order to enable them to gain access to a river in which they have not a single interest, it is strange that we have still so much of Africa left in our hands. We are not out of the wood yet; for an agreement is sure to be in the making with Portugal, and who knows how much more may be given up yet? Already Mr. Rhodes has given us a touch of his policy. His first act as Cape Premier

has been to give notice of a resolution formally expressing regret that the Anglo-German Agreement should have surrendered North N'gamiland without any consultation as to the wishes of the South African colonists.

The Crown as a
Democratic
Arm.

In the debate on the Heligoland Cession Bill, Mr. Gladstone astonished some of his adherents and delighted his friends by the vigour and intrepidity with which he assailed the Government for asking Parliament to sanction the cession of Imperial territories. The right to cede territories is vested in the Crown alone. Mr. Gladstone was cornered by a declaration which he had made in 1870, when, in reply to a question, he had said that the settlement of Gambia and the great arterial communication of Africa could not be conveyed to France

without the consent of Parliament. Proteus, however, was not in the running with Mr. Gladstone. He extricated himself from this dilemma by pointing out that, while the settlement of Gambia, being a part of the Empire, could be ceded by the Crown, the great arterial communication of Africa, not being a British possession, could not be ceded without the consent of Parliament! His statement as to the need of Parliament's consent had reference solely to the second head of the



N'GAMILAND.

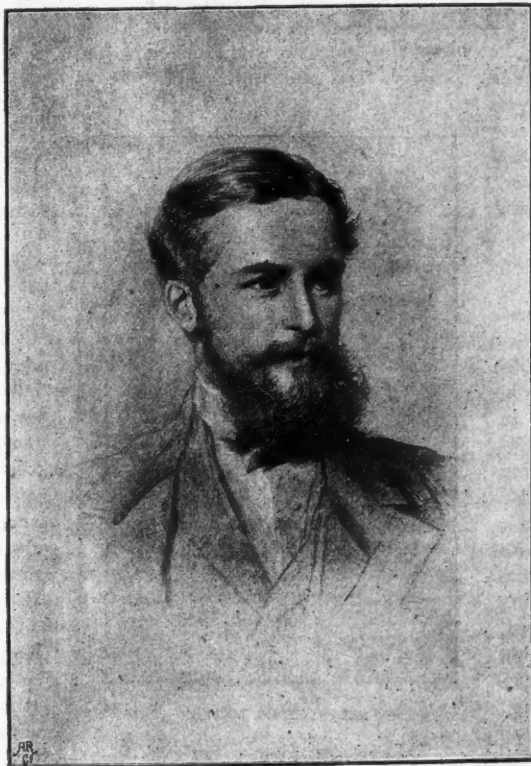
question, was uttered in all sincerity, and received without a smile. But Mr. Gladstone's point was a good one. The Crown in these democratic days means the will of the Prime Minister for the time being. The Prime Minister is the representative of the party that commands a majority in the House of Commons. Hence, when you say Crown, you mean the majority of the electorate. When you say Parliament, you mean a majority of the House of Lords. Hence it is more democratic to be a Monarchist nowadays than it is to be a Parliamentarian. For a Parliament in theory, the authority of the House of Lords is equal to that of the House of Commons. The Crown has become a great democratic weapon—the only weapon by which we shall ultimately be able to deal with the peers without the trouble of a Revolution.

Politics at Westminster.

Parliament in July has chiefly assisted at the funeral of projects of legislation. Ministers have fared badly. The result of Barrow election, when the seat vacated by Mr. Caine was most unexpectedly won by a Home Ruler, gave a finishing stroke to the misfortunes of the Session. Mid-Durham brought no consolation, although the Liberal majority was not quite equal to the figures of 1885. The Irish Land Purchase Bill was abandoned. The Tithe Bill was dropped. The proposal to take up measures one Session at the stage to which they had been advanced the previous year was given up. Mr. Goschen surrendered with a sigh all hope of dealing with the light half-sovereigns which are a disgrace to our currency, and handed over the money originally destined for the extinction of licences to be used for intermediate, technical and agricultural education. Ministers have succeeded in passing the Bill for taking the usual Decennial Census, the Heligoland Cession Bill, and the Police Bill. The Housing of the Working Classes Bill is little more than a consolidation Bill. A Committee of the House of

Lords threw out the proposal to make an electric underground railway from Kensington to the City, fearing that it might endanger the stability of St. Paul's; another Committee vetoed the amalgamation of the North British and Glasgow and South-Western Railway Companies, while a third decreed the abolition without compensation of the bars and gates which obstruct so many London thoroughfares. Most of the work of the Peers in July was done in Committee.

The enquiries into Child Life Insurance and into the treatment of Hospital Nurses were prolonged and exhaustive. In the Lower House most of the time was devoted to debating the Irish Estimates. Mr. Parnell made another curiously unexpected speech, moderate and conciliatory, which had the unlooked-for effect of securing the voting of Mr. Balfour's salary without a division.



Lord Rosebery and Sir J. Lubbock.

The chief items of interest in

London

were not political so much as industrial and administrative. Lord Rosebery, much to the regret of his colleagues and his friends, resigned the Chairmanship of the London County Council, making way for Sir John Lubbock, whose election was hotly opposed by the more extreme Radicals. It is a curious and noteworthy fact that the most democratic body in the British Empire should have chosen an earl as its first chairman and a Liberal-Unionist banker and baronet as its second. Lord Rosebery has distinctly raised his reputation and immensely increased his administrative experience by his two years in the chair. He still

John Lubbock

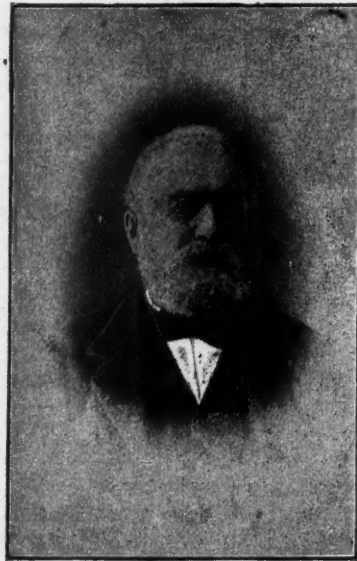
remains a member of the Council, but, judging from the auguries supplied by the first meeting after his departure, London will before long regret the loss of the young nobleman whose good humour, common sense, and tact enabled its first County Council to overcome the immense friction inevitable in beginning such a task as the administration of a city so vast as our great Babylon.

Postmen,
Police, and
Soldiers.

The labour question has many phases. In July the State was confronted with the problem of dealing with something very like a mutiny in the ranks of three of the most indispensable of its servants. The postmen of London began a strike for liberty to unite like other workmen, which they had not the organization, the means, nor the courage to carry out. The police at Bow Street struck against the punishment of a constable who had taken part in organizing something like a union to demand better pensions, more leisure, and more pay, but being also without organization or leaders, Sir E. Bradford had an easy victory. For a couple of nights there was disorder in Bow Street and Covent Garden, then all was over. The indiscipline of the Grenadier Guards was more serious. Recruiting has been slack for some time, and the Guards were pretty severely strained to keep up the usual duties of the force. It was with difficulty that the men had even four nights consecutively in bed, and they complained bitterly that they were being drilled to death. British Grenadiers do not, as a rule, complain of drill, and there was a general feeling of surprise when the men refused one morning to turn out when ordered. Ministers at first knew nothing about it, but when enquiries were set on foot it was found that the discontent was both deep and widespread. A line regiment was hurried up from Portsmouth, the oldest man in each of the mutinous companies was court-martialled, the battalion was ordered to Bermuda, and Colonel Maitland, superseded, was practically compelled to resign on half-pay. It is admitted the men had cause for complaint, it is alleged that they had complained, and that their representations had been ignored; their indiscipline consisted of the mildest possible form of protest necessary to bring the question before the authorities; yet five, selected at random, were sent to hard labour for two years or eighteen months. All the proceedings were private, but the punishment was public. The public did not like it. There were

protests in the Commons; there was even a protest in the Lords. Indignation meetings were held in the Parks, and petitions got up to the Crown. Until now these representations have borne no fruit. Whatever may be thought of the heinousness of the offence of indiscipline under ordinary circumstances, raising your voice loud enough to reach the ear of the Commander-in-Chief—who ought not to be so hard of hearing—was not an offence for which two years' hard labour can justly be awarded.

Bismarck at I have but a brief space left in which his St. Helena. to refer to foreign affairs. Prince



SIR WILLIAM WHITE

Bismarck continues to be interviewed on all sides, and even condescends to the pettiness of complaining that the newspapers which he had nursed into power and wealth no longer fawned on the hand that had fed them. It is the way of the world. But if any one is without excuse for making such complaint it is a fallen despot. Having trained your creatures to cringe to power, it is absurd to expect them to forget that lesson the moment power has passed into other hands. Said an octogenarian the other day: "Prince Bismarck has belittled himself more rapidly than any man in my lifetime." "Except Lord Randolph Churchill," was the reply. But Lord Randolph, not being originally so great, could not

accomplish so much—except, of course, comparatively. But, as a third observer remarked, Prince Bismarck is but doing as Napoleon did. Friedrichsruhe is his St. Helena. It may be undignified; but the colossus, like the elephant, is vulnerable on his under side.

Bulgaria. M. Stambouloff has achieved a notable and Armenia. victory in securing from the Porte the official recognition of three Bulgarian Bishops for Macedonia. Servia is angry, and Greece is not pleased. Russia objects, not because she does not think Macedonia is Bulgarian, but because she objects to everything that augments the prestige of the Coburger. Astonishing rumours of the intention of Prince Ferdinand to declare himself independent are believed by the *Daily News*; but there seems to be more truth in

the statement that M. Stambuloff has offered Turkey the aid of 60,000 Bulgarian troops if she would support Prince Ferdinand against Russia. M. Stambuloff is an audacious statesman, but in this he goes too far. Russia alone will profit by an offer which shows how little to be trusted are the Christian sympathies of the adventurers who now reign in Bulgaria. Affairs in Armenia are so bad, that if the Russians were to occupy Erzeroum to-morrow our Government could hardly protest against a measure which is indispensable for the protection of the Armenians from the ravages of the Kurds. The hand of the Russian may be heavy; but it is the hand of a policeman, not that of a bandit. I am glad that Sir W. White has returned to Constantinople. Sir Robert Morier remains in London, a proof that nothing is apprehended from Russia; it is Sir William White who is at the danger point. And well it is for England that we have a man at the front so brave and so sagacious as he, who is the successor and heir alike of Ignatieff's skill and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's authority.

A Veteran.

Among the names on the death roll of the month, I note with sincere regret the name of Lydia Becker. Miss Becker was the pioneer of the Woman's Suffrage movement in this country. The eldest of a family of fifteen children, she had so much mothering to do at home for her brothers and sisters that she did not suffer, like most unmarried women, the lack of that training in self-sacrifice

which is involved in maternity. In later life she made up for the lack of a family of her own by twenty years' public motherhood of the children of Manchester. She was seven times elected member of the School Board for her native city, and served the children with zeal and assiduity for twenty years. She was a thoroughly motherly woman, domestic to the finger-tips, and sufficiently independent to be both a strong-minded female and a public exponent of the virtue of stays. But it was as a clever judicial exponent of the justice of the claim for the enfranchisement of women that she earned the right to be gratefully remembered by all who care for the progress of the race. Alike as a speaker and as a writer, she rendered yeoman's service to the cause. Of late years she hardly could be said to have marched in the van; but she never fell out of the ranks, and, Churchwoman and Unionist though she was, she did her duty bravely to the last. She died of diph-



MISS LYDIA BECKER.

theria at Geneva, very suddenly, on July 18th. The very day before she died she wrote some business directions to the Women's Suffrage Society. There are many women in the ranks of greater personal charm, and many who arouse more enthusiasm; but we shall find it very difficult to fill the vacant place with one as weariless, as lucid, and as resolute as Lydia Becker.

DIARY FOR JULY.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

1. Anglo-German Agreement signed at Berlin. German Colonial Society at Cologne condemn Agreement.
2. French Chamber debate the Credit Foncier. London County Council abandon Strand Improvements Bill, owing to the rejection of betterment clauses.
3. International Conference on Sea Fishing opened in London.
4. Important trial on right of public meeting at Whitechurch, tried by the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury. Members of Salvation Army acquitted.
5. Leeds Gas Strike. Military called out. Healthy and Artistic Dress Union started in London.
6. Catholic Truth Society's annual conference at Birmingham closes.
7. Señor Sagasta's Cabinet resigns in Spain. Funeral of Lord Carnarvon.
8. Mansion House meeting to promote International Health Congress next year in London.
9. Leeds Gas Strike ended. Victory of the men.
10. Bishop Woodcock resigns seat on the Senate of Royal University, as a protest against the neglect of the Irish Education Question by Mr. Balfour.
11. Funeral of Mickiewicz at Cracow.
12. German Emperor left Christiania for the north.
13. Russian Nihilists sentenced in Paris to various terms of imprisonment for manufacturing explosives. Two women acquitted.
14. Señor Canovas del Castillo constitutes new Spanish Ministry.
15. The Brennan Torpedo trial at Portsmouth. H.M.S. *Blenheim* launched at Blackwall.
16. Right of Procession to Hyde Park by any route conceded by Sir Edward Bradford.
17. Metropolitan Police Mutiny at Bow Street.
18. Prince and Princess of Wales opened Vauxhall Park.
19. The Police Strike at Bow Street. Tumult; the Life Guards called out.
20. Grenadier Guards (2nd battalion) refuse to parade at Wellington Barracks as protest against excessive over-drill by Colonel Maitland.
21. The Prince of Wales lays foundation-stone of new College of Music at Kensington Gore.
22. Lord Salisbury receives deputation of African merchants protesting against Anglo-German agreement.
23. Disorder at Bow Street continued, but Police Strike collapses.
24. The Prince of Wales opens Recreation Ground at Paddington.
25. Disturbance in the Post Office. Partial strike of Postmen.
26. Four hundred Postmen suspended. Strike collapses. Suspended men petition to be restored.
27. Mr. Ritchie received deputation on Water Supply of London.
28. The North British and Glasgow and South-Western Railway Amalgamation Bill thrown out by House of Lords Committee.
29. The New Wimbledon Rifle Meeting opened at Bisley by Prince and Princess of Wales.
30. Mr. Stanley married to Miss Dorothy Tennant in Westminster Abbey.
31. The Battle of the Boyne celebrated peacefully in Ulster.

13. Sprigg Ministry resigns at the Cape. Cyclone kills 250 people at St. Paul, in Minnesota.
14. Peace Congress opened at Westminster Town Hall. Town's meeting at Sheffield protest against the new American tariff.
15. Lord Rosebery resigns Chairmanship of the London County Council. Twenty-fifth anniversary of the Salvation Army at the Crystal Palace.
16. The Empress Frederick leaves Portsmouth for Gibraltar. The Behring Sea Despatches published at Washington. Central London Railway Bill rejected by Committee of the House of Lords. Mansion-House meeting for Playing-fields for London.
17. The Rhodes Ministry take office at the Cape. France and Holland leave Guiana frontier dispute to the arbitration of the Tar. Dalley Memorial unveiled at St. Paul's Cathedral. Conference of Women's Franchise League. Whitworth Institute inaugurated in Manchester. War in Central America. Guatemala invades Salvador; battle. Guatemalans defeated.
18. Potato blight in Ireland. Weather extremely wet and thunderstorms.
19. Sultan recognises the Bulgarian bishops in Macedonia. Grenadier Guards ordered to the Bermudas. Railway Construction Bill in Victorian Parliament, proposing to spend two millions a-year for the next seven years in making 1,100 miles of railway.
21. Belgian Festivities on the 25th anniversary of King Leopold. Sentences of the six Grenadier Guards, two to two years' imprisonment and three to eighteen months. New Battersea Bridge opened by Lord Rosebery.
22. Lord Salisbury receives deputation concerning Oil River District on the West Coast of Africa. Grenadier Guards embark for the Bermudas at Chatham. Sir John Lubbock elected Chairman of the London County Council. International Peace Conference of Members of European Legislatures opened at the Hotel Métropole by Lord Herschell. The Queen's Prize won by Sergeant Bates, of the West Warwick, by 278 points.
24. The Prince of Wales lays the memorial stone of new nave of St. Saviour's, Southwark. House of Lords Committee passes the Bill for constructing Footbridge and Lock at Richmond. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach receives deputation asking for legislation against deck loading of cattle from America. German Emperor leaves Molde for Bergen.
25. Belgian Chamber approves convention between Belgium and the Congo State, with one dissentient. Conference at Mansion House for relief of distress caused by mining accidents.
26. Queen opened the Empress Dock at Southampton. Revolution in the Argentine Republic; flight of President Celman to Rosario; General Campos in command of the insurrection. Reported revolt in Guatemala, San Salvador troops advancing on capital. Unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the President of Guatemala.
27. Fighting in Buenos Ayres. Government defeated. 1,000 killed and wounded. Fatal riot in Armenian Cathedral, Constantinople; four soldiers and three Armenians killed. Mass meeting in Victoria Park to protest against the sentences on the Garibaldians. German Emperor arrives at Wilhelmshaven. English naval manoeuvres begin in the Channel. President Celman returned with reinforcements to Buenos Ayres. Truce under negotiations. Mining Exhibition opened at Crystal Palace. Hospital Sunday Fund realised £41,000.
29. Prince Bismarck left Friedrichsruhe for Schönhofen. German Government publish Memorandum defending the Anglo-German Agreement. British Medical Association meet at Birmingham. Collapse of Rebellion in Buenos Ayres. Rebellious officers dismissed. Country levies disbanded.
30. Lord Dunlop's petition for Divorce dismissed with costs.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

1. *Sheriffs Assizes Expenses Bill* read a second time.
3. Lord Dunraven's enquiry concerning the immigration of foreigners answered by Lord Balfour.
7. Lord Jersey replies to the Duke of Marlborough's enquiry concerning telephones.
8. Lord Salisbury replies to Lord Granville about Police Strike and indiscipline of the Guards.
10. The Heligoland Cession Bill read a second time. Speeches by Lords Salisbury, Granville, and Kimberley.
11. Irish debate. Lords Camperdown, Rosebery, Londonerry, Spencer, and others.
12. *West Australia Bill* read a second time.
15. *Directors' Liability Bill* read a second time.
17. *Bill removing gates and bars from London thoroughfares* read a second time. Discussion raised by Lord Esher on Defects of Legal Procedure. *London County Council Bill* read a second time.
21. *Settled Land Bill* read a third time.
22. *Settled Land Bill* passed through Committee.
24. *Bankruptcy Bill* read a second time.
25. Lord Sandhurst raises discussion about Grenadier Guards, Duke of Cambridge replies. Lords Committee pass preamble of Bill for removing gates and bars from streets in London without compensation.
28. Lord Salisbury, replying to Lord Stratheden, defends the union of the offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary.
29. *Sheriffs Assizes Expenses Bill* read third time and passed.
29. *Settled Land Bill* and *Supreme Court of Judicature Bill* read third time and passed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

1. *West Australia Bill* reported without amendments. *Scotch Police Bill* read a second time. Amendment that a Select Committee should consist of only Scotch members, rejected by 185 to 118.
2. *Directors' Liability Bill* read a third time, 224 to 60.
3. Mr. Bradlaugh's motion to adjourn to discuss the deposition of the Maharajah of Kashmir rejected, 220 to 188. Army Estimates: Mr. Stanhope states intentions of Government as to the Report of the Hartington Commission.
4. *West Australia Bill* read a third time. *Police Bills* referred to Standing Committee.
7. Irish Constabulary Vote. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Trevelyan.
8. *London County Council Bill* read a third time, after striking out clauses giving Council representatives on Thames Conservancy Board, by 191 to 164.
9. *Bankruptcy Bill* read a third time.
10. Government announce the abandonment of Land Purchase and Tithes Bill. Proposed new Standing Order also dropped. Next Session to commence in November.
11. Irish Estimates. Chief Secretary's salary voted, after conciliatory speech by Mr. Parnell, without a division.
14. Irish Estimates.
15. Mr. Baikes announces additional pay for Telegraphists, involving an additional charge of £200,000 per annum.
16. Irish Estimates.

17. *Census Bill* read first time. Irish Resident Magistrates' vote agreed to by 193 to 124.
18. *Partnership Bill* read second time. Irish Estimates. The Light Railway vote explained, criticised, and passed.
21. Mr. Goschen explains that the money set free by abandoned Licence Clauses will be devoted to intermediary, technical, and agricultural education. *Housing of the Working Classes Bill* read a second time. *Census Bill* read a second time. Constabulary Vote passed after discussion. Committee on Census Bill. Religious Census rejected by 288 to 69. Supply-War Office Vote—Guards' mutiny discussed.
23. Post Office Vote discussed. Mr. Raikes defends his action. His salary voted by 195 to 111.
24. *Heligoland Cession Bill*, second reading. Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Balfour, and the Attorney-General.
25. *Heligoland Cession Bill* debate (concluded). Mr. Labouchere, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry James. *Bill* read a second time by 209 to 61.
28. Committee of the Heligoland Cession Bill Plebiscite of male inhabitants rejected, 173 to 150. *Bill* read a third time. Local Taxation Duty Bill in Committee. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's proposal to appropriate to education in Scotland the £50,000 set free by the laws of the Licensing proposals, rejected by 188 to 164.
29. Local Taxation Duty Bill in Committee. Amendment extending Free Education in Scotland rejected by 191 to 158. *London County Council Money Bill* read second time.
30. Local Taxation Bill in Committee.

ELECTIONS.

2. Barrow.—Duncan (L.), 1,994; Wainwright (C.), 1,862; Caine (L.), 1,280. 1885; (L.), 2,868; (C.), 2,612. 1886; (L.), 1,892; (U.), 2,212.
17. Mid-Durham.—Wilson (L.), 3,375; Vane-Tempest (C.), 1,469. 1885; (L.), 5,799; (C.), 3,375. 1886; No contest.

UTTERANCES, NOTABLE AND OTHERWISE.

2. Lord Reay at Banquet in St. James's Hall on his return from Bombay.
3. Lord Knutsford at Godming.
4. M. Ribot in French Chamber on nine years' French protectorate in Tunis.
5. Sir J. Fergusson at Manchester.
8. Mr. Goschen at St. George's, Hanover Square.
9. Sir W. Harcourt at National Liberal Club.
11. Mr. Henry Irving on Fine Art Gallery for the South of London. General Cavanagh on the re-organization of European Army in India. Commander Cameron on Africa at the Ballroom Society.
12. Lord Hartington at Derby on Church Extension.
17. Mr. T. P. Potter at the Cobden Club.
17. Mr. Gladstone in London on the Education of Women.
23. Lord R. Churchill at the Conservative Club.
28. Lord Cross at the Royal Engineering College.
30. Home Secretary at Birmingham.
30. Mr. Gladstone at National Liberal Club on the Maltese Marriage question.

OBITUARY.

1. Mr. Wm. Crawford, M.P. for Mid-Durham, aged 53.
5. Sir Edwin Chadwick, "Father of Sanitary Science," aged 89.
12. Mr. David Pugh, M.P. for East Carmarthenshire, aged 83.
- Gen. John C. Fremont, of the United States Army, aged 85.
- Gen. Novikoff.
- Mr. Eugene Schuyler.
19. Sir Alfred Slade, Receiver-General of Inland Revenue, aged 56.
- Miss Lydia Becker.
20. Sir Richard Wallace, aged 72.

HELPERS AT WORK.



CONTINUE to receive from all parts of the country welcome reports of the stirring that has taken place in the administration of our workhouses. West Ham Guardians, for instance, have just voted £10 for the replenishing of the workhouse bookshelves. It is seven years since any money was expended on a similar purpose in West Ham. The bandmaster of Market Harborough writes—

I thought it was not advisable for me to send my name as a helper to distribute books, &c., but having a string band under my charge I wrote to the Board of Guardians asking to be allowed to give a concert at the Harborough Workhouse. This took place on Thursday, 10th inst., and I can with confidence say never was aught better received. I programmed several old English and Scotch airs, and I can assure you it was grand to hear the old folk joining in. All my lads were thoroughly delighted with their reception by the workhouse master and inmates, and say they will play there again at any time. Next time I go up I shall take a choir to sing at intervals. I may say on Thursday I had two vocalists. As you are aware, in all towns (or nearly all) there are bands, and I'm certain if you ventilated your ideas on the subject you would find plenty of bandmasters willing to give the inmates a musical treat.

I am delighted to hear of this method of humanizing the life of our workhouse inmates. It is not only bandmasters who could do a good deal in this direction. Imagine the immense store of waste musical faculty among educated young ladydom which might be utilized for a fortnightly concert in the workhouse. It was not until I was locked up in gaol I ever really appreciated a barrel organ; and you need not be a Rubinstein in order to bring joy to the hearts of the inmates of the workhouse.

The Guildford Workhouse has, last month, attained a world-wide notoriety owing to the action of its late master in erasing Miss from the letters addressed to the mothers of illegitimate children who occupy the workhouse. This he admits and defends. To the vice-chairman he admitted what he had previously denied—that the Mrs. and Miss were struck off all the letters addressed to the inmates. "If it were not done," said this master—his name is Mr. Ratheram—"the officers of the House will be put on a level with the inmates." The Guildford Board appear to be rightly very much ashamed of Mr. Ratheram's action, and the new master, Mr. Macdonald, will not pursue the practice. As Mr. Ratheram has been appointed master of Leeds Workhouse, our Leeds Helpers would do well to see that Guildford customs are not introduced in the Leeds Union.

From various unions I receive reports of boxes being put up at railway stations and elsewhere, and for the most part of grateful recognition by the Guardians of the services of our Helpers. Others have succeeded in securing the formation of libraries.

I have received two reports from the Channel Islands. In the Hospital, Jersey, where there are 200 inmates out of a population of 58,000, there are only a few religious journals and a poor library. One Helper writes:—

"The members of our Victoria Guild are doing their best. Local English and French newspapers, as well as some English ones, are sent in weekly, also some illustrated secular and religious periodicals. We hope to collect a number of interesting books for the library."

At Guernsey there is a small library, the books of which being old, and almost exclusively religious, are not much read. The *War Cry* is the only paper of any sort within the whitewashed walls. "It seems a great hardship," writes my correspondent, "that they are not allowed to smoke in the yard. Fancy old soldiers and sailors of sixty or seventy having to smoke on the sly, or not at all, except on the rare occasions on which they are allowed out." I hope the Guernsey authorities may see their way to modify the severity of this rule.

I have not been able to send out cards of membership this month; and as so many are away from home for the holidays, I shall postpone completing the matter for a month. For the same reason I ask for no service this August. But if any Helper, holiday-making at home or abroad, should see anything that suggests an idea for adding to the enjoyment of life, I hope they will not forget to report it for the benefit of others.

I hold over till next month the reports of my Helpers in reply to the second enquiry. They are too long for our space, and they are not entirely complete. Next month I hope to be able to publish a fairly comprehensive account of what is being done in the matter of country holidays. Anyone who has information on the subject will oblige by sending it in as soon as possible.

The secretary of the Country Holidays' Fund begs me to correct a possible misconception of the fact caused by the use of the phrase, "The fund enjoys an assured income." I need hardly say the fund has no assured income excepting the subscriptions of the benevolent renewed from year to year. The secretary of the Ragged School Union, 13, Exeter Hall, also reminds me that they do an extensive work in providing holiday homes for the poorest children, and should not be forgotten by the subscribing public.

A Helper in Sydney, New South Wales, writes me on 29th April:—

An "Imperial Penny Postage" is a boon much desired by the inhabitants of these Colonies. Up to the present the inland postage of this Colony has been 2d. per half oz.; it is now proposed to reduce it to 1d., and an inter-colonial 1d. rate will, it is to be expected, soon follow the adoption of the 2½d. rate to England, arranged last week by the Adelaide Postal Conference, and we will be in so much nearer the desired object. The difficulty in the way of such reduction here is that the Colony's postal service is conducted (unlike the English) at a considerable loss, owing to the extent of country and sparse population. Post-cards, which were reduced by the Adelaide Conference to 2d., might well have been lowered to 1d., a reduction which would have been proportionate to that on letters.

Another Helper, New Westminster, British Columbia, writes:—

Your June issue only came to hand here the other day, but in a very few minutes after receiving it I was able to obtain the signatures enclosed favourable to 1d. postage throughout the English-speaking world. The first of them is that of the Premier of the Province. Had time permitted, I could have obtained hundreds of signatures to your petition.

SCHOOL EXCURSIONS TO HISTORIC SCENES.

REPORT OF OUR HELPERS ON SERVICE FOR JULY.

IT is like realising a fairy tale to read the reports of our Helpers on last month's service, for seldom before have I been more vividly impressed with a sense of the wonder-working properties of money—that magic wand of our material civilization. Here in the midst of our smoky Babylon, in pestilent slum or dreary alley, lives a pale-faced, hungry child, whose only playground is the street, who has seldom enough to eat, and never a decent place in which to sleep, in whose ears sound all day long the roar and the rumble of the wheels, and whose only idea of the brightness and the joy of life comes from the glare of the gin palace, and who has never since its birth heard the lark sing in mid-heaven, or seen the waves foaming up the shingly beach. To them enters no beneficent fairy with radiant rings and magic zar', but plain John Smith or Bessy Jones, as the case may be, commonplace and prosaic, but holding between finger and thumb half-a-sovereign. They drop the half-sovereign into the coffers of the Fund, and forthwith the whole world becomes transfigured to that child. A great steam demon, mighty as the genii of the Arabian Nights, breathing flame and steam from its iron throat, carries her away on whirling wheels from the smoke, and the grime, and the noise of the streets of London, and lands her safe and unwearied in a paradise of verdure. The sky is blue overhead, the birds are chirping in the trees, Hunger disappears, and at first she can hardly sleep at night because it is so still. But morning comes, and with it the gladsome day reveals a thousand beauties and glories to which the Slum-Born had hitherto been a stranger. And she has nothing to do but to play, to wonder, and to live. Meals come regularly without thought or care on her part. Roses begin to blossom upon her pale, wan cheeks; a new sense of the blessedness of life and the glory of the world dawns upon her mind; and a strange sense as of enchanted peace, arising from plenty of food and, fresh air, steals over her. It seems like a dream from fairy-

land. But it is real. Day follows day, and the illusion does not vanish. And when at last, after fourteen days, she returns to her own folk in London town, she is so bright and brown and rosy her mother scarcely knows her, and she has acquired such vitality in the two weeks that she can go in the strength thereof through the remaining fifty-two.

That is the miracle that is being wrought every day this summer time, and no one thinks anything of it. It is familiar to us, but to the little one snatched by the

mysterious wand of half-a-sovereign from the Inferno of the Slum to the Paradise of the Country, it has lost none of its marvels. For those who go, alas! are but a handful to the multitude who remain behind. Many may appeal for help, but few there be who are chosen. Yet every ten shillings, say the price of a bottle of champagne, would work this miracle for a slum-born child.

I was much pleased to receive from a reader in Dublin, early last month, two £5 notes, to be applied as I thought

best to secure a country holiday for poor children. I have spent £5 in sending away ten girls through the agency of the Country Holidays Fund, who would otherwise have had nothing. The other £5 I shall place at the disposal of the Ragged School Union, who will select other ten children, who will have their holiday this month. One of our Helpers, who is connected with the Country Holidays Fund, selected, with the aid of the teachers of a school in Marylebone, the ten children who are now enjoying their holiday at Weybridge. As the concrete fact ever impresses the mind more than the impalpable generalization, I had some of the children photographed, and obtained a brief summary of their case. The simple statement of facts and figures tells more forcibly than anything that can be written to illustrate the boon which our Dublin friend's bounty has conferred upon them.

MARY ANNE, aged 11, and MAY, aged 7. Two pretty, delicate children. Father, bad health; sandwich-man at 12s. a week. Two elder girls at work. Mother deserted her husband



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three years ago. I fancy she has gone on the streets. The husband is sad and depressed, and dotes on his little girls who are always neat and tidy. Rent 6s. for two area rooms. Father contributes 4s. each child.

NELLIE M., aged 11. Father tailor, earns about £1 a week; five children; 5s. 6d. rent. Mother said to drink, and looks like it, and family very poor. Nellie has hardly any clothes, very delicate, and never been in the country before. Parents pay 2s.

MAY B., aged 8. Very tidy, respectable mother. Father labourer, earns £1 a week when in work, but often out; four children; rent 4s. May is very delicate, and was sent away last year by Lady Stanley of Alderley. Parents will pay 2s. 6d.

DORA P., aged 12. Father deserted his wife and children some years ago, as she is a Catholic and he is nothing. Mrs. P. is German and quite elderly, and cannot work, owing to rheumatism. Dora is youngest of five girls; the elder four all work and keep the home, earning respectively 11s., 10s., 10s., and 8s.; evidently very nice, respectable people, and will gratefully pay 6s. towards expense. Dora overgrown and delicate; never been in the country except for school treat.

MARY W., 8, a dirty, ragged, untidy little Irish child; very delicate, with weak eyes, and very small for her age. Father a tailor, earning at present only 15s. a week. Mother enthusiastically Irish; has had 12 children, of whom Mary is the youngest; only two at home now. Rent 6s. Mary has never been in the country. 2s. to pay.

ELLEN B., 12; tall, delicate girl, only in second standard. Mother dead. Father labourer, earns 24s. a week when in work, but often out. Ellen eldest of three children. Rent 3s. 6d. Will pay 4s.

MAGGIE Q., 11. Father in consumption, and done no work for two years. Mother goes out charring, and earns about 10s. a week, which is all the family have to live upon. Such a nice, respectable woman, and Maggie is so clean and tidily dressed. She is the only child at home, one girl being in a school. Rent 4s. 6d. Will pay 1s. 6d.

HELVETIA L., 11. Helvetia's mother is a Swiss, which accounts for her grand name. The father is a cellarman at Gatti's, earning 12s. 6d. a week! while the mother takes in washing; and makes about 6s. a week, though in very weak health. There are two children, and the rent is 8s. 6d. Will pay 2s.

ANNIE L., 8. Father tailor, out of work. Mother dying of cancer in the Middlesex Hospital. There are five children. The rent is 9s. 6d., and the whole family in obvious low water. Cannot, of course, pay anything at present.

In my next number I hope to be able to say something as to how they fared under the fir trees of beautiful Weybridge.

EXCURSIONS TO PLACES OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

Inquiry number one, "whether there exists in your district any organisation by which the young people who, in ten years will be the rulers of the Empire by virtue of the suffrage, are enabled to visit and to understand the places around which cluster the associations of our history; and if so, what is it, and how does it work?" has elicited an almost unbroken series of answers in the negative. We who live on an island which, on account of its historical associations, is every year becoming more and more the centre of pilgrimages from all parts of the English-speaking world, are bringing up our children in almost total ignorance of the scenes in the midst of which they pass their lives. It is almost too bad for belief, but, broadly speaking, English

history is not made a living thing to those who are the heirs of all its glories. From Helper after Helper from north and south and east and west comes the same unvarying response. Nothing is done to familiarize our youth with the associations of their birth-place. Here and there there are rambling clubs and similar associations with a few members who find profit and pleasure in visiting the scenes famous in our island story, but of anything like the systematic care shown by the Swiss in developing a patriotic spirit in the mind of their school children there is here unfortunately no trace.

The Rambling Clubs, of which there are several in various parts of the country, are almost the only associations which attempt to do anything in this direction.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUBS.

The People's Palace Members' Rambling Club was formed to enable the members to associate one with another. They choose their own secretary, and generally confine the summer months to country rambles, the winter to visiting buildings of note. A few of their rambles, selected at random, will give a general idea of their character:—

August 10th, 1889.—Hampstead Heath, with a view of inspecting buildings from Parliament Hill. Saw Camden Town Cattle Market, St. Paul's Cathedral, and Houses of Parliament.

August 17th, 1889.—Lytton Rowing Club Garden Party, at the "Eagle" Hotel, Snarebrook, to see athletic sports.

August 24th, 1889.—Chingford. Inspected Old Chingford Church, Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, Connaught Waters, and Chingford Hotel.

Sept. 7th, 1889.—Buckhurst Hill. After tea, rambled to Loughton and Riggs' Retreat.

Jan. 18th, 1890.—British Museum.

Jan. 25th, 1890.—Offices of *Daily Graphic* shown over by the foreman of the printing works.

Feb. 1st, 1890.—Greenwich.

Feb. 8th, 1890.—St. Paul's Cathedral. Conducted by the vergers to the crypt; especially interested in the tombs of Sir Christopher Wren, Lord Nelson, Collingwood, Northesk, Duke of Wellington, and Lord Napier.

In consequence of the great success of the above Rambling Club, two other clubs were started, the first being

THE JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

This club is solely for the junior section of the members, and the following rambles, amongst numerous others, were made:—

Aug. 17th, 1889.—To Kew.

Aug. 24th, 1889.—To Broxbourne. Inspected country between Rye House and Broxbourne.

Aug. 31st, 1889.—Rosherville Gardens. Visited the Bear Pit, the Maze, and the Mammoth Cave.

Sept. 7th, 1889.—Loughton, through the forest towards Ongar, the chief pleasure being eating blackberries, which, at that time, were plentiful.

Sept. 14th, 1889.—To Woodford, taking a train to Forest Gate, and walking the rest of the way, passing through Leytonstone and Snarebrook.

Sept. 21st, 1889.—To Billericay. Primary object: To explore and penetrate into the country for Blackberries.

October 19th, 1889.—To the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey.

February 1st, 1890.—To the Tower of London.

TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL RAMBLING CLUB.

In October, 1889, by the suggestion of Sir Edmund Currie, a Ramblers' Club was formed in connection with the Technical Day Schools. The idea was quickly taken up, and their first ramble was to Greenwich, which took place October 12th. The boys visited the church, and were shown over by the Rev. Brooke Lambert. Mr. Lambert described the old-fashioned sand glasses that were on the pulpit (four in number), enabling the clergyman to divide his subject into four heads, of equal duration. They then followed the vicar to the vestry, examined the writing of some of the old registers, which were very curious, and their attention was especially directed to the original tablet of Thomas Tallis, 1585, the father of Church Music, the register of the birth of Gordon, and several other interesting entries. The boys then formed a torchlight procession to the vaults under the church, marching two abreast with torches in their hands, and saw the vault which contained the bones of General Wolfe, and his mother and father, also those of Tyndale, one of the translators of the Bible. From there they proceeded to the Sailors' Training School; shown round by one of the nautical instructors. One of the attendants then took them to the Painted Hall, describing the principal pictures, especially noting Nelson's coat and waistcoat, and the very hole in the latter where the bullet pierced, and the blood stain on the vest; in fact, giving a most vivid description, by the aid of the pictures, of Nelson's life from the time he killed the bear, when a boy, to the time he was shot at the battle of Trafalgar, the funeral procession down the Thames, and the spot in the Painted Hall where he lay for three days in state. Having only five minutes left, they hurriedly wended their way to the museum, and after following them into the room, the attendant remarked: "Here, boys, there is Nelson's tooth brush, socks, comb, piece of soap, and here is his sword, given him by the Sultan of Turkey, and here a piece of biscuit seventy years old; and now, here, come and see Captain Cook's compass needle telescope, been three times round the world." And ending up by saying: "Now, you have all heard of the *Royal George*, that is part of her, made into a model; 800 men lost their precious lives; and here is a model of the original *Victory*, and that is part of her bow; that flag up there has been as near the North Pole as anyone."

On December 31st, 1889, they rambled to Woolwich Arsenal, starting at 10 o'clock, arriving at Woolwich at 11. An old Crimean veteran showed them over the Royal Laboratory, machine-room, main factory, tin shop, mine shop, and then the party (thirty in number) divided into two sections, one going to visit the Rotunda Museum on Shooter's Hill, the rest continuing their tour of inspection at the Arsenal, and visited the cartridge factory, foundry, the rifle, shell, and gun factories.

TOYNBEE HALL.

A sort of Rambling Club is connected with this well-known hall, known as "The Students' Union." The following will show their arrangements for the month of July:—

July 5th, 1890.—Garden party at the Countess Russell's, Richmond.

July 12th, 1890.—Excursion to Kew Gardens.

July 19th, 1890.—Visit to Houses of Parliament.

July 26th, 1890.—Visit to Lambeth Palace.

On May 31st about fifty members visited the Royal Holloway College, Egham. June 7th, a ramble was

made to Oxford, which proved the most important of the session, there being 120 visitors, who were kindly met by Mr. Hobhouse, of Merton College, who showed them over the college, the Hon. G. C. Brodrick giving a most interesting address on Oxford and its principal buildings. The party, after having seen the chapel of Merton and the ancient library, met for dinner at Wadham College. The afternoon was spent in visiting the Bodleian Museum, the Taylorian, and Dr. Murray's dictionary manufactory; and the party were treated to an organ recital at Balliol, and being subdivided into smaller parties, were entertained by the members of the University.

BRIGHTON NATURAL HISTORY CLUB.

At Brighton the Higher Grade Board School have a Recreation Society, whose Natural History Club makes excursions that might be adapted to the study of natural as well as natural history. The following is a compendium of its rules:—

That the club be open to past and present scholars and teachers of the Higher Grade Board Schools.

That the subscription be 6d. yearly.

That each member provide a pocket note-book, in which to record observations made in country walks, such as the first blooming of flowers, the first appearance of migratory birds, or insects, &c.

That no member shall wantonly kill or injure any creature.

That no member shall take birds' eggs from a nest, unless they are really needed for a natural history collection: and in that case he shall not take more than half the eggs contained in the nest.

That all members shall consider it their duty to provide a wooden trough, into which all crumbs of the household shall be transferred, especially in winter, for the use of wild birds.

All members shall be entitled to free use of the books in the library of the club.

N.B.—Members taking part in the rambles should be at the meeting place a few minutes before the time of starting, as the party will leave punctually at 2 p.m.

2.—Any member leaving the party during either of the rambles, without the consent of the conductor, shall be suspended from the club at the discretion of the committee.

3.—At the conversazione meetings members will exhibit specimens collected or arranged since the last meeting, bring specimens which they may wish named, read observations from their note-books, and occasionally read short papers.

AN ALNWICK ASSOCIATION.

The Alnwick Association has a wider range. I am delighted to find that the district in which I was born should have so excellent a record. Mr. Samuel Heatley writes us as follows:—

Enclosed is a copy of the summer programme of the "St. James's Y.M. Association," or, as it is popularly called, "St. James's Rambling Club," an organization which I think answers your query in this month's REVIEW OF REVIEWS. This association was formed two years ago, and has been very successful. Though connected with a Presbyterian Church, it is not sectarian, and we welcome anyone who wishes to join us in our rambles. Most of our gatherings are on Saturday afternoons; three of them are on the town's holidays. Our parties number from ten to ninety, according to circumstances. Our method is as follows: one of the members reads a short paper (Reading Union), and this becomes the subject of conversation as we proceed to our destination. Arriving there, a report of our former meeting.

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and an essay are read, after which the various places of interest are visited. I may add that wherever we have gone we have been treated with the greatest kindness.

DATE.	PLACE TO BE VISITED.	ESSAY.	READING UNION.
April 4	Hulne Abbey ...	"Dispersion of Seeds" "Hulne Abbey" ...	—
" 7	Hedgeley and Crawley	"Crawley Dene" ...	—
" 26	Dunstanburgh ...	"Formation of Coal"	"Yeast." Joseph Purdie
May 17	Brainshaugh ...	"Action of Rivers on the Earth's Surface"	"Food of Plants." J. Douglas
" 29	Chillingham ...	"Chillingham" ...	—
June 7	Ratcheugh Crag ...	"Geological Sketch of Ratcheugh Crag"	"Jelly-like Animals." G. Pringle
" 21	Callaly ...	"Leaves" ...	"Star-shaped Animals." R. Blacklock
July 5	Cawledge Dene ...	"Advantages of the Study of Botany"	"Jointed Animals." M. Ferguson
" 10	Holy Island ...	"Lindisfarne" ...	—
" 19	Alnmouth ...	"Sand" ...	"Soft-bodied Animals." R. Coulter
Aug. 2	Belford ...	"Botany and Geology of Belford District."	—
" 14	Rothbury ...	"Rothbury and District."	—
" 30	Cloudy Crag, etc.	"Tribes on my Frontier"	—
		"Looking Backward"	"Resumé." A. Douglas.

Alnwick, lying as it does on the frontiers of the romantic Border-land, is naturally marked out for a successful club of this kind. But why should not every child in Alnwick be taken round the castle where for so many centuries the Percies stood sentry for England against the Scot? And why should not every scholar be taught history on the very spots where it was made?

Rambling clubs are also reported to be flourishing at Wigan. A Helper writes from that town:—

We have, in connection with various institutions, rambling clubs, who under an experienced guide obtain permission to visit local places of interest, sketching clubs, photograph societies, who take an interest in producing old monuments and places of importance, some of them being of historic interest. One pleasant feature is the opening of the noted residences to parties desiring to visit them, chiefly those of our nobility, whose gardens and parks may be visited when admission is properly applied for.

"PESTERED WITH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS!"

The north of England has, no doubt, the advantage over the south in many respects, but there are some places on the southern coast which will compare in interest with any of the Border strongholds. One such place pre-eminently is Portsmouth. I never approach that great naval arsenal, the sea-gate of the majesty and the might of England, without a feeling of pride. Out from either side, eastward or westward, have sailed, generation after generation, the naval armaments which made our country the Mistress of the Seas. Here, if anywhere in these islands, is the throne of Britannia. Here she brandishes her trident, and sends forth the crews which have established her Empire over the seas. The whole place is full of associations of the great sea kings: the very air seems to vibrate with the name of Nelson, mightiest of all the warriors of the sea, whose monument towers aloft on the Downs. The "Victory" still floats in the harbour, laden with imperishable memories of Trafalgar, and you are reminded at every turn of the deeds of valour and of daring by which the men who sailed from Portsmouth built up the future of our Empire. But just read the following report of our Helper at Southsea:—

"The service for this month, although apparently easy, has, as a matter of fact, given considerably more trouble than that for previous months. This has resulted not so much from the actual difficulty of the subject, upon which information has been asked, as from the various and in many cases manifestly absurd answers which have been returned to your questions. It would seem in almost every case that the persons answering were as anxious as possible not to give detailed and useful information, but to provide a lengthy dissertation as to their own views on the subject. And when I come to tabulate these various views, I find that the majority of my informants, in the proportion of seven to one and a-half, are absolutely of opinion that no possible good would result from children and young people being 'enabled to visit and to understand the places around which cluster the associations of our history.' They contend that no good could come of taking a lot of children to Runnymede, and explaining to them that this is 'the famous island where the barons extorted from John the Great Charter which has been the parent of all the liberties of our race.' They would make no better citizens from the fact of having seen that place, or any other place noted in history, and much greater good might result from taking them to some open country spot nearer home, where they could enjoy the fresh air, without being pestered with historical associations, which can only be truly appreciated by the educated mind with an antiquarian tendency. In conclusion, I may say that as far as I can gauge the general opinion here on the subject of the month, it is as follows: By all means give the children a day or so in the country, and thus let them have some fresh air in their lungs, but don't bother them about historical associations. If anybody can see anything to look at in the famous spot where his Majesty King James I. thought proper to change his boots, by all means let them look, but don't take a lot of children to the spot in the expectation of enabling them to fully realize the importance of that historical event, or to trace from it the now common custom of removing the pedal coverings when retiring for the night."

I fear there is little doubt that our Helper has accurately reported the opinion of those whom he has interrogated on the subject; but could anything be more lamentable! "That man is little to be envied," said Dr. Johnson, in a well-known passage, "whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Little to be envied, indeed—much to be pitied! But unless we are "pestered with historical associations," can Marathon be more to us than Michigan, or the ruins of Iona more than the walls of a dismantled brewery?

Our Helper at Old Hill, Staffordshire, makes a less disheartening report. He writes:—

There is very little need here or in the adjacent villages of an organization of the kind you name. Almost every child is connected with some Sunday-school and Band of Hope, which have their annual excursions. Besides these excursions the children are taken out by their parents to town "or country," and, indeed, summer "outing" is the "rage" of this corner of the Black Country. But near to home the children are in the very midst of holiday resorts. There is Dudley with its castle and famous caverns, three miles distant; Birmingham, the metropolis of the Midlands, where important modern history is making—seven miles distant; Halesowen, the birth-place and residence of the poet Thurstone, and noted for having been visited by Byron, who came to do Thurstone honour. Two miles distant, Clent, where Kenelm, infant son of Cenwulf, King of Mercia, was murdered in the ninth century, and many other places whose names are associated with historic

incidents, especially respecting the military exploits of Cromwell and his Ironsides. To most of these places the children have pretty easy access; and there are very few, if, indeed, any, who by the time they have reached the age of thirteen or fourteen have not visited many more places than those which hedge in Old Hill on every side.

The children visit these places perhaps; but are they taught their historic significance? From Radcliffe, near Manchester, a Helper writes:—

In our very midst we have places of historic interest, viz.: The ruins of the Radcliffe Tower, and site of a battle between the Puritans and the Loyalists. Radcliffe itself is mentioned in the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror; but many of our school-children do not even know about this fact. The tragedy (which you may sometimes have seen advertised to be played at theatres) of "Fair Helen of Radcliffe" has for its scene the Radcliffe Tower, and a grave is pointed out in the old parish churchyard as the grave of Fair Helen.

WHO WILL TEACH THE TEACHERS?

What do the children know of these things? Nay, do even their teachers know anything about the wealth of local traditions and local associations? Our Helper at Penge writes:—

It seems you have hit a very good thing, but don't you think the chances are that most of the Sunday-school teachers and moral teachers of the growing generation know as little of our traditions and history and glorious deeds as the children themselves? Why should not lessons on patriotism and history be taught in the day schools in a Kindergarten way, simple, short, and yet made interesting, say, with photographs or illustrations? What we should then find would be children eager to go and to search at every opportunity; at present our history as taught is too orthodox, too much crammed into our heads as children to recollect when we get older.

FROM NORTH BRITAIN.

From Scotland, as might be expected, there is more appreciation shown of the historic associations which cling round every nook and corner of North Britain. Our Helper at Inverness, however, is evidently of opinion that there is a good deal to be done even in Scotland. He writes:—

Such a sentimental idea as that suggested in your first question, I am quite sure never occurred to any of our good folks here (it is a new, though acceptable, idea to myself), unless, indeed, to such few as may have had your privilege of witnessing the fine Swiss custom you describe, and who were similarly impressed by it. If such there are, I, for one, never heard of them. Field clubs of different kinds, of more or less pretensions, there have been; but, at the best, they have interested themselves only in local history, and visited the scenes of merely local events.

But surely local history is part and parcel of general history, and excursions in any locality must be made to the scenes of "merely local events." Of these there are enough and to spare within easy travelling range of all our towns.

The idea which appears to be a sentimental novelty at Inverness appears to be realized at Aberdeen. Our Helper there writes:—

There is no organization for the purpose named, but many church societies, schools, etc., direct their excursions to historic points, and good lectures on such subjects are constantly being delivered. I have often been struck by the genuine antiquarian interest and patriotic feeling I have noticed among homely, middle-aged people in this region. We shall "do," if modern educational standards will allow what we have to survive.

Take also this idyllic picture of Forfar, and then let us turn to Ireland:—

Forfar is the second oldest burgh in Scotland, being next to Edinburgh in seniority; therefore the town and outskirts

cluster with ancient history. The ruins of two very ancient castles are in the town, and the district round about simply clusters with these and other historical lore about Wallace and his doings, and even much farther back than that, to Queen Margaret and other kings and queens who had their residences here. The children in town know all these places, and there are plenty of hills in the district where in the summer months they can go and gather the blueberries, come home laden with the day's spoil, and get jelly made out of it to serve them till next year, when they can get more for the going for. Just this morning I saw a party of twenty boys and girls away to the blueberry hills, and another party away to the fishing, as there are some splendid trout streams in the district. The town is very healthy, and very little sickness prevails, there being no slums or dirty houses such as we see in Glasgow and the like.

IRELAND.

Ireland, which cherishes historical associations which minister to party passion, has no system of inculcating the impartial lessons of history upon the young generation. One cause of this, no doubt, is the bitterness of the feud between the Catholic and the Protestant. Our Helper at Cavan writes:—

The answer to enquiry No. 1 which you put to your helpers is, *No*. I fear that religious and political differences form an insuperable barrier to the formation of any such local organization as you refer to. Places in Ireland which are regarded with feelings of pride by one party are in many instances looked on with feelings of aversion by the other or others.

The following report from one of our Dublin Helpers is very characteristic:—

With reference to your query whether there exists in this district any organization by which young people are enabled to visit and to understand the places around which cluster the associations of our history, I regret to say no such organization exists. The initiation of such a society in Ireland could not fail to be eminently successful; for we Irish, in whom the imaginative faculty is so predominant, regard with deep reverence those historic spots which find unfading chronicle in our island story. We make—and railway companies on occasions acquiesce to the extent of reducing their ordinary fares—excursions periodically to such spots of historic interest as the Hill of Tara, the Violated Treaty Stone, the grave of Wolfe Tone, the Church of Dungannon, but no concerted efforts are ever made to promote such pilgrimages for the special edification of young folk; nor is there at any time a spokesman, when we journey to these time-honoured resorts, to relate to us their historic significance. The idea of bringing young folk to view the ivy-grown raths and round-towers of ancient Ireland, and explaining to them their uses and importance to our forefathers, is a fine one; for it would not fail to foster in their young minds an interest in their country's story, at once lively and lasting. Not, indeed, that the Celt requires stimulus in the cardinal virtue, patriotism, but that the work of begetting in our boys an enlightened interest in localities of historic fame is not less desirable than excellent. You can well fancy their young hearts would thrill with delight when, on being taken to Benburb or Clontibret, these plains would be, by some good story-teller, re-peopled with the warlike clansmen of gallant Red Hugh. Well, you know Mr. Balfour would send his hirelings to disperse the meeting; and so well he might, for the story-teller would scarcely encourage in his youthful audience a respect for British rule. I am serious in this. Be assured, if your project were attempted to any appreciable extent in Ireland, the Government would prohibit it; and what you meant—and rightly meant—to be a ready source of education to young people, Dublin Castle would anathematize as a fruitful source of disorder and crime. Of course, failure would not be the result of official inhibition; on the contrary, nothing would conduce more to the success of your excellent project in this country. Your idea will take root here, and only requires ventilation.

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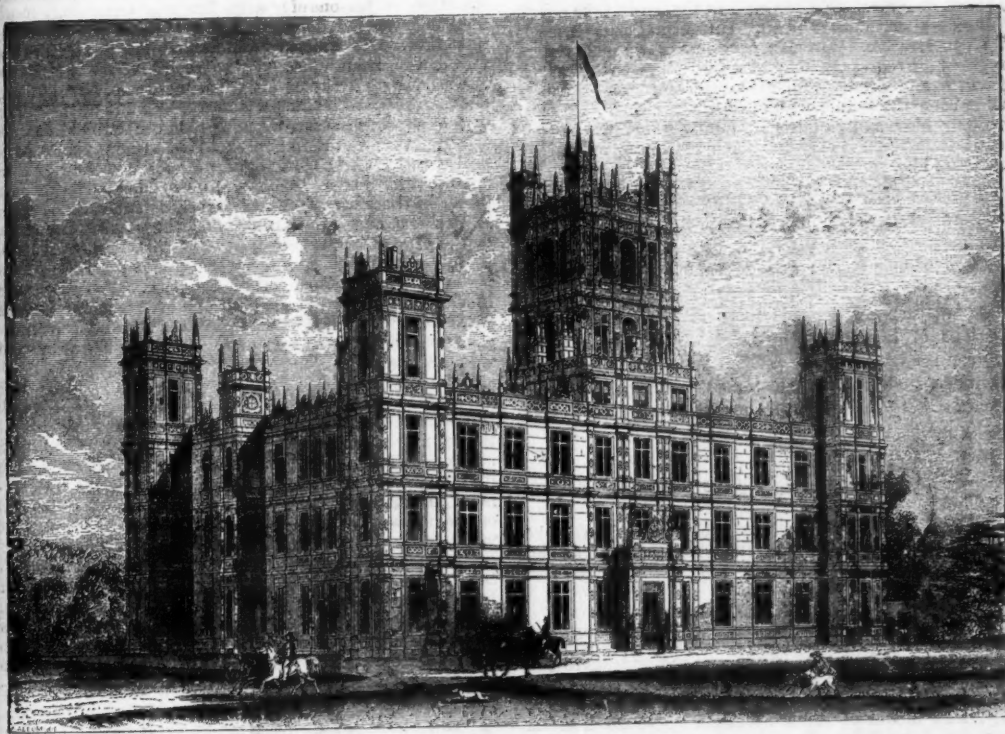
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CHARACTER SKETCH : AUGUST.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

THE death of Lord Carnarvon has removed from our midst a statesman whose place no one is qualified to fill. Compared with the majority of the politicians from whom Cabinets are made up, men like Lord Carnarvon are as porcelain is to pottery. He was of finer material, more delicately fashioned, and of far higher quality than they. Unfortunately the cultured intellect dwelt in too fragile a

due to his position as a great noble. But that in itself would have availed but little. How many great nobles there are in England? and among them all how few great men! In the whole galaxy of Dukes is there so much as a single individual who counts in the State for as much as did Lord Carnarvon, who was only an Earl, and who had no pretensions to the vast wealth or territorial influence of the Bedfords, the Devonshires, the Portlands, or the



HIGHCLERE CASTLE, THE SEAT OF LORD CARNARVON.

body to enable it to exercise the full force of its influence upon its contemporaries. Hence Lord Carnarvon failed to take the place which might otherwise have been his. Hence, also, he has passed away at the comparatively early age of fifty-nine. Had he but enjoyed more robust health, there is no position in the realm to which he might not have attained. Even as it was, he held some of the highest offices under the Crown, and was probably the only Minister who, having thrice resigned office for conscience' sake, could still have commanded almost any portfolio which he cared to accept or was strong enough to undertake. No doubt this was partly

Northumberlands? It was a great thing, no doubt, to have been born heir of Highclere; but that in itself was not enough to have made him Colonial Secretary when he was thirty-six and Viceroy of Ireland in 1885.

I remember once asking Mr. Balfour, long before he was ever a Cabinet Minister, whether among English politicians he knew even one man who took a wide and comprehensive view of the interests of the Empire—who cared for his country as most men cared for party, and who believed in England as did the great Elizabethans of old. He said, "I know one." He meant his uncle. I also knew one. I meant Lord Carnarvon. Yet neither Lord

Salisbury nor Lord Carnarvon could be said to be exactly ideal Elizabethans. They believed, but they also trembled. To neither of them was given the faith that laughs at impossibilities, and says it shall be done—perhaps because to both of them was given in large measure the close insight which enables men to realise the almost insuperable difficulties which bar their path, and the doubting temperament of the last half of their century. Neither were enthusiasts. Lord Salisbury is a bit of a cynic; Lord Carnarvon was a doubter—not in a religious sense; for no man held more firmly to his ancestral faith than he—in the progress of the world. He believed in morals and religion, but the degradation of politics filled him with misgiving.

It was this element of doubt, this lack of a confident faith in the upward trend of the affairs of men, which made him appear to be timid.

He was constitutionally of a cautious nature, and his mental temperament was reinforced by the influence of his physical weakness. He was never the man to take a leap in the dark, or to go it blind. His natural caution made him conservative. He was no enthusiastic believer in progress. Progress, indeed, seemed to him, as to Carlyle, often to be progress by no means heavenwards—progress rather after the fashion of the Gadarene swine. He once wrote me his reading of the outlook, and it must be confessed that there is only too much reason for much that depressed him.

"I greatly fear that with our present Constitution we have an absolutely unworkable, unreliable piece of machinery—powerful often for mischief by its sudden, inconsiderate, impulsive action—impotent for any continuity of purpose or steady, far-reaching statesmanship. Year by year all depends more and more upon the decisions of one man, who must win and keep as he best can the favour of the people. And what people? An enormous mass of very ignorant voters, and a smaller number of very selfish and (for real statesmanship) almost equally ignorant wire-pullers. That is not a safe or pleasant prospect; and yet it seems to me a not unstrained or unreasonable reading of present political phenomena."

His lugubrious anticipations seemed to him to be justified by the experience of the French Republic and the degradation of politics in the United States of America.

A MODERN FALKLAND.

Lord Carnarvon sounded the key-note of his political creed in his maiden speech in moving the address to the House of Lords in 1854. In the course of a speech which Lord Derby declared was characterized by a facility, grace, and modesty which promised to make him an ornament of the House, Lord Carnarvon said:—

The English Constitution, if I understand it right, consists of mixed elements; and it is upon the variety of classes and properties, and not upon the predominance of one over the other, that our representative system should be based. Progression and preservation are natural allies, and should go hand in hand.

Here, at the very beginning, we seem to hear the voice of the modern Falkland ingeminating peace and demanding that perfect balance of interests, which, however admirable in the closet, is so seldom attainable in real life.

It is not, perhaps, very surprising that he should have looked upon the inrushing flood of change with misgivings. Lord Carnarvon was cradled in the midst of the

old order. He grew up in the midst of the old England, the outer husks of which are passing away. The atmosphere of the past surrounded him. He was a Cavalier born out of due season; the Falkland of the nineteenth century, whose sympathies were with the people, but whose allegiance was his king's. The splendid Vandeyck of Charles Stuart, that looks down from the walls of the castle at Highclere, seemed to claim the loyalty of those who lived beneath that monarch's eyes for the ancient order and the established usage. Lord Carnarvon was far too much a man of his century not to see that the old order was changing and giving place unto the new. But it was impossible to him to head the revolution; rather was it for him to stand between the past and the present, pleading for the old, and withstanding the heady inrush of the ideas of the new time.

HIS DISTRUST OF DEMOCRACY.

He saw, and he feared, and he sought to work out the salvation of his country with fear and trembling, much doubting whether, after all, a day of grace yet remained unto her. At the very outset of his public life he was driven from office by the revolt of his conscience against the apostasy of his colleagues, who, having taken office in order to resist the enfranchisement of the cream of the working classes, retained it in order to enfranchise the whole of the urban householders. One by one all the barriers which the wisdom of our ancestors had erected against democratic licence were demolished, often by the hands of those who were their sworn defenders. Whether it was the borough franchise, or the county franchise, or the establishment of county councils, Lord Carnarvon always stood forth as the apologist and the defender of the old, as the opponent of the new. Yet when the inevitable was accomplished, no one ever adapted himself more readily to the change, or applied himself more assiduously to lessen the evils which he had predicted would ensue.

If the enfranchisement of the urban householder impaired his faith in the future of his country, I think the successful resistance made to the enfranchisement of the county householder, unless the Franchise Bill was accompanied by redistribution, did a good deal to restore his confidence in the innate conservatism of his countrymen. By nature and by constitution and by training, no one was less of a stump orator than Lord Carnarvon. But when, in the autumn of 1883, it seemed as if the House of Lords was about to be overborne by the agitation against the Peers for delaying the passage of the Franchise Bill, Lord Carnarvon took to the platform without hesitation, and to him more than to any man belonged the honours of that counter-agitation which saved the honour of the House of Lords and compelled Mr. Gladstone to associate himself with Lord Salisbury in drawing up the Redistribution Bill.

"THE TENDENCY OF POLITICS IS EVER DOWNWARD."

I remember being sent down to Highclere on a kind of informal mission that autumn, to ascertain whether Lord Carnarvon was disposed to accept the Compromise. He was very gloomy, for the issue of the struggle had not yet been decided. I was much impressed by his lack of confidence in the future of England. I had seldom met any man who seemed to be so convinced that the Empire was on the verge of collapse. "Our Government," he said, "is breaking down, the House of Commons, grasping and prying, is becoming less and less efficient as an instrument of government. All power is passing into the hands of journalists and demagogues, and, in the nature of things, a man cannot speak the truth, or, at any rate, cannot argue like a gentleman, if he is to bawl at

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the top of his voice to 10,000 people at once. Here, as in America [from which he had returned only twelve months before], the tendency in politics is ever downward. In time it may become as great a disgrace to enter Parliament as it is now to enter Congress."

Lord Carnarvon had been painfully impressed by the universal opinion expressed by the educated Americans whom he met in the States as to the corruption and vulgarity of wirepullers. Especially was this the case when he was at Boston. He spent some time in that centre of American culture, and he told me he had received the gloomiest accounts on all hands as to the degradation of political life in the States. There, he said, the educated shrank from the coarse struggle of mob politics, and it is coming to be the same here. "Mr. Gladstone's successor," he continued, "will have none of Mr. Gladstone's culture. He was a survival from days when statesmen were also scholars."

HIS ATTITUDE TOWARDS REFORM.

Lord Carnarvon admitted that he at least had managed to avoid personalities during the whole of the autumn campaign, but its stress was still heavy upon him, and the depression of a long and apparently hopeless struggle tended to add an even gloomier shade to his prognostics of the future. It was not till nearly midnight, after many hours of intensely interesting discussion, that I was able to state the object of my mission. After I had set forth the whole case in its entirety, he said, "Now I have your case I would prefer, before making my reply, to sleep and give you my answer in the morning at breakfast." Next day he said: "I can give you my answer in six words. I am prepared to accept any solution which saves the honour of the House of Lords. I have done as much fighting as anyone, and more than I have ever done before; but I am so convinced of the danger of the country, and of the utter inadequacy of the navy and the colonial defences, that I am most anxious for any honourable solution. If the House of Lords were to be dishonoured, I would prefer that it should cease to exist, but I have no intention of allying myself with those who pretend to wish it to cease in order to force on a reform of the House of Lords." He was entirely in favour of a compromise which he thought might be attained by an understanding between both sides as to the basis of the Redistribution Bill. Such a basis, he thought, might be found in the creation of a great number of single-member constituencies. The three-cornered constituency had no friends and must be abandoned. He was quite disposed to accept the arrangement which was subsequently adopted, and he used all his influence to secure its adoption by his own party.

A "REVIVAL OF FAITH."

It was only natural, therefore, that Lord Carnarvon should have felt somewhat reassured by the successful stand which he and others had made on behalf of the Upper Chamber. Our agitation against the House of Lords had, no doubt, much more body in it than the counter agitation, but there was sufficient substance in the Tory demonstrations to convince all but the hot heads of our party that compromise was indispensable. The discovery that even in the democracy the Peers and the Constitution had troops of friends reassured him, and when close upon the heels of this came the awakening of the Liberal party to the needs of Imperial defence, there was undoubtedly cause enough for Lord Carnarvon to take a more hopeful view of the future of England's destinies.

As chairman of the Royal Commission which made a secret and confidential report upon the defences

of the Empire, Lord Carnarvon occupied a position of peculiar responsibility, which weighed upon him very heavily. For some years after that Commission reported nothing was done. The navy was allowed steadily to decline, the coaling stations were left undefended, and the situation, from an Imperial point of view, was desperate indeed. In 1884, however, the long and evil spell which seemed to be upon the land was broken. That which Royal Commissions had failed to effect, and what successive Boards of Admiralty had in vain pressed upon the attention of the Government, was brought about by a simple and straightforward statement in the press of the actual facts of the situation. Lord Northbrook, who in May had declared that the navy was in such excellent condition he really would not know what to do if he had two millions given to him to spend as he pleased, came down to the House of Lords in November, and declared he must have five millions to put the navy and coaling stations in a proper state of defence. Nothing had happened in the interim except the publication of facts which were all the time in the possession of Lord Northbrook and his colleagues. The full realization of the advantage gained by this tardy awakening of the instinct of preservation was thwarted by Mr. Chamberlain; but in the following year, thanks to the Penjdeh controversy, the work of strengthening the navy received a further stimulus which is not spent even now. The naval scheme of the present Administration is but the latest of many of the results of the awakening of 1884. Lord Carnarvon was naturally much gratified at the partial realization of the plans which he had never ceased to press upon the country. It encouraged him to hope that after all he might have been too precipitate in despairing of old England.

ON GUARD FOR THE EMPIRE.

And here let me say one word concerning the exceeding discretion of Lord Carnarvon in the matter of official or confidential information. I do not ever remember to have met any man who was so reserved in imparting information. During the campaign for the coaling stations it would have been invaluable to me if I could have obtained from Lord Carnarvon any account of the contents of the Report of the Royal Commission. I saw him frequently. He was heart and soul with those who were leading the agitation for the protection of these Imperial outworks, but never once did he ever let drop a single word which could have been construed into a violation of official secrecy. The utmost that I could obtain from him was a promise to look over the proofs of the articles on the coaling stations, in order that anything erroneous might be expunged. He returned them to me with a carefully-guarded note saying that without committing himself to any of the statements which they contained, he had not noticed anything which called for alteration. Beyond that he never went. After public opinion had been roused, Lord Carnarvon watched over the execution of the promised defences with unceasing vigilance. Whenever Ministers showed slackness—and all Ministers at times show slackness—he would stir them by a letter in the *Times* or a question in the House of Lords. Had his health permitted it, he would have been an admirable Minister of National Defence. As that was impossible, he did the most that could be done by holding a watching brief for the defences of the Empire.

No more Imperially-minded man ever took part in the government of the Empire. His mind was familiar with large conceptions, and did not lose itself in small detail. He was one of the few English statesmen of the first rank who endeavour not only to govern the Empire but to see

it. He realized the immensity of the destiny of the English-speaking man. He travelled in America, in Africa, and in Australia, familiarizing himself with the three great new centres of our colonizing and Imperial race. Aristocrat though he was to his finger-tips, he understood the democratic offshoots of our land better than most Radicals. He was as full of hope and confidence about their future as he was at one time desponding about the future of the old country. It did not matter what part of the Empire was concerned, he was keenly interested in its interests and eager to hear the views of its inhabitants.

AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

His first great act of Colonial administration was the introduction and successful carrying of the Bill which federated the North American Colonies in the Dominion of Canada. In the course of an address which he delivered last year in the city, Lord Carnarvon referred to this opening episode of his Ministerial career as follows:—

It was my privilege many years since, when I held the seals of the Colonial Office, to preside over the confederation of the disunited provinces of the Dominion of Canada; and I then learnt this lesson that in such a work of Imperial magnitude, where there were so many interests to conciliate, so many difficulties to overcome, great delays were inevitable and great patience was necessary. The confederation of Canada was the result of repeated conferences, consultations, concessions—in short, all the “give and take” which is the essence of English politics. My predecessor at the Colonial Office, Mr. Cardwell, a statesman whose memory is still justly honoured, had with patience and ability paved the way towards the great end in view, and when I succeeded to his post I received from him every assistance. But confederation itself was not possible until all preliminary measures were complete, and, above all, until public feeling was ripe for the change.

His only failure was a premature attempt to federate South Africa, and almost the last considerable effort of his life was to stimulate the federation of Australia. He strongly advocated the Colonial view of the South African question when it was raised by Sir Hercules Robinson. Everywhere and always he was for drawing closer together the families of English-speaking men, not by coercion, but by spirited leadership on the part of the old country, combined with a sympathetic appreciation of the necessities and interests of the Colonial communities. He was, in many respects, almost an ideal Colonial Secretary. Had he continued in office, much of the trouble that ensued under his successor might have been averted. Even the annexation of the Transvaal would not have led to the revolt if Sir Bartle Frere's promises had been fulfilled. But when the time came for carrying out the policy upon which Lord Carnarvon had embarked, Lord Carnarvon was no longer at the Colonial Office. The blame thrown upon the originator of the policy should rest with those who marred it. As General Ignatieff said to me, when speaking of the Russian fiasco in Bulgaria: “I am blamed for it about as justly as you would blame a cook if, after having made his preparations for dinner, you were to leave it to be served up by another *chef*, who put the forceballs in the pudding, the sugar in the gravy, and the pepper in the jelly. When the dinner comes on, you blame me; but it was not my fault. I began well; if I had been allowed to finish all would have gone right. But am I to blame because that stupid fellow spoiled all?” Ministers who were plunging into the wanton crime of the Afghan War had no leisure to attend to their duties in South Africa. It was a mistake that cost us the Transvaal and all its gold.

At the Colonial Office he was perhaps a trifle fidgety, finicking about trifles; but he always took a broad view of great questions, and lent a sympathetic ear to the views of all with whom he had to do. A colonial administrator who had served under a score of Colonial Secretaries told me that Lord Carnarvon was one of the very few Secretaries whose decision every one knew would never be swayed by party considerations. Most of the others would sacrifice unhesitatingly the interest of the greatest colony in order to snatch a party advantage in the lobbies at Westminster. Lord Carnarvon never yielded to that temptation. He had to deal with difficult questions. Jamaica, after Governor Eyre's disgrace, raised the question of the administration of our Crown Colonies. The Ashantee War in 1874 left him face to face with the question of domestic slavery in British protectorates, and in both of these cases he acted with true Liberalism and unhesitating resolution. Even in South Africa, where he fully admitted in his later years that he had been too precipitate in attempting to force on Federation, he might have achieved honour had he not been compelled to abandon his plough in mid-furrow.

There was no office in the State to which he might not have aspired had his health been more robust. Mr. Disraeli offered him first the Viceroyship of India, which he refused, and afterwards he proposed he should become First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Carnarvon accepted it conditionally. He would only be First Lord if he might thoroughly reform the Admiralty and create a strong navy. Mr. Disraeli, who preferred fireworks to armaments, replied that if Lord Carnarvon made so many conditions he had better stay where he was. Otherwise the work of our naval rehabilitation, instead of being left over to 1884, might have begun in 1876.

VICEROY OF IRELAND.

It is not surprising that Lord Carnarvon, who was imbued with so deep a sympathy with the Colonial aspirations after self-government, should during his Irish Viceroyalty have made advances towards Home Rule. Lord Carnarvon was impelled thither by two forces—the first being his natural sympathy with the Irish race, and the second his honest English disgust at the scandalous injustice with which Ireland was treated by the English Administration. When Lord Salisbury formed his Government in 1885, it was certain that Lord Carnarvon would hold high office; but none anticipated that he would be sent to Ireland—least of all himself. Either the Colonies or the Admiralty seemed more likely to be offered him. Lord Salisbury, however, was in a minority which he saw no means of turning into a majority save by the Irish vote. It was necessary to offer to Ireland an olive-branch in the person of a ruler who would be not only of first rank, but who would be capable of doing all that could be done by personal grace and sympathetic handling to reconcile the Irish to their lot. Lord Carnarvon was obviously the only man who could fill the post. So he was offered the Viceroyalty with a seat in the Cabinet, and it was understood he was to have practically *carte blanche* in conciliating Ireland. “It has come to me most unexpectedly,” he wrote me, “but I did not see how I could rightly refuse it.” I had a long and most interesting conversation with him before he entered upon his duties. He spoke, as was his wont, humbly but resolutely, of the prospect before him. He had already decided at whatever personal risk to himself to dispense with the military escort which went clattering about the heels of the Red Earl whenever he appeared in the streets of Dublin. “It is best to appeal to the Irish by a simple proof of confidence. I am quite sure it is the right thing to do.”

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THE INTERVIEW WITH MR. PARNELL.

I had proposed to have told in this article the story of how it was Lord Carnarvon came to see Mr. Parnell. It was, however, deemed inconsistent with his dying wish that the ashes of controversy should be stirred again. I have, therefore, only to say that the interview was suggested by me to Lord Carnarvon in this conversation, which took place immediately after his acceptance of the Viceroyalty, and that I am therefore in a position to speak with positive knowledge as to its aim and object. The interview was not sought from any sinister purpose or in pursuance of any deep-laid electoral strategy. Lord Carnarvon was a profoundly conscientious man, who undertook the duties of the Irish Viceroyalty with a sense of the difficulty of the post and the imperative need of doing everything that could possibly be done to enable him to govern justly and to govern well.

Mr. Parnell was one of the most powerful factors in the problem which he had set to solve. Mr. Parnell, it was well known, was benevolently disposed to the new Administration which the votes of his followers had placed in office. It was obviously his first duty, as ruler of Ireland, to ascertain at first hand how far this benevolent disposition could be stretched so as to enable the Queen's Government to be carried on in Ireland. That is the simple explanation of an episode which has been absurdly magnified into proportions which were quite out of harmony with the character of Lord Carnarvon.

I do not remember ever referring to the subject in any subsequent conversation with Lord Carnarvon. But in June, 1886, when I had dotted the i's and crossed the t's of an allusion made to him in the House of Commons, Lord Carnarvon wrote me as follows:—

"As you know, I always endeavour to speak the truth. I am bound to say that I was not best pleased by your allusion to me on Tuesday; for I at once saw that I should be obliged to explain, and I have a strong dislike to personal explanations and controversies. But I believe that it was probably best to have the matter cleared up; and, anyhow, it was due to my own honour that I should not be under such an imputation as Mr. Parnell threw out in the debate on Monday. How he could by any misunderstanding or force of imagination say that I had communicated the intention of the Government to promise a Parliament to Ireland, with power to protect Irish industries, altogether passes my comprehension."

Of course I wrote and said I regretted having unintentionally forced this on him. He replied: "Don't think more of the matter. In all probability it was sure to come out, and there was in itself nothing to conceal. I personally am glad to know that everything is clear."

When Lord Carnarvon died, he was at peace with all men, and his last wish was that no discordant note of controversy should be sounded over his grave. Out of respect for his wishes, I refrain from saying anything controversial concerning the sequel to this famous interview. Lord Carnarvon informed Lord Salisbury at the time about the proposed interview, and fully understood that the Prime Minister concurred in the wisdom of meeting the Irish leader. Otherwise, I need hardly say that Lord Carnarvon, who was always the soul of honour, would never have moved a step towards the meeting.

AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

Lord Carnarvon set out for Dublin in good spirits and with considerable hopes of success. Personally, those expectations were justified by the result. He discontinued the escort without any attack being made upon

his life, although such a result had been confidently anticipated. He refused to renew even such a modified version of the Coercion Bill as the Radicals of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet has been willing to accept. At the Viceroyal Lodge everything that courtesy and consideration could do was done by Lord Carnarvon, and not less by Lady Carnarvon, who there, as always, was the invaluable comrade of her husband, to promote a more kindly feeling between the Irish and the English. One who knew Lord Carnarvon intimately writes me as follows:—"I was with him for a short time in Ireland. What struck me most was how much his heart was thrown into his work. In truth, he had fairly fallen in love with the Irish people. It was a sort of love at first sight. The soft and winning side of the people had impressed him strongly, and it was a playful jest amongst those who were near him that nobody was allowed to say anything against the object of his attachment. There was a feudal side to his character—it was a necessity to him to be liked by all those around him—and I think many of the Irish qualities fitted in to his own character more easily than the Anglo-Saxon qualities. At all events, it was a pretty and pleasant sight to see the affection he bore to the Irish people naturally expressing itself in everything he said and did during all the hours of the day. One other little note I send you. Though he and I met comparatively seldom, it was my good fortune to be near him at more than one critical moment of his life. It was at these moments that all that was best and strongest came out. He always seemed to me to grow under the sense of imminent duty. He never threw off his caution and habit of looking at many sides, and taking whatever steps he did take circumspectly, but he seemed at these times to become possessed by the overruling sense of acting rightly, and to throw aside all the smaller ties which usually hung so peacefully around men." But as a man's enemies are those of his own household, so Lord Carnarvon was thwarted, tripped up, and ultimately driven to resign by his own colleagues. Lord Carnarvon set out with the determination to do justice and, especially in financial matters, to treat Ireland generously. He found almost before he had well begun that there was as firm a determination at the Treasury not to spare as much as a single penny for the most pressing necessities of Ireland. The story of his Viceroyalty will some day, I hope, be written. It will be a curious satire upon many of the loud professions of leading Unionists. Lord Carnarvon was unable to wring even the most indispensable grants from Downing Street without repeated correspondence, in many cases followed up by flying visits to London. Backwards and forwards from Dublin to London flitted the Viceroy, often in the dead of winter and when he was very unwell, not in order to secure the assent of his colleagues to any great measures or any vast expenditure, but merely in order to extort the salary of a clerk or a trivial allowance for some indispensable charity. We lost the Transvaal, Sir Hercules Robinson tells us, because a Treasury clerk insisted in disallowing a couple of hundred pounds needed to secure the services of the only official who could get on with the Boers. The last real effort to govern Ireland justly and sympathetically by the Imperial Parliament foundered on the same rock. Lord Carnarvon was at last driven into resignation by the utter impossibility of convincing Downing Street as to the necessity for oiling the administrative machinery. It is easier to get millions from Parliament than to get hundreds from the Treasury. Lord Salisbury might have avoided all this friction if he had merely put down his foot or said one strong word to his Chancellor of the Exchequer. The amount of all the

amounts in dispute was the merest fleabite. But their disallowance showed the spirit of niggard parsimony which made effectual shipwreck of the last honest experiment of governing Ireland by sympathy and justice. Lord Carnarvon, feeling that he was being thwarted and checked instead of being supported at home, resigned. When he landed at Holyhead, the papers announced the defeat and resignation of the Salisbury Administration. The coincidence was curious and, from some points of view, very consolatory.

"Since then Lord Carnarvon held no office in the State. When Mr. Gladstone fell, and the Unionist Administration came into power, Lord Carnarvon wrote me: "You will see that I do not form a part of the new Government, and I am quite sure that from any and every point of view it is much better that I should be outside."

It is probable that if he had not been outside at first, he would have found himself obliged to take up that position when the Government, which began by being determined to dispense with exceptional legislation, ultimately fell back upon the old, old method of coercion. Lord Carnarvon has often been condemned by the thorough-going party politicians for his resignations. But it would be difficult for any one dispassionately surveying his career to say that any other course was open to an honourable man of his convictions than to resign on each of the three occasions on which he laid down his portfolio.

HIS THREE RESIGNATIONS.

The first was that on which he resigned, together with Lord Salisbury and General Peel, as a protest against Mr. Disraeli's great apostasy. To take office to stem the tide of democracy, and to keep it by taking a more violent plunge in the democratic direction, may be smart politics, but it could hardly recommend itself to a conscientious statesman. Lord Carnarvon, therefore, had really no choice in the matter. To dish the Whigs seemed to him but a poor consolation for sacrificing his principles.

The second resignation was equally unavoidable. For two years Lord Carnarvon had held the post of sentinel in the cause of peace in Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet. Lord Carnarvon was thoroughly at one with Mr. Gladstone and the great body of the nation in regarding any attempt to bolster up the Ottoman dominion in Europe as a crime against humanity. He had travelled in the East. He knew the Turks, and hence, while Lord Beaconsfield was sneering about coffee-house babble, and pouting his huge under lip at those who talked about the butchers of Batak, Lord Carnarvon wrote me, saying:—

"I should not speak the truth if I did not say that the revolting horrors which in too many of the cases I consider as proved against the Turks, are amongst the most frightful events which this generation has seen. They are and they must be constantly before the mind of every one concerned with the government of the country. But, dreadful as they are, I fear that the time has not yet come when they can be forcibly stopped."

When, instead of forcibly stopping them, Lord Beaconsfield took active steps to use the sword and the wealth of England in re-establishing the foul dominion which the Russian arms had shattered to its base, Lord Carnarvon had no alternative but to leave the Cabinet. To acquiesce in measures which commit your country to

an unjust war for objects detrimental to the interests of civilisation and humanity is a crime only second to initiating such a policy. Lord Carnarvon came out at the end of January. Lord Derby followed him in March. Their secession, together with the protests of the people, prevented war, and dictated the surrender embodied in the Schouvaloff Memorandum. Writing immediately after his resignation, Lord Carnarvon said in reply to my congratulations and thanks:—

"Your appreciation of what I have been able to do is, I fear, beyond the true measure of the facts; but it is, nevertheless, very grateful to me. I can best reply to it by saying that, however painful personally has been the course which I have pursued, there is nothing that I would undo were this possible, even if I stood absolutely alone, instead, as I firmly believe, of being in accord with the truest and wisest feelings of the country."

As the first resignation was necessitated by the most vital measure of domestic policy—the establishment of household suffrage; and the second by the crucial case of a threatened unjust war, so the third arose out of the third great question of our times—the question of the government of Ireland. Lord Carnarvon might, if he had been in robust health, have carried on a little longer a Viceroyalty under which the condition of getting even the pettiest thing done was a hurried journey to London and back. But as his health was not equal to that additional strain, and as his wishes were never attended to unless they were expressed in person, retirement became inevitable. If the man responsible for governing Ireland is not allowed to control the policy of the Irish Administration without being exposed to being tripped up every moment by his colleague at the Treasury, the sooner we give up the task of trying to govern the Irish the better. Lord Carnarvon did not establish Home Rule. He only added the last straw to the accumulated mass of demonstration that Home Rule was inevitable.

HIS SENSE OF DUTY.

Lord Carnarvon always acted from the highest sense of duty. He made few phrases, but he ever set before him the question—What is the will of God concerning this matter? And when, often after much prayer and diligent use of all the means at his disposal, he had satisfied himself what he ought to do, he set himself to do it without more ado. No man was less of a fanatic. He was a pious, God-fearing Englishman. In religious creed he was a High Churchman, but the faintest shadow of intolerance or sectarian bitterness never darkened his intercourse with his fellow men. I remember well his telling me with great satisfaction of the success which had crowned an invitation he had given to the Salvationists of his parish to attend service in the parish church. They came, nothing loath, in long procession, crowding the church to the doors. Lord Carnarvon read the lessons and the Vicar preached a sermon—which, it is to be hoped, was edifying. Lord Carnarvon himself would probably have been a more acceptable preacher, but he never emancipated himself from the Anglican limitations of the laity further than sometimes to wish he stood in the pulpit instead of the pew.

Lord Carnarvon was a devoted Churchman. He astonished the public by proclaiming that the parting knell of the Church of England would toll the death of nearly all that was greatest, noblest, and purest in the country. It can easily be imagined, therefore, with

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what alarm he contemplated the results of the Lincoln prosecution. Writing in February, 1889, he said :—

I propose to-morrow to ask the Government whether, in view of the extremely grave consequences likely to arise from the Bishop of Lincoln's case, they propose to take any step, legislative or other. It is an unusually serious question, but I fully believe the results to be so extremely grave that I think it well to stir the matter at once. I do not know whether you will agree with me, but it seems to me the most serious crisis in Church matters in my day.

He even contemplated taking some definite action in the matter to avert what seemed to him an imminent danger of disruption. But that is now left to other hands.

In his home, the whole atmosphere of which was permeated by a domestic affection that was quite ideal in its manifestation, Lord Carnarvon officiated as priest in his own household, the simple but impressive service of family prayers being one of the most honoured institutions at Highclere. There was a fine simplicity of childlike sincerity about Lord Carnarvon, which sometimes reminded me a little of General Gordon. St. Paul was his great hero, and he was never weary of praising the Apostle of the Gentiles. "St. Paul," he said once, "was always such a gentleman." And again, another time, he said: "I do not know any man who ever lived to whose judgment I would defer so implicitly as to that of St. Paul. I sometimes wish he could come to life again. How eagerly I would take to him all my difficulties, political and social! I do not know any that I would not gladly submit to his decision."

AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

I have not referred, save very casually, to Lord Carnarvon as a man of letters. Yet those who knew him intimately would not hesitatingly reply that with him, as with Mr. Gladstone, politics came second to literature as the preoccupation of his life. He was himself an author of exquisite taste and delicate insight. His reading was vast and varied, and few modern statesmen enjoyed so catholic a culture. He had considerable gift for languages. One of the last things he ever wrote for me was a review of Miss Bush's Italian Folk Songs, and I have still before me the letters in which he spoke with enthusiasm of the knowledge, judgment, and modesty of the compiler of that graceful and pretty collection of the folk songs of that wonderful land in which he loved to dwell. To his "nest in the rock" near Genoa he ever rejoiced to escape from the turmoil of English politics and devote himself to the study of Homer and the delights of his library. I well remember the almost pathetic eagerness with which he once spoke of the charm of exchanging the atmosphere of Westminster for the bracing air of the Odyssey; but so penetrated is London with politics that the observation was no sooner uttered than we branched off into a discussion as to how far the williness of Mr. Gladstone ought to be regarded as equivalent to the craftiness of Ulysses. Lord Carnarvon followed the example of his first political chief in essaying a poetical translation of part of the Homeric poems, and his last serious task was the publication of the new Chesterfield Letters, the success of which gave him sincere pleasure. He was never happier than when he was in his library arranging and rearranging his beloved books. Nor was he a devotee of dead authors merely. He had a wide range of literary acquaintances, and his friendship with Mr. Froude left an abiding trace on the history of South Africa. One who has spent many years in his household, writing me on this subject, says :—

Lord Carnarvon had a great love and reverence for books.

At times he lived with them, and it was easy to see that his mind was accustomed to be in continual contact with those of the great masters. Home: and Dante especially were to him almost as dear personal friends. He was by birth a scholar. Scholars, like poets, are born not made; and all the delicacies and refinements of diction were very dear to him. Of this we have an excellent example in his wonderful rendering of the Agamemnon. I think there are few men living who can write such exquisitely graceful English prose as may be found in the short prefaces to his various translations from the Greek.

He studied men as well as books, and his range was singularly wide and varied. He is probably the only Cabinet Minister who could say that he had visited all the great colonies of the Empire. He was a greater wanderer than his hero Ulysses. Nor were his journeyings confined to the British Empire. From modern Paris to the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon there was hardly any object of interest which he had not visited and examined with intelligence and care. The prejudices of culture and science, as powerful as those of bigotry and ignorance, never circumscribed the range of his sympathies. Of this a curious passage in the Malmesbury Memoirs bears witness. One entry runs as follows :—

December 8th, 1862.—At Highclere, where Lord Carnarvon and I talked about necromancy and spiritualism, he told me that he had read a great number of books upon the Black Art, and in some found formulae of so horrible a nature that they quite haunted him.

This is, perhaps, not surprising, inasmuch as an apparently authentic ghost is one of the heirlooms of the Carnarvon family.

One who had worked with Lord Carnarvon for years, wrote me shortly after his death :—

Apart from the great affection which I bore him, I owed Lord Carnarvon that deep gratitude which one needs must feel for those who give us a glimpse of the noble side of life. I shall always feel thankful for the years I spent with him—within sight of that high standard of honour, within touch of that wonderful tender sympathy and kindness. He possessed a very powerful influence over all those younger minds with whom he came in contact in daily life, and for me—as for others—it seems now as if life had suddenly grown dark. Like all those who ever worked under him, I experienced that patience and gentleness which made him so much loved a master. Everything that was done under his direction was done methodically and in order. He was as careful in his enquiries into the claims of the many private appeals and small petitions he received as he could be in the affairs of State. There was always running through his smallest actions that thread of duty which made his life so dignified.

His death leaves England poorer in respect to statesmen of whom she stands in sore need. Of wealth she has great store, and of politicians and wire-pullers enough and to spare. But the fine flower of aristocratic culture and Christian chivalry and of Imperial sympathy is too rare amongst us for us not to feel that we could have better spared almost any of our statesmen than Lord Carnarvon. He was a right perfect and gentle knight, without fear and without reproach, who bore a conscience clear of offence towards all men, and who, alike in his home, in his country, and in the senate, never said a word or did a deed which those whom he left behind would wish to forget.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

MR. CECIL RHODES, PREMIER.

AN OUTSIDE SKETCH OF OUR GREAT ELIZABETHAN.

MR. CECIL RHODES, who last month accepted the Premiership of the Cape, is, taking all things into consideration, the most notable of the coming men of our time. He is an Elizabethan Englishman, born in the Victorian age, who believes in England as did the great sea captains who defeated the Armada and swept the Spanish main. The arrival of such a man as Prime Minister of a British colony is the most significant event that has happened within the British Empire this year; it is of imperial, not merely of colonial importance. Even Mr. Edward Dicey, who writes the article, "Mr. Rhodes as Premier," in the *Nineteenth Century*, could not avoid seeing that in the Imperial Home Ruler at the Cape there lies metal of much more sterling quality than that of the politicians with whom he is wont to consort. It is true that Mr. Dicey does not understand Mr. Rhodes; he only gives us an outside survey, not altogether sympathetic, and marred by at least one unworthy suggestion. But even Mr. Dicey, with his lack-lustre eye, sees that Cecil Rhodes, with his "somewhat slouching gait, his hazy abstract glance, and his absorbed air, is always looking forward beyond the present to playing a greater part on a larger stage than any that can be supplied by the Cape politics to-day."

THE INAUGURATOR OF A NEW ERA.

Mr. Dicey has been to Africa for a six months' visit, during which he saw a great deal of "the great amalgamator," as Mr. Rhodes is described by those whose imaginations never rise beyond the horizon of De Beers. After a brief description of the cause of Sir Gordon Sprigg's overthrow, Mr. Dicey says a sense of dissatisfaction had arisen by the perpetual struggles between the ins and the outs, the time was come for a leader who had a policy of his own, and Mr. Rhodes has become the inaugurator of the new political era. Mr. Rhodes is not yet forty. Nobody could ever doubt his nationality. "English, you know," is written in his gait, his speech, and his manner. He puts on no "side," and never stands on his dignity. He has made an immense fortune, but still he remains in the colony, working and working hard. Wealth and position at the Cape are to him but stepping stones to higher positions and authority in the British Empire, either in her outlying possessions or at home. With him success, even the success of amalgamating the diamond mines at Kimberley, provided only a stimulus to further effort.

HIS ASPIRATIONS.

Years ago, when he was comparatively unknown, he told an informant of Mr. Dicey that he wished to associate his name with some great achievement. This Mr. Dicey thinks, he has already done by identifying him-

self with the Chartered Company which has undertaken to exploit the land of Ophir. Mr. Dicey refers to a speech delivered by Mr. Rhodes in which he defended the bold experiment of associating the De Beers Company with the Chartered Company in order to avert the dangers that would arise if the control of the greatest industry of South Africa fell into the hands of a non-resident body of shareholders. Mr. Dicey says:—

Mr. Rhodes is by no means a novice in Cape politics. He has for some ten years represented the decaying township of West Barkly, the quondam capital of Griqualand West, in the Cape Parliament. He held office for some little time as Minister of Public Works when Sir Thomas Scanlen was Premier. In 1884-5 he was sent as a Deputy-Commissioner to Bechuanaland. He was present at Blignaut's Pont at the conference between Sir Henry Loch and President Krüger in which the Swaziland question was discussed.

He can speak intelligently, and even forcibly; he is not an orator, but he understands the art of dealing with men.

A BELIEVER IN BRITISH EXPANSION.

Mr. Dicey thinks that he has only taken office from the belief that as Prime Minister he could better forward the policy on which the Chartered Company is based, which policy Mr. Dicey thinks is the expansion and consolidation of British interests in Africa. For the first time in the Parliamentary history of the Cape the policy of the colony will be directed by a statesman whose end and aim is to extend the area of British expansion. Mr. Dicey says:—

I am by no means sure also that he attaches the same importance as I do personally to the political connection between Great Britain and her Colonies. But of this I am confident—he believes as strongly as any Imperialist or Federationist could believe in a manifest destiny of the British race. To implant English ideas, English culture, English language, English institutions, and English rule in all the outlying places of the globe, that is, as I take it, the manifest destiny of our race.

EMPIRE AND HOME RULE.

"It was my lot," Mr. Dicey says, "frequently to talk with Mr. Rhodes about the Home Rule controversy. The impression left on my mind—possibly because he did not agree with me—was that he had not studied the subject very deeply, and that he had no very ardent enthusiasm about the cause of Ireland. Still, I saw no cause to doubt either the sincerity or the genuineness of his conviction that the repeal of the Union is desirable in the interest not only of Ireland, but of Great Britain."

A somewhat grudging admission. His paper is slight and inadequate, but; considering how little Mr. Dicey knows of Mr. Rhodes's ideas and how much out of sympathy he is with Mr. Rhodes's ruling principle, which is that of Empire and Home Rule, it is perhaps surprising that he should have recognized, even grudgingly, that an imperial statesman of the first rank has at last appeared in our midst.

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MY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

THE *Forum*, under the head of "Formative Influences," is publishing a series of articles similar to those which the *British Weekly* brought out some time ago under the title of "Books which have Influenced me." The *Forum*, however, does not limit the influence to books. In last month's *Forum* Mr. Lecky described the influences which led him from orthodox Anglicanism to Rationalism. Prof. Tyndall, who writes the second article of the series, deals chiefly with his training in the German Universities, although there are some interesting pages concerning the influences which led him to take an interest in science. In 1842, and thereabouts, he was a member of the Preston Mechanics' Institute, attended its lectures, and made use of its library. The instruction then received entered, he says, into the texture of his mind, and influenced him in after life.

HAPPY ON A POUND A WEEK.

When Prof. Tyndall quitted school in 1839 he joined the Ordnance Survey as a draughtsman, but he soon learned all the art of the calculator and the computer, and then applied for permission to go to the field. Before returning to the office he says he had mastered all the mysteries of the ordinary field work, but the art of making trigonometrical observations remained unlearned. Fortunately at school he had acquired a sound knowledge of elementary geometry and trigonometry which enabled him to make the required observations. He was then in receipt of a little under 20s. a week, and he remarks that "he has often wondered at the amount of genuine happiness which a young fellow of regular habits, not caring for either pipe or mug, can extract from pay like this." During the railway mania he was in the thick of the fray, and one of his last pieces of field work was the taking of a line of levels from Keighley to Haworth in Yorkshire. His last "bench mark" was placed on a tombstone in Haworth churchyard.

MISERABLE AS AN OWNER OF SCRIP.

Speaking of that time he gives the following account of his experience as an owner of railway shares during that exciting period:—

During my professional connection with railways I endured three weeks' misery. It was not defeated ambition; it was not a rejected suit; it was not the hardship endured in either office or field; but it was the possession of certain shares which I had purchased in one of the lines then afloat. The share list of the day proved the winding sheet of my peace of mind. I was haunted by the Stock Exchange. Then, as now, I loved the blue span of heaven; but when I found myself regarding it morning after morning, not with the fresh joy which, in my days of innocence, it had brought me, but solely with reference to its possible effect, through the harvest, upon the share market, I became so savage with myself, that nothing remained but to go down to my brokers and to put away the shares as an accursed thing. Thus began and thus ended, without either gain or loss, my railway gambling.

WHY HE WENT TO GERMANY.

In 1847, the railway mania passed and he accepted the post of master in Queenswood College, where he had Dr. Frankland as a colleague. Queenswood College had been Harmony Hall, which the Socialists built to inaugurate the Millennium. The letters "C. of M." for Commencement of Millennium were actually inserted in the brickwork of the house. As a professor, Tyndall found that there may be knowledge without power—the ability to inform without the ability to stimulate. With-

out this power it is questionable whether the teacher can ever really enjoy his vocation. Having saved two or three hundred pounds, he determined to spend his savings by studying at the German University. "I had heard of German science, while Carlyle's reference to German philosophy and literature caused me to regard them as a kind of revelation from the gods. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1848, Frankland and I started for the land of universities."

LIFE AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

Professor Tyndall went first to Marburg in Hesse Cassel, where he studied under Bunsen. There were three hundred students in the university:—

My study was warmed by a large stove. At first I missed the gleam and sparkle from flame and ember, but soon became accustomed to the obscure heat. At six in the morning a small *milchbrod* and a cup of tea were brought to me. The dinner hour was one, and for the first year or so I dined at a hotel. Our dinner consisted of several courses, roast and boiled, and finished up with sweets and dessert. The cost was a pound a month, or about eightpence per dinner. I usually limited myself to one of the courses, using even it in moderation, being already convinced that eating too much was quite as sinful, and almost as ruinous, as drinking too much. Watch and ward were therefore kept over the eating. By attending to such things I was able to work without weariness for sixteen hours a day.

HIS TEACHERS IN GERMANY.

My going to Germany had been opposed by some of my friends as quixotic, and my life there might, perhaps, be not unfairly thus described. I did not work for money; I was not even spurred by "the last infirmity of noble minds." I had been reading Fichte, and Emerson, and Carlyle, and had been infected by the spirit of these great men. Let no one persuade you that they were not great men. The Alpha and Omega of their teaching was loyalty to duty. Higher knowledge and greater strength were within reach of the man who unflinchingly enacted his best insight. It was a noble doctrine, though it may sometimes have inspired exhausting disciplines and unrealisable hopes. At all events it held me to my work, and in the long cold mornings of the German Winter, defended by a *Schleifrock* lined with catskin, I usually felt a freshness and strength—a joy in mere living and working, derived from perfect health—which was something different from the malady of self-righteousness.

He gives an interesting account of Bunsen, who took him under his own charge. Stegmann also gave him private lessons in mathematics:—

It was he who gave me the subject of my dissertation when I took my degree. Its title in English was, "On a Screw Surface with Inclined Generatrix, and on the Conditions of Equilibrium on such Surfaces." One evening, after he had given me this subject, I met him at a party, and asked him a question which I did not dream of as touching the solution of the problem. But he smiled and said, "Yes, Herr Tyndall; but if I tell you that, I must tell you a great deal more." I thought he meant to insinuate that I wished for illegitimate aid in the working out of my theme. I shrank together, and resolved that if I could not, without the slightest aid, accomplish the work from beginning to end, it should not be accomplished at all. Wandering among the pine woods, and pondering the subject, I became more and more master of it; and when my dissertation was handed in to the Philosophical Faculty, it did not contain a thought that was not my own.

BEGINNING OF ORIGINAL RESEARCH.

At Marburg, his first little physical investigation was the phenomena of a water jet. He noticed that whenever there is any rippling sound, the water is accompanied

by bubbles of air; when water speaks, it is due to the breaking of air bubbles entangled in the water. When engaged in work of original research, he found that the rigid distribution of his time, by which specified hours were devoted to special objects of study, was impossible:—

You could not call up at will the spirit of research. It was like that other spirit, which cometh when it listeth, and greater wisdom was shown in following out, at the time, a profitable line of thought, than adhering to a fixed lesson plan. By degrees all discontent vanished, and I became acclimatized to my new intellectual conditions.

After a visit to England in 1850 he went back to Germany and studied in the laboratory of Prof. Magnus at Berlin in 1851. He met Helmholtz and Humboldt:—

My brain, intent on its subjects, used to acquire a set, resembling the rigid polarity of a steel magnet. It lost the pliancy needful for free conversation, and to recover this I used to walk occasionally to Charlottenburg or elsewhere. From my experiences at that time I derived the notion that hard thinking and fleet talking do not run together.

THE IDEAL OF DUTY.

Prof. Tyndall concludes his paper by the following reference to the ideal of duty which he seems to have imbibed from his German masters:—

The philosophers of Germany were men of the loftiest moral tone. In fact, they were preachers of religion as much as expounders of philosophy. Shall we say that from them the land took its moral colour? It would be to a great extent true to say so; but it should be added that the German philosophers were themselves products of the German soil, probably deriving the basis of their moral qualities from a period anterior to their philosophy. Let me cite an illustrative anecdote. In the summer of 1871 I met at Pontresina two Prussian officers. I once asked them how the German troops behaved when going into battle. Did they cheer and encourage each other? The reply I received was this: "Never in our experience has the cry, '*Wir müssen siegen*' (we must conquer) been heard from German soldiers; but in a hundred instances we have heard them resolutely exclaim, '*Wir müssen unsere Pflicht thun*' (we must do our duty)." It was a sense of duty rather than love of glory that strengthened those men and filled them with an invincible heroism. We in England have always liked the iron ring of the word "duty." It was Nelson's talisman at Trafalgar. It was the guiding star of Wellington. When, in his days of freshness and of freedom, he wrote his immortal ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, our Laureate poured into the praise of Duty the full strength of his English heart:—

Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outbredden
All voluptuous garden roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.

A Novel Argument against Darwinism.—The Rev. F. A. Maleson protests vehemently against the theory of evolution in *Anglo-Austria* for July. He concludes his article as follows:—

Would any Christian dare for a moment to suppose that God took upon Him a form in which flowed blood derived from the basest?

MY IDEA OF THE MILLENNIUM.

BY GENERAL BOOTH.

In the summer double number of *All the World*, which has as frontispiece a photo-mezzotype of Mrs. Booth, on what is believed to be her death-bed, General Booth contributes a remarkable article in which he describes his vision of the Millennium, which is to be brought about by "the ultimate triumph of Salvation Army principles." He says, "Many of the closest students of prophecy concur that we are upon the very eve of the fulfilment of prophecies which encourage the expectation of a world filled with peace and plenty." General Booth thinks this may be so, and that as there is a general concurrence of opinion that there is a good time coming he thinks it is profitable to imagine what kind of time it is likely to be. By way of answering this question he defines his idea of the millennium and of what it will consist. There will be an abundant supply of every earthly need and real community of gifts springing out of loving free will. After dwelling some time on the spiritual side of the millennium, General Booth thus gives us his dream as to the transformation of London:—

First, we should have Hyde Park roofed in, with towers climbing towards the stars, as the world's great grand central temple. Only think what this would mean. And then, what demonstrations, what processions, what mighty assemblies, what grand reviews, what crowded streets, impassable with the joyful multitudes marching to and fro!

The bells of Saint Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and every other sanctuary, together with the trumpet calls from the roof of every Salvation Army barracks, would announce to the people the hours of prayer and praise. Methinks that at the summons for the 12.30 Daily Service the whole city would be prostrate, business and traffic, buying and selling, discussions and conversations, would all cease, and for a season five million hearts, whether in home or factory, shop or exchange, warehouse or street, would turn to God with the voice of thanksgiving and with shouts of praise.

Diseases of every kind having been all but annihilated by moderation, frugality, and happiness, the lunatic asylums and the hospitals will be let to.

And upon all, and through all, and over all like a soft, warm, bright atmosphere will be a spirit of tender sympathy. In the houses, shops, factories, and exchanges; in the parks, fields and streets; nay, everywhere, men, women, and little children will greet and help each other.

The jails will be closed, having no law-breakers to occupy them. The Courts of Justice will be vacant, or only occasionally frequented by a few eccentric saints of antiquarian propensities, who will point out to each other the former uses of these costly structures, while the police will have nothing to do beyond acting as officers of order to the multitudes who will come from every part of the globe to see the glory of God in His Great Temple.

Cruelty to men and women, as also to animals, will only be known as a thing of the past dark ages.

Poverty will have fled before the plenty which the angels of Industry and Economy will have introduced to every home, and consequently the workhouses will be empty, pauperism extinct, and slumdom with its wretched denizens will be no more.

General Booth concludes his article by declaring the faith that is in him:—

The true Salvationist's confidence for the future is not based alone on the theories he holds, but in that millennial heaven which God has already established in his own heart, and through him and his comrades, in the hearts of so many thousands more. To him the millennium is already, in a measure, an accomplished fact. He has got a piece of it in his own breast.

AS SHOW

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THE SUICIDE OF FRANCE.

AS SHOWN IN THE DECADENCE OF FRENCH FICTION.

THE second part of an article on "The Modern French Novel," which was begun in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, is finished in the present number. It is a very powerful piece of literary handiwork, although it is somewhat spoiled by the excessive straining after an exaggerated pessimism. Beginning with Balzac to Zola, the reviewer surveys the field of modern French fiction, and proclaims that the realists are all dominated by one principle: they write under the pressure of passion, and the man they delineate is only "la bête humaine."

BALZAC'S GOSPEL.

Balzac was a materialist who worshipped force, and did not believe in God. To him the ordinary man is an evil beast whose measure is the lowest to which he can fall. His only God was an attenuated gas, the soul an electric machine. Dante's Hell is less inhuman than Balzac's present age. Balzac himself is as merciless as Lucifer, and as devoted to evil as Satan. All good people to him are dupes who are cheated in the bargain of life. His only faith was faith in money; it was the goal of ambition and the standard of success. He is the supreme artist of the ignoble who excels in consummating the type of the ignoble, or even of the cadaverous. His characters are always intrinsically vicious, and he anticipated many of the worst things of Zola.

FLAUBERT AND ZOLA.

For Flaubert the spiritual world of faith or philosophy does not exist, it is a chimera. Religion, as it appeared to him in history, was a succession of blood-stained or hysterical illusions. Of Zola, the reviewer says, as no one would laugh willingly in a cancer hospital, so his novels are dullness incarnate. The human beast does not laugh, any more than he sings; he is too full of murderous or hungry appetites. The sparkle has died out of French literature. Baudelaire describes the world as full of leprosy, fit only to be shovelled out of sight, or passed through a winnowing fire. French fiction glows with lust and obscenity, and its noisome atmosphere is only fit for Yahoos to dwell in.

TOADSTOOLS ON THE GRAVE OF FRANCE.

Baudelaire has called his poetry of the Decadence *Les Fleurs du Mal*. It is the epigraph of the French literature of our time, the very virtues of which are grafted upon vice. Corruption breeds creatures of one kindred with itself. These dark and poisonous toadstools, growing upon the grave of an illustrious people, bear witness to the life in death which is fast consuming the France we have known and admired.

Realism—Pessimism—Realism; the pendulum swings to and fro, always describing the same hopeless curve in this literature of an exhausted race, the life-blood of which seems corrupted in its veins. Only the most unwholesome metaphors, derived from asylum or hospital, will convey an adequate sense of the impression made by the vulgarity of M. Zola, or by the nerveless refinement and deep melancholy in which the soul of M. Bourget takes delight. The spiritual creed, relying on which men have dared and done noble things for thousands of years, has at length, these writers tell us, been shattered, dissolved, explained away by science running out into nescience, like a stream losing itself in mid-Atlantic.

THE SPIRITUAL CHILDREN OF ROUSSEAU.

Rousseau is their father. Rousseau was a compound of "mysticism and sensuality;" no law was sacred

to him but the gratification of instinct. He had cruel as well as cynical instincts. He was vulgar, obscene, furious; all sentiment and sensation. In his view, society was one monstrous pile of falsehood. If we enlarge this picture till it becomes a national autobiography, shall we not see in it the literary, artistic, and philosophical France which the novelists have drawn? It appears so to us. Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, Zola, Bourget, Pierre Loti, Daudet, greatly as they differ in character and style, do yet agree in the general resemblance. They are not controlled by that reason which discerns the laws of life, morality, and the Divine Presence in the world.

SOMETHING BEYOND REVOLUTION.

There is something beyond revolution; and the Renans, Bourgets, and Daudets are not slow to pronounce it—the word "decadence." A putrescent civilization, a corruption of high and low, a cynical shamelessness meet us at every turn, from the photographs which insult modesty in the shop-windows on the Boulevards, and the pornographic literature on the bookstalls, to the multiplication of divorces and the "drama of adultery" accepted as a social ordinance. The civilizing bond of the moral law has burst asunder in France; and the whole beast-nature it kept in check is stripping itself of the last shreds of decency that it may go about naked and not ashamed. "All has ended in the mire, in the abyss of the eternal nothingness," cries the hero of "Le Mariage de Loti." The literature of a nation possessed with that belief has become either a Psalm of Death, or, as M. Renan proves in "L'Abbesse de Jouarre," a wild outburst of Epicurean sensuality.

SOCIETY SUFFOCATING IN ITS OWN STENCH.

The question is whether we are witnessing, not the "tragedy of a will which thinks," exemplified in the rejuvenescence of a great nation struggling against adversity, but something at once hideous and beyond all description pitiable, the comedy of *delirium tremens*, of foul dreams and spasmodic efforts, with which M. Zola makes his hero die in "L'Assommoir." These are not merely symptoms of revolution; they are prognostics of an intellectual and moral suicide. To find a parallel to modern French literature we must go back to Martial and Petronius. But when Martial and Petronius wrote, society was sinking down into its ashes like a spent fire, suffocating in the stench of its own abominations. M. Zola has shown us the barbarians ready to break out from the "Ventre de Paris." And in "Sapho," "Les Rois en Exil," "Un Disciple," "La Morte," and the rest, we learn the temper and the moral resources of that governing part of France which will be called upon to withstand or to civilize them. M. Richepin, moreover, has vehemently declared in "Les Blasphèmes," that so long as science, art, or principle is believed in, the old superstition which he calls Theism and Christianity will return. We may invert the reasoning, and assert that when Christianity has been cast out, science, art, and principle will follow it. For man to "sleep the sleep of the brute," means not only the decadence, but the end of a civilization.

The Isobath Gumpot.—Some months ago I praised, as they well deserved, the Isobath inkstands, invented by De La Rue and Co. I have furnished my new offices throughout with them, and do not use any other. But a still more beneficent invention is the Isobath gumpot. The principle is the same—a reservoir of gum contained in a covered vessel, which feeds a small open well in front, about an inch deep, which is never empty as long as there is any gum in the reservoir. By this arrangement evaporation is minimised, and the great curse of gumpots, the formation of a sticky mass of solid gum around the neck of the pot, is avoided. The gumbrush in the Isobath is only an inch and a-half long. It is always immersed in liquid gum. It is the ideal gumpot, which, before long, should drive all others out of the market.

A STORY OF THE MESSIAH.

A JESUIT GOSPEL FROM INDIA.

In the year 1600 the Emperor Akbar sent to Goa for an account of the Christian religion, and a Jesuit of the name of Hieronymus Xavier responded to this appeal by writing him a story of the Messiah, some account of which is given in an article entitled "The Holy Mirror," from the original Persian which appears in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*. The writer, Mr. Rogers, says somewhat harshly, "A more extraordinary jumble of Scripture record and the wildest legends and fables has probably never been produced."

It is certainly very interesting, and the details are at least novel to Protestant readers. The first chapter begins by a sketch of the life of the father and mother of the Virgin Mary. They had lived together for twenty years without children, and then separated, thinking that they were childless, a punishment for some inward sin. After a period of separation an angel was sent to announce that a child called Mariam would be born, and born she accordingly was, on the 8th of September.

THE VIRGIN MARIAM.

When she was thirteen she had to marry Joseph in order to conceal the real state of the case from Satan, who, knowing that the Messiah was to be born of a virgin, would never suspect the mother of the Messiah to be a married woman!—

The Virgin was of middle height, of a wheaten (brown) complexion, a drawn face, large eyes, inclined to blue, golden hair, and hands and nails long and shapely. Her speech was always soft, and her eyes were cast down through modesty. Her clothes were those of a poor person but clean. She had such dignity of face that if a bad man looked upon her he collected himself and became another man.

She suffered no pain at the birth of her son. She was praying at midnight, and in the midst of her prayers she felt a strange gladness fill her heart and then she saw Jesus had been born. Numerous miracles in Rome and in Spain are reported, and then the story continues without much variation from that in the Gospels. The Jesuit says that Herod's own child was killed by mistake in the Slaughter of the Innocents, and that Herod killed himself with a knife shortly afterwards.

THE DETAILS OF THE PASSION.

Mr. Rogers says:—

The story of Peter's denial of Christ, and his distress at Christ's looking at him as soon as the cock crowed, is told with the addition that Peter continued to weep and lament as long as he lived, and his face was burnt up with the hot tears he was always shedding. Where Christ is scourged, it is said that six men were employed in doing so, two and two, and struck and beat Him with such violence that blood flowed from His body, and pieces of flesh were cut off and fell on the ground, so that the whole body became one wound, and the white of the bones was seen; five thousand eight hundred and eighty odd stripes are said to have been given. Christ, on seeing His mother swoon away on the road, is said to have fainted also, and to have been picked up by the Jews. His right hand is said to have been first nailed to the Cross, and the veins shrivelled up so that the left hand would not reach the hole made for it, and great force had to be used to stretch it to its proper place. When the Cross was raised, it trembled so that His wounds were enlarged, and His sufferings were greatly increased. The soldier who pierced Christ's side with his spear, having, up to that time, been nearly blind, recovered his sight at once through the blood that flowed down his spear, and became a Christian on the spot.

PONTIUS PILATE'S ACCOUNT OF CHRIST.

The book closes with an account of two letters written by Pontius Pilate and another ruler of the land, whose name is not given, to Tiberius Caesar and the Senate at Rome. Pilate wrote to report that a man had appeared in Judaea whom his disciples called God. He had done many miracles, and it was affirmed by many witnesses that he had gone up alive into heaven. His disciples were also performing miracles, by which they gave evidence that He was truly God. The other letter was from the man who had preceded Pilate at Jerusalem, and reported that a man of the name of Jesus has appeared who had the power of God, and was called Jesus the Messiah. The people called him a prophet with the power of the Lord, and His disciples called him God. He brings the dead to life, and heals those who are sick of any disease.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JESUS.

The letter ends with the following description of Christ's personal appearance:—

He was a man of tall stature, of such dignified appearance that those who saw Him loved and at the same time feared Him. His auburn hair was straight down to the ears, and then curled down to the shoulders and below them. The hair on the top of the head was parted after the manner of the Nazarenes; the forehead smooth and clear; the face without blemish and moderately swarthy; the look free; the nose well-formed; the mouth by no means mean; the beard large and bushy, of the same colour as the hair, and parted in two; the eyes blue, &c. Amongst the sons of men he was the most beautiful in face.

The "Holy Mirror," says Mr. Rogers, "as a whole is well worthy of perusal, if for no other reason, as a curious record of the means adopted by missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church to spread a knowledge of Christianity in the East."

HOW TO UTILIZE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

THE Rev. T. Perkins in the *Photographic Quarterly* strongly advises the systematising of the work of amateur photographers. He says:—

Not only is systematic work useful to himself from an educational point of view, but the results of such work will be valuable to others. The systematising of associated work can best be carried out by the local societies now so numerous in all parts of the country. How this can best be done I will now indicate in outline. Let the officers of each society invite the co-operation of the members, and form sections for the prosecution of various kinds of work. Let them appoint from among their members those who are willing and best fitted to act as directors of the various sections. Say the society numbers among its members one who has made archaeology, or architecture, or geology, or botany, or natural history his special study, then let the officers of the society try and enlist his services as a director of a section, and let him ask for volunteers to act under him. He will give the members of his section instruction and advice as to the best way of proceeding; will read papers from time to time at meetings of the society; will circulate among the members—by means of the society journal, if there is one, if not in manuscript—notice of the work that should be done, and the best way of doing it. At the end of the season each member of the section should send to the director permanent prints, preferably unmounted, from which the director will select the most valuable examples, and mount them in albums belonging to the society. Duplicate prints might with advantage be presented to local museums, the trustees of which would, in all probability, gladly receive them, and exhibit them in frames on the walls, or on screens in the museum. Other prints might with advantage be sent to some central body in London, such as the Editor of the *Amateur Photographer*, or the Camera Club, if the local societies are affiliated to it. Possibly a still more useful form for preserving records of work done would be by means of lantern slides.

MR. G.

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MR. GREENWOOD AS THE PROPHET JEREMIAH.

PLUS FAITH IN OUR "BRUTAL AND BLOODY VIGOUR."

FOR the last fifteen years Mr. Greenwood has, first in the *Pall Mall* and then in the *St. James's Gazette*, prophesied that the armaments of the nations had become so gigantic that war was imminent. That general war has not yet come to pass, but, undismayed by the falsification of his prophecies, he has once more donned the prophet's mantle, and, in the *Contemporary Review*, in an article entitled "Britain Fin de Siècle," he plays once more the familiar rôle of alarmist Jeremiah. On this occasion he confines himself to the next ten years, and he gives himself almost as many loopholes, as if he were Mr. Gladstone, to escape, should the twentieth century dawn without the occurrence of the cataclysm. The article, apart from the pervading pessimism of the alarmist prophet, is very interesting and very good. It was a great loss to journalism when Mr. Greenwood left the *St. James's Gazette*.

A GLIMMERING OF HOPE.

There is struggling into existence in this article the recognition of a good many things which a short time ago seemed to him entirely evil. He has even discovered that the growth of humanitarianism is not to be regretted, and we have the cheery declaration of his faith in the essential character of his countrymen. The British character, he tells us, remains as robust as ever it did, the Englishmen who rule the empire now are the veritable sons of the Englishmen who laid its foundations:—

Guidance they may lack; there is now, and possibly may continue to be, a fatal want of wise, strong, daring leadership; but, speaking for the people at large, they remain the same in enterprise, the same in courage, the same in hardihood, the same in love of country and pride of race—taught though they are from the tops of a thousand meal-tubs that this is a thing they should be rather ashamed of. Moreover, they have not yet lost their old, slow, sure-footed common sense: it exists to come out at the call of anyone who knows how to appeal to it. And yet more to the purpose is it, perhaps, that the obstinate, brutal, and bloody vigour that was originally funded in them remains unexhausted: plenty of it left for whatever occasion may demand its services. It is a comfort to reflect upon these ample remnants of character.

This is no small matter; to most of us indeed it will seem to be almost the whole of the matter, for if the character of Englishmen be still as it was in the days of Elizabeth we need not be afraid but that they will respond to every appeal that is made to them to act in a manner worthy of their high lineage.

ANARCHY AT HOME.

No doubt we are not a great military nation; we can no longer pretend to interfere with effect in Continental war. And it is well that it should be so, if only because our weakness in that direction compels us to abstain from plunging into a devastating war with Russia. As to our domestic affairs, here is Mr. Greenwood's picture of our parlous state:—

They are not improving, these domestic affairs of ours; they have time to get worse in; and by every sign and token we must fear that they *will* get worse before, during, and after the next general election. The social anarchism, the loosening of State control, the continuous and permitted success of robbery-associations, the confusion of parties, the paralysis of Parliament, the competition of statesmen in the bribery of lawlessness—there is enough of all this at present; and who can doubt that the causes that brought this state of things into existence will become more active when the next

general elections are decided and thereafter? That will be bad enough with undisturbed tranquillity beyond seas.

HUMILIATION ABROAD.

Our foreign affairs offer an even more discouraging subject, for Mr. Greenwood is under no illusions as to the Anglo-German agreement. He does his best to strip away the humiliating disguises with which the weakness of our position is wrapped up. Mr. Greenwood says:—

If the truth could be told, we should hear that this surrender—with the humiliation it is to Englishmen at home; the shock it must be to the "Imperial" idea in the colonies; the offence it has given to a powerful nation whose enmity was harassing enough before; the difference it creates between a British station in the North Sea and a foreign fortress there; and (to go no further) the graceless excuses and disguises with which it has been covered—I say we should probably learn that all this proceeds from the determination of the German Emperor to prove himself as good a hand at diplomacy as Prince Bismarck.

It was the same in Samoa while the cruel and barbarous conduct of the Germans was suffered to continue until the navyless American Republic stepped in to give us a lead in the path of duty and honour. Our position of predominance at Zanzibar was given up under a threat that, if we did not abandon it, some awkward questions would be raised as to our position in Egypt. Later we were forced into the palpable and insidious bond of comradeship with Germany under menace to assist in blockading her rebels into submission, and last year Lord Lytton tailed off with all the other ambassadors instead of remaining in Paris while the republic celebrated the centenary of the great Revolution. The servility of Lord Salisbury to Prince Bismarck's dictation is Mr. Greenwood's explanation of all our recent foreign policy—a servility that has been forced upon him because the security for peace, prosperity, and honour is arms, and so far as land-war goes we are without weapons.

WHEN H.R.H. IS KING!

Leaving foreign politics, Mr. Greenwood's prediction of what is to happen at home is very interesting. He does not seem, however, to realise the probability that the Home Rulers may obtain such a swinging majority at the next General Election, as to secure them against any flaming conflict with the House of Lords. One more extract, and I will leave this interesting and suggestive article, speaking of the reasons for misgivings as to the future. Mr. Greenwood delicately alludes to the possibility that before the next ten years are over, the Prince of Wales may sit upon his mother's throne:—

Ministerial government will become far more difficult when a king sits on the throne. The simple explanation of that remark is that kings are men, and therefore targets for many a shaft of questioning suspicion and damaging innuendo that cannot be aimed at an equally blameless woman. The assumption when a queen reigns is that the sovereign trusts to her counsellors; when a king reigns that the sovereign has a will of his own, preferences, favouritisms, and "pulls the wires," even though his hand is never seen in the direction of public affairs. Many considerations drawn from the evolutionary changes that have appeared of late in the institutions of the country favour the opinion; but on these accounts alone, the most fortunate thing for monarchy in England—which is the very prop and centre of stability for the whole empire—would be succession in the female line. Under the best of kings, it will probably be no more safe from assault in a proximate future than the House of Lords is now. Under a changed order of succession—which, I need not be told, is impossible—the monarchy would go tranquilly on as long as the country could reckon upon as much careful good sense, as much sweetness, kindness, and honour in its Queens as may be found in thousands of English homes.

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS?

"MORAL VIGOUR" AND COMMON SENSE.

In the *Revue de Belgique* Mr. Louis Navez sums up in a masterly manner his papers on "The Causes and Consequences of the Colonial Greatness of England," though he still persists in going for his data to second-hand authorities. In a former number of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* I printed a Belgian Ultramontane praise of England; in Mr. Navez's conclusions we have a canticle in praise of the Mother of Colonies sung by a Liberal in politics and a Rationalist in religion.

THE MORAL VIGOUR OF THE BRITON.

After having stated that the real ancestors of the English were the Norman pirates who called themselves "Kings of the Sea," and who were "Vikings" in sober earnest, our author goes on to say:—

"The Anglo-Saxon race is specially distinguished by two admirable qualities: moral vigour (or energy of will) and the predominance of practical (common) sense. The qualities which distinguish especially the English, the Americans of the United States, and the British Australians are special to these peoples. (The Gauls, the Germans, and the Slavs have special qualities which are more or less wanting in the Anglo-Saxons, but no one has ever pointed out moral vigour or practical sense as being the fundamental principle of the morals of these nations.) It is on these two solid foundations, much more than on the physical conditions formerly pointed out, that the whole edifice of British greatness is built up. Moral vigour is visible in every act of an Englishman, even the most insignificant one.

NO SENSE OF THE RIDICULOUS.

Then follows a disquisition to prove that in the Frenchman fear of the ridiculous overshadows the whole of his moral life and has ended by shaping his character and his mind:—

How? In destroying all individuality and in weakening his ego.

Fear of the ridiculous does not exist in England—could the Salvation Army thrive anywhere else?—therefore, Great Britain is pre-eminently the country of people who speak, act, and live according to their own ideas and not according to those in fashion for the time being. . . . As regards the greatness of England this moral vigour which characterizes the Anglo-Saxons is of the greatest importance; it entails a strength of the feeling of duty without which the English would probably only be today a small people, of little account in the world. It is this feeling of duty that comforts the English sailors in their long cruises in stormy seas, the officers exiled with their wives and children in some outpost in Zululand or Burmah, the Anglican missionaries dwelling even in the smallest islet of the Pacific ocean; it is also owing to their moral vigour that the British colonists can live outside of all civilization, solitary, lost in wild nature—squatters in the Far West of Canada, shepherds in the sheep-runs of Australia, traders in Fiji, or factory superintendents in the heart of darkest Africa. . . .

Practical sense is not less developed in the English than moral vigour or energy of will (stamina). This can be seen in all the manifestations of their public or private life, in politics, in social conflicts, and above all in matters of education.

IN PRAISE OF ENGLISH EDUCATION.

Here follows a hymn of praise—Oh! shade of Matthew Arnold!—of English education. English education is favourable to the production of the self-made man, morally and practically the greatest man of all. With her system of education, from the eighteenth century forwards, England and her offspring have kept at the very apex of the human mind, and have in the main

guided human thought. Original (sic) Continental ideas have mostly been English thoughts hatched over again, but hatched worse, if not entirely maimed, in the process. Locke and Hume in the eighteenth century were as much the masters of human thought as Herbert Spencer, Mill, and Bain at the end of the nineteenth.

Liberty, in fact, as well as in words, is also the proud privilege of the Englishman.

Mr. Navez attributes the possibility of the extension of personal liberty in the midst of an ever-advancing civilization to the spirit of fair play, which allows the State to keep its hands off—one excess correcting another automatically. Our practical good sense is further exemplified in many other matters, the conclusion of the whole thing being an appeal to little Belgium to "go and do likewise."

For the sake of those Englishmen who are always praising foreign educational systems, and their supposed good results, I conclude by a further extract from Mr. Navez's paper, showing that Anglo-American freedom produces results unattainable by Continental strait-laced educational treadmill work. He asks:—

Would the existence of a Lincoln be possible in Europe? We find this illustrious man successively in the position of a shepherd, a bargee, a woodman, a squatter, logger on the Illinois, an engineer or surveyor, a porter, a trader, a retailer of colonial wares, a professor, a lawyer, and at last a politician and the President of the United States.

This is perhaps the apotheosis of the self-made man—the best man; but on the Continent, says Mr. Navez, no self-made man can exist.

IN PRAISE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

In the *North American Review* for July, Mr. Justin MacCarthy, who twenty years ago wrote hard things about the Prince of Wales in an American magazine, now tries to make the balance even by praising his Royal Highness in fourteen pages of delicate flattery. The Prince has dined with one of the whips of the Home Rule party, a fact which although it does not account for all Mr. MacCarthy's enthusiasm, has probably a good deal to do with it. Mr. MacCarthy says many complimentary things with considerable truth as to the tact and skill with which the Prince fulfils his duties as unofficial Minister of Ceremonial. Mr. MacCarthy says that many of the old noblesse, and the Catholic noblesse among the rest, regard Marlborough House with something like a shudder. This is explained as follows:—

The truth is that the Prince is a good deal of a social leveller. He loves to be amused, and though he can put up with solemn and formal dullness when there is some need for such endurance, he gets back all the more gladly to the society of those who can divert him and make him laugh. I have no doubt that many of the indiscretions of his younger and wilder days came from his delight in the companionship of those who amused him and helped to make life pass pleasantly for him. Therefore he surrounded himself with artists and actors and singers and the tellers of good stories and the makers of good jokes, and he delights in the theatres, is made glad some by the burlesque, scorns not the ballet, has no conscientious objection to short skirts.

Mr. MacCarthy's conclusion of the whole matter is summed up in the following extract:—

I am not myself a great enthusiast about royalty or royal personages, but I must say that, so long as we are to have an heir to the throne, I do not think we could find any one better able to conduct the business of the position than the Prince of Wales has shown himself of late years.

THE MILITARY STRENGTH OF ENGLAND.

A GERMAN ESTIMATE.

THE most interesting article in the *Jahrbücher* is devoted to a consideration of the military system of England. The writer points out that the English fleet by itself will not be sufficient to defend England's vast possessions, unless it is backed up by a strong, well-organized army which is capable of taking the field at a moment's notice.

THE STANDING ARMY IS DWINDLING.

As regards the standing army, its strength has not only not kept pace with the increase of population, but has actually gone back in comparison since 1858, although the deficiency is to some extent compensated by the formation in recent years of the Army Reserve. Autumn manoeuvres, in the sense of those which are carried out in Germany, are non-existent. Nevertheless, in spite of these and several other defects pointed out, the English infantry must be characterised as an excellent, well-armed, and efficient force. The weakest point with regard to the cavalry is the large number of dismounted men, whilst its training for fighting in large masses leaves much to be desired. The want of horses for remounts, however, is a most serious blot on a country which is so rich in horses as England. The Artillery, more especially the Horse Artillery, is the pride of all Englishmen. Their training in shooting is good, and the horsing of the batteries is excellent; but the armament, which, after all, is the main thing, is behind the times. The delivery of the new gun, which, as regards lightness and initial velocity, is second to none, is still incomplete.

The Royal Engineers, both in regard to their military and technical training, are excellent. Signalling is sedulously carried out, and ballooning is taken up almost as a pastime. The Engineer officers when employed in India and the Colonies have excellent opportunities of proving their technical knowledge and practical experience.

THE MILITIA IS GOING TO PIECES.

The Militia, which is England's constitutional force, in 1685, when the whole population of the country numbered only from five to six millions, consisted in round numbers of 130,000 men; in the present year the numbers are but little more. Their training is somewhat similar to the German Ersatz Reserve. The Yeomanry makes a good show as regards numbers, but cannot be characterized as an efficient cavalry force; moreover, many of the men are badly mounted. To send the Yeomanry into the field as an independent cavalry force is not to be thought of. Militia transport, provision for the medical service, and any practical scheme of organization for mobilisation are entirely wanting. As a matter-of-fact, the old constitutional force for the defence of the country has gone steadily back, and seems more and more to be falling to pieces.

THE VOLUNTEERS CANNOT BE ORGANIZED IN TIME.

The Volunteers, according to the Army Estimates for 1889-90, number 267,675 men. Patriotism, it is asserted, would, as formerly, in case of invasion prompt hundreds of thousands of new Volunteers to flock to the colours. As a matter of fact, in 1803 over a million Volunteers were under arms, and there is no reason to doubt that, under similar circumstances, the same would occur in future. But the circumstances will not be similar. The wars of the present day break out with lightning rapidity, and the deciding moment may well arise before these masses—leaving aside the question of training—can be half organized. The Volunteers are almost entirely deficient in

cavalry; latterly, however, many battalions have organized sections of excellent cyclists, which may be expected to prove useful as orderlies and for reconnaissance duties. The technical troops are good, but it is questionable whether the Volunteer artillery can be really utilized as artillerymen.

OUR ADMINISTRATION IS LIKE THE FRENCH IN 1870.

Our administration is carried out through the War Office. The units of the active army are not grouped together, and it is only the Volunteer battalions which have, recently, been grouped in brigades. General officers are only present in the large garrisons; all questions of organization are referred direct to the War Office, and it is easy, therefore, to realize what a heavy burden lies on the shoulders of that department. The consolidation of the troops into divisions and army corps is first effected on mobilization. To point the moral, it is only necessary to add that this was the state of affairs which existed in the Prussian army prior to 1806, and in the French army prior to 1870.

MOBILIZATION ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE.

Very considerable energy has been devoted recently to preparing a regular scheme of mobilization; and without doubt it is on this point that the most important progress has been made during recent years by the English army. The weakest points in the mobilization scheme are undoubtedly the want of proper provision for the equipment of the troops and the small effective force of the military train. A well-designed system however should be able to obviate these defects. The excellence of the English railway service is well known; and it should be capable, if properly organized beforehand, of meeting any possible strain that might be thrown upon it.

In spite, however, of all the improvements that have taken place during the last few years, there still remains much to be done before the organization of the English army is sufficiently perfected to ensure the complicated machinery being set rapidly in motion without unnecessary friction. The present system is too much centralized, and there is considerable danger of the War Office breaking down under the strain of a sudden emergency. In order to be able to effect the easy and rapid concentration of the troops, it is essential that all equipments and stores should be present at the points of mobilization. The time required to mobilise the Militia is far too long. It may well happen that the enemy will have already effected a landing before the Militia has been mobilized; or, in case of an offensive war, that the active army will be unable to start because the auxiliary forces, who are to be entrusted with the defence of the country, are not yet in position.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

The writer holds that it is quite feasible, under certain contingencies, for an invasion of England to take place, and finds it difficult to understand why the defence of India should arouse, and justly, so much anxiety in England, whilst public opinion concerns itself so little with the state of affairs at home. He recommends the formation of a National Militia, in which all soldiers discharged from the active army should be liable to serve up to the age of 45 years. This he considers would give a thoroughly efficient force of at least 200,000 men, which would free the regular army for service abroad. A still better plan, however, he thinks, would be to adopt Sir Frederick Roberts's proposal to sever the Indian army from the Home army, when, by reducing the service with the colours in England to three years, an excellent reserve of 300,000 men would be formed. The diminution of the period of service with the colours would probably induce sufficient recruits to present themselves to furnish the annual quota.

HOW FAR WILL HYPNOTISM GO?

ITS LATEST MIRACLES.

DR. LUYS contributes to the *Fortnightly* a paper on the latest discoveries of hypnotism—that new and most uncanny of modern sciences, which may revolutionize most of the received ideas as to the constitution and laws of the mind of man. What he calls “the new hypnotic therapeutics” effects the most surprising cures by the simple agency of a rotating mirror, which fascinates the patient, and by which his physical sufferings can be transferred to another person in a most extraordinary manner.

THE TRANSFERENCE OF PERSONALITY.

This, however, is less marvellous than the transference of the nervous state of a diseased person to a hypnotized subject by means of a magnetic rod. A man suffering from, let us say, shaking paralysis or any other nervous trouble, is placed in front of a sensitive subject who is hypnotized. The patient who is not put to sleep, or in any way placed under hypnotism, places his hands on those of the subject, while an assistant moves a big magnetized rod with three branches for a minute or two in front of the arms of the two subjects. In a few minutes the physical weakness and mental personality of the patient passes into the subject. If the subject is a woman and the patient is a man, she becomes convinced that she is a man, talks about her whiskers, exhibits the symptoms of the patient's disorder, and even gives details of his illness which are sometimes more precise than those given by the patient himself. If the patient is suffering from shaking paralysis the subject trembles with all the characteristics of the disease. With the aid of a dynamometer you can measure the exact amount of power transferred from the subject to the patient; but when the subject wakes all the symptoms disappear; he is quite unconscious and has no feeling of suffering, but only of benefit. The patient's condition is improved, and Dr. Luys declares there is no danger either to the one or the other.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MAGNET.

Another curious fact is that if the hypnotized subject, in a state of lethargy, grasps the north pole of a magnet he is filled with intense joy and sees beautiful flames issuing from the end of the magnet; if, however, he is connected with the south pole he is profoundly miserable and usually flings the magnet away in horror. If the north pole is placed in his right hand and the south in his left he becomes entirely passive, the two currents producing entire indifference to anything. The over-excitability of the nervous system is such in the hypnotized person that you can bring about all the symptoms of poisoning by strychnine if a small quantity of the poison in a sealed glass tube is placed on the skin in the front of the neck. A tube containing brandy will produce all the signs of drunkenness and a tube of opium will bring about all the symptoms of a man under the influence of that potent drug. Instead of being afraid of being hypnotized, Dr. Luys says many persons come regularly for any kind of ailment—as a tired brain, dizziness, weakness of memory, and are sent to sleep by a revolving mirror, and wake up relieved. After a week or so the sedative dose spends its effect, and the patients come back to have it renewed.

THE PERILS OF HYPNOTISM.

The perils to which a person when he once passes into the hypnotic state is subject to are thus stated by Dr. Luys:—

In the lethargic and cataleptic stages the patient is exclusively passive; he loses all consciousness of the world around him, and is therefore exposed defenceless to any

attack and any outrage. He can be made in these states to swallow poison by a simple suggestion, inhale noxious gases, or become completely intoxicated without leaving any trace behind. Unconscious violations and indecent assaults may take place; even pregnancy has been produced without the patient having any recollection of its cause. Such cases are not very uncommon, and I am confident that doctors will come to find out in the course of time that many women who have been ruined have been under the influence of hypnotism.

QUESTIONS RAISED BY HYPNOTISM.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Dr. C. Theodore Ewart gives several curious instances of the power of suggestion. Dr. Ewart quotes the following passage from Mr. Laing, which puts the questions raised by hypnotism in a very striking way.

What strange questions does it raise when we find that in certain abnormal conditions of all that is most intimately connected with what we call soul, individuality, and consciousness, can be annihilated or exchanged for those of another person by the mechanical process of exciting their corresponding brain-notions in another way! What are love and hate if a magnet applied to a hypnotized patient can transform one to another? What is personal identity if the suggestion of a third person can make an hysterical girl forget it so completely as to make her talk of herself as a distant acquaintance “who is not over-wise?” What is the value of the evidence of the senses if a similar suggestion can make us see the hat, but not the man who wears it, or dance half the night with an imaginary partner? . . . Can the antithesis between soul and body, spirit and matter, be evolved by being resolved into one element and universal substratum of existence?

Dr. Ewart says:—

A little reflection, however, will show that the case is not as bad as it is painted. If in the course of human history our nervous system has been gradually developed into its present complex form, it follows that these structures, which have to do with the highest intellectual processes, have been evolved the most recently, consequently they would be the least deeply organized, and therefore the least stable.

This, however, does not help us much.

HOW HYPNOTISM WORKS.

There is a very elaborate article in the *Quarterly Review* on Mesmerism and Hypnotism. The *Quarterly* reviewer prefers mesmerism to hypnotism, and treats the whole question very seriously. The real nature of this strange influence is a mystery. But the reviewer says:—

There can be little doubt that the actual mechanism by which the phenomena are brought about is the modification of the circulation in the brain. We may suppose that in the ordinary state there is a central organ which holds the balance between the others and prevents any being specially prominent. In the hypnotic state this is thrown out of gear somehow or other, and then, on attention being drawn to a particular organ, the blood rushes thither, and a condition of tremendous over-activity ensues; hence the heightening of the senses and other faculties which seems so marvellous. All the energy is, as it were, concentrated in one spot. But that leaves us just as much in the dark as before about the real nature of the state in which this happens, and how it is induced. The only theory which attempts to go to the root of the matter is Mesmer's own; and it may be that some day, when our knowledge is extended, that theory, though couched in the vague and fanciful language of the last century, will be found to contain the germ of a true idea. There is nothing inherently absurd in supposing that living creatures possess a property analogous to magnetism, by virtue of which they may act and react on each other; and there is not a little in the most recent experiments, particularly those with magnets, which go some way towards proving it. At least Science has learnt a lesson from her discomfiture in the past, and will not be so ready to deny the existence of a thing simply because it cannot be seen.

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THE COLONIES AND THE EMPIRE.

PROBLEMS OF THE FUTURE.

MR. BAKEWELL, of Auckland, New Zealand, contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* a very interesting and instructive dialogue between a globe-trotter and a colonist, on the subject of the loyalty of the colonies. Mr. Bakewell thinks that there is no loyalty to the empire on the part of the working New Zealander. In case of war New Zealand would declare itself independent at once, and issue a declaration of neutrality. Most of the people are oppressed by cares and anxiety in trying to keep up a position with no reserve or capital to fall back upon, and determined not to risk a farthing of their precarious livelihood for the sake of the Mother Country. As to federation of the empire, Mr. Bakewell says:—

I don't quite know whether, if a genuine scheme of federation were proposed, with an Imperial Parliament sitting every fourth or fifth year at Ottawa and Melbourne or Sydney, with free trade between the colonies, and differential duties on foreign products—if the colonies were considered as integral parts of the empire, and had a voice in the questions of peace and war—the colonials might not prefer to be parts of such a great empire to being independent. It would mean that our absurd panics about Russia and her designs on India must cease and determine. Of this you may rest assured, that on no possible plea will these colonies allow themselves to be dragged into war for the sake of British India.

Put the question to the colonies fairly and squarely. Ask them whether they will contribute an adequate amount to the imperial army and navy. But if you want to keep us from Republicanism you must let us see something of royalty.

If you want us to join you in an Imperial Federation, get rid of the paltry questions that now turn out Ministries, and change the policy of the Empire, and turn them over to County Councils or local parliaments. Give us a fair share in the government of the Empire, and let us feel that we are not regarded as the poor relations whose consanguinity cannot be denied, but who must not presume to have a voice in the affairs of the Empire or to modify her policy.

New Zealand has nothing to fear from Australia. Besides, if Australia became independent, Canada would follow suit, and the probability is that a great federation of English-speaking republics would be formed, including the United States. In that case New Zealand would join as a separate State, as Texas did. If the question of annexation as a state to the United States of North America were put to the vote to-morrow there would not be a thousand votes against it.

SIR GAVAN DUFFY ON THE QUESTION.

Sir Gavan Duffy gives the second instalment of his interesting papers, on "How the British Colonies got Responsible Government." He is still busied with Victoria. The moral, which cannot be too frequently repeated, he formulates as follows:—

If the colonies are to be retained within the empire, the mother country must understand her past errors, that they may not be repeated. Look at the naked facts which this narrative discloses. Here is an imperial people who have always been unjust or indifferent towards their dependencies; whose Parliament could scarcely be induced to listen to a colonial debate; whose conspicuous reformers would reform nothing, or next to nothing, in colonies, and bitterly grudged and deplored what could not be refused. What colonists sought, and were driven to insurrection to obtain, was not fantastic Utopia, but simply the sober liberty which their fellow-countrymen enjoyed at home. If England will squander the greatest inheritance which Providence ever bestowed on a people, it is only necessary to pursue in the future the policy pursued in the past. If she would preserve and improve it, there is only one method conceivable; these distant Englands must be allowed to share the authority as well as the responsibility of empire.

MORE ABOUT COUNT MATTEI.

BY LADY PAGET.

LADY PAGET—who, I may once more remind the public, is not the wife of Dr. Paget, but her Excellency Lady Paget, the wife of Sir Augustus Paget, H.M. Ambassador at Venice—contributes to the *National Review* another article upon Count Mattei's system. Lady Paget has been overwhelmed with letters enquiring for more information about these marvellous medicines. She admits frankly enough that her knowledge of medicines is entirely empirical. She says:—

Those who wish to go to the fountain-head can consult Count Mattei himself. His advice is given gratis, and he sends consultation papers with questions; these papers are printed in all languages, and can be answered in the same. The address is Count Mattei, Rochetta, Bologna, Italy. As, however, it is often difficult to make a good diagnosis without seeing the patient, and it is all important to know how to adapt the medicines, as the directions are often very complicated, it would be well in such cases to refer to Dr. Kennedy, 22, George Street, Hanover Square, London, who practises with much success entirely with these medicines, and has a hospital in which patients are treated exclusively with them. He has also a dépôt of medicines.

The Mattei medicines are composed entirely of herbs found in the woods of the Appenines, amongst which he lives. Lady Paget adds:—

Count Mattei's system is called Electro-Homœopathy. He infuses the electric spark himself; that is his secret. He leaves it in his will to his adopted son, but he will not publish it, because, he says, the process being complicated, he is certain that the medicines would be falsified; as it is, everybody can be certain by sending to Bologna to get the genuine article.

There is only one other extract of the interesting article for which I have room. Many of my readers will regard it the most important extract from the magazines of the month.

One little word I must add in praise of the *acqua della pelle*, of which a few drops poured on a fine towel and passed over the face after washing will keep the skin smooth and free of wrinkles for ever.

SOME NEW WEEKLIES.

JULY witnessed an addition to the number of our ladies' papers in the shape of the *Gentlewoman*, a six-penny rival of the *Queen* and the *Lady's Pictorial*. It is a large, handsome paper, more literary than the *Queen* and more devoted to fashion than the *Lady's Pictorial*. The second number was out of print in 24 hours, and there seems to be every prospect of the new venture becoming a great property. The *Queen* newspaper makes a profit of more than half the privy purse allowance of Her Majesty. Another new venture is *Pearson's Weekly*, edited by the late manager of *Tit-Bits*, who, with two of his colleagues, has left Mr. Newnes to try and make a fortune on his own account. It is a kind of glorified *Tit-Bits*, with more paper, more matter, £1,000 insurance for railway travellers, £100 for cyclists, and the promise of an annuity of £100 a-year for one clergyman and one Non-conformist minister. Mr. Michael Davitt's *Labour World* will appear in a few weeks.

Education in Germany.—A Helper writes to say that young ladies intending to study in Hanover can be accommodated with board and lodging in a comfortable German home at £4 per month. Washing and lessons extra. As there are only four vacancies, early application is desirable. Apply, Frau Campen, Türkrstrasse 5, Hanover.

WILL THE UNITED STATES ANNEX CANADA?

YES AND NO.

THERE are two very interesting articles in the *Forum* which discuss this problem; one is devoted exclusively to the problem of annexation, and the other incidentally alludes to it. The first is by a Canadian, Mr. Carman, and is entitled "Perplexities that Canada would Bring." It is a clear and powerful representation of some of the difficulties involved in annexation.

WILL THE POPE DISMEMBER THE EMPIRE?

But the leading idea is the suggestion that the Pope of Rome may find it indispensable in the interests of the Church to promote the annexation of Canada to the United States! Mr. Carman has grounds for his suggestion. The Province of Quebec, is a Catholic province; it is absolutely ruled by the hierarchy, and the Catholic Church is now so strong in the United States that the addition of one State like Quebec, which could be used as a solid unit in the hands of the Catholic party, might enable the Catholic Church to dominate the United States. Already, as Mr. Carman says, the Catholic Church in the American Republic is by no means quiet. Mr. Carman says:—

From all quarters of the Union you can hear the thunder at your school-house doors. You know, too, that your young Democracy can keep its lithe fingers upon the throat of that mediæval power simply because that power has not been able to mass its forces in any one State with strength sufficient to obtain the control. Quebec would supply that want. Quebec would become your Ireland. Quebec would give to the mother Church a State vote in the election of the president, in the Senate, in the House of Representatives. When Quebec shall offer for annexation, the government at Washington may set up a needle's eye, through which she must pass naked, stripped of every privilege of race and religion; Congress may take every precaution possible, and take it to the full; but unless the history of Romanism has been written by contraries, the care will be taken in vain. Rome has never yet been unhorsed while the horse remained faithful.

AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM FORBID!

It is only too clearly evident what Quebec the State, once within the Union, would accomplish. The more compact her vote should grow through pressure of persecution, the more formidable would she be. She would become the redresser of Roman Catholic grievances the Republic over. Did the Republican Party rudely blight Catholic school aspirations in Massachusetts, it would be punished at the next presidential election by the loss of the Quebec State vote. Democrats, were they recalcitrant, could be similarly treated at another time. For there would be one solid State vote in the Union then that would favour the parties as the parties should favour the Church. Every abridgment by the American Government of the privileges of the ecclesiastics of Quebec would but make the people more firmly attached to their bleeding Church. You may take from his Eminence the Cardinal every peculiar weapon that he holds, but you cannot take his solid vote—a vote that, if left alone, would loosen and disappear, but that, under your chastening hand, would be compacted into the solidity of granite.

WHY THE STATES WANT THE NORTH-WEST.

In the interests of Protestantism, therefore, and of the American Public School System, the annexation of Canada is much to be deprecated.

On the other hand, Mr. Hinton, in a very interested paper on the Newer West, the great arid zone that lies between California and the Missouri River, says that the annexation of the Western Dominion is inevitable.

The people who are making Puget Sound alive with their activities are surely bound to grasp the traffic of the North Pacific. The men of the Oregon and California coast are not

likely to be limited in their industrial ambitions. One of their "captains" holds the Sandwich Islands in his hands, and Samoa will yet, despite the triple protectorate, fall easily under American control—not necessarily governmental, however. No matter what action British or Canadian statesmen may take, and, however vast the sums they expend, it will soon be seen in our national councils that the newer West will demand, and that its growing business activity will compel, the absorption, not only of the whole coast from Washington to Alaska, but of at least the north-western portion of the Dominion. British Columbia and all the rest east to Winnipeg will ere long be looking toward a continental union. The same law of physical unity which has been considered as immediately affecting the newer West and its internal polity, must control in the extension of our Republic to the North-West. The peninsula of Lower California will finally follow the same directive impulse.

It is possible that both writers may be right, and that the United States may take Manitoba and the west, while leaving Quebec and its Catholics to the British Empire.

WHAT WILL BE THE FUTURE OF CANADA?

Mr. J. Bourinot, in the *Scottish Review*, writes an elaborate and valuable article on "Canada and the United States." According to Mr. Bourinot, there are many features of the Canadian system worthy the serious consideration of their co-workers in the cause of good and efficient government on this continent.

As to the question, what will be the future of this country? Mr. Bourinot says:—

I know of no political body in Canada—indeed, of no man of widespread influence, who openly avows himself a believer in annexation to the great United States Commonwealths. He says, I should briefly sum up the feeling of the people of Canada on the several questions that have been matters of discussion for some time past in this wise:

Annexation to the United States is a measure generally and unequivocally disavowed by all classes of the people as contrary to the temper and interest of Canadians who are working out their destiny on well-marked lines of difference from their neighbours.

The settlement of the fishery difficulty is desired on such terms as will show that the people of the United States acknowledge the legal and equitable claims of Canada, and that the Canadians themselves are willing to meet their neighbours in a spirit of fair dealing and compromise.

Such a measure of reciprocal trade as will increase the commerce in certain natural products between the two countries would be popular on the whole—no political party in the Dominion being, apparently, ready to support any measure that will throw down customs' barriers, and practically form a commercial Zollverein, since it would, in the opinion of all thoughtful Canadians, mean the first step towards political absorption in the United States.

A complete Extradition Treaty is required between the two countries.

The opening up of all the canals and of the coasting trade of the United States to the Canadians is regarded as a measure tending to the consolidation of their commercial interests, and giving each of them a greater guarantee for friendly and uninterrupted intercourse.

But whatever may be the destiny of this youthful and energetic community, it is the earnest wish of every Canadian that, while the political fortunes of Canada and the United States may never be united, yet each will endeavour to maintain that friendly, social, and commercial intercourse which should naturally exist between peoples allied to each other by ties of a common neighbourhood and a common interest, and that the only rivalry between them will be that which should prevail among countries equally interested in peopling this continent from north to south, from east to west, and in extending the blessings of free institutions, respect for law, public morality, electoral purity, free thought, the sanctity of the home, and intellectual culture.

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IN PRAISE OF THE IRISH LAND BILL.

MR. BALFOUR'S ANSWER TO MR. PARNELL.

THE first place in the *North American Review* is devoted to an article entitled "Mr. Parnell Answered," by Mr. Balfour. I gave in the last number a summary of Mr. Parnell's attack upon the Irish Land Bill. Here is Mr. Balfour's reply.

"REMEMBER MY LIMITATIONS!"

Mr. Balfour clears the ground at the beginning by reminding the public of the limitations under which he was compelled to labour. These limitations, three in number, practically dictated the shape of the Irish Land Bill. They are as follows:—

In the first place, as the British electorate had declared that it was not prepared to run any financial risk for the sake of the Irish tenants, and as, at the same time, no tolerable measure of land-purchase is conceivable which does not utilise to the utmost the advantages of British credit, a plan had to be invented by which the Treasury might be enabled to lend to the Irish tenants under conditions which would supply an absolute assurance that neither the thriftlessness, misfortune, nor dishonesty of the debtor could imperil the security of the debt. In the second place, it was necessary, in order that the scheme might work smoothly, to find some method of introducing elasticity into the relations between the borrowing purchaser and the lending exchequer, so that, in case the former was prevented by undesired calamity from paying the full amount of his annuity within the legal term, it need not be necessary to have recourse to the extreme measure of eviction. It was desirable, in the third place, to devise some method for dealing with the "congested districts" in the west of Ireland by which the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence should be lessened, partly by diminishing the former, partly by augmenting the latter.

MORE THAN FORTY MILLIONS.

Mr. Parnell's first point was that forty millions was not a large enough sum to buy the landlords out. Mr. Balfour replies that Mr. Parnell makes a mistake. As soon as the money is lent repayment begins, and as soon as the money is paid back it can be lent again, and this power of re-issue practically creates a constant annual revenue available for the purpose of converting tenants into landlords over and above the forty millions originally devoted to that purpose. Mr. Balfour admits that he would rather have one hundred millions than forty, but as forty represents, as even Mr. Parnell admits, the outside sum which the British taxpayer will allow, he proceeds to point out that they make the money go as far as it is possible to do.

THE EXCLUSION OF THE GRAZIEERS.

Mr. Parnell first suggests that the scope of the Bill should be limited so as to prevent great graziers buying their ranches. Mr. Balfour points out that there is a limitation in the Bill which practically does secure this object, the limitation, namely, that the purchase money in the case of one holding is not to exceed £3,000, or, in exceptional cases, £5,000. Neither £3,000 nor £5,000 is adequate for the purchase of "several large grazing farms." Mr. Balfour dismisses Mr. Parnell's suggestion that there should be fresh legislation to secure the tenant against being rented on his improvements by asserting that the Irish tenant at the present moment is amply secured by laws to which there is no counterpart in the United States, France, Germany, or Belgium. He therefore dismisses Mr. Parnell's suggestion as a mere attempt to reduce landlords' rents to prairie value under a specious pretext.

PURCHASE UNDER COERCION.

"But I object," says Mr. Parnell, "to any system of land purchase being forced upon the Irish, when Ireland is under coercion." Mr. Balfour denies that there has been any interference under the Coercion Act with those who advised tenants not to give more than a certain price for their holdings, and he points out that in Ulster, where most of the sales have taken place, the complaint of the tenants is that the Act has not been made compulsory and universal. Proceeding to deal with Mr. Parnell's accusation that the Ashbourne Act has been worked so as to benefit large absentee landlords, Mr. Balfour replies that the administration of the Ashbourne Act has been in the hands of Commissioners whose administration has been defended by the Irish Nationalist members. It is natural that absentee landlords should sell out before residents and large landlords rather than small ones, for the expense of selling an estate of £100,000 is not much more than selling an estate of £5,000. Mr. Balfour's conclusion of the whole matter is that Mr. Parnell's real objection is not to be found in the baseless and trivial objections which he brings forward, but to the fact that the measure "in exact proportion as it is successful, must deprive them of their chief instrument for carrying out their avowed intention of making the government of Ireland impossible."

WHY UNBELIEVERS SHOULD BE GOOD CHRISTIANS.

FAR and away the best paper in the *New Review* is Mr. Greenwood's "Two Voices." It is a remarkable essay, embodying an imaginary dialogue, in which Mr. Greenwood contrasts the difference to mankind of belief and unbelief. This has often been done before; but what is remarkable in Mr. Greenwood's paper is that he states clearly and strongly the duty which is incumbent upon all who do not believe in Christ to be better Christians than those who do. The Gospel of Unbelief, as stated by Mr. Greenwood, makes it incumbent upon the Unbeliever to bestir himself more diligently to draw on the greater triumphs of Christ on earth, which he briefly describes as—

The extension of charity, the diffusion of brotherly love, greed suppressed, luxury shameful, service and self-sacrifice a common law. If there be no divine Fatherhood, then there must be more of human Brotherhood, or this is a place of beasts for every moving thing. If we give up the Divine scheme of redress as a dream, does not redress become an obligation returned upon ourselves? All will be put right in another world. No! All must be put right in *this* world, or nowhere and never. Unbelief is a call to bring upon earth the justice, the charity, the compassion, the suppression of self, the oneness of brotherhood that never can make a heaven for us elsewhere. Thus unbelief itself may turn to the service of heaven, and do the work of the believer's God, or rather man will turn to the service of man, through a widening sense of benevolence, being hopeless of the help of the believer's God. The hopelessness may be help. Redress in *this* world—every abandonment of self-sacrifice to that end; and then not only will the hungry be fed, and the naked clothed, but the whole spirit of man will be uplifted and expanded to receive more of the Spirit of God. Its illuminations are but feeble yet: broader they'll be as men deserve of Him. The chamber of the soul is but a narrow space, and therefore dim. Lift high the walls, and make the casements bright; He will provide the light.

This is excellent indeed. The worst of it is that the unbeliever, for the most part, obstinately disbelieves as much in the whole duty of man as defined by Mr. Greenwood, as he does in that laid down in the Shorter Catechism.

SOME POETRY OF THE MONTH.

THE magazines are very rich in poetry this month. Mr. Whittier is one of the foremost American poets who has contributed to the magazines for August.

HAVERHILL. BY MR. WHITTIER.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* there is a poem which was read at the two hundredth anniversary of the city of Haverhill on the 2nd of July, 1890. After a glance backward at the early settlement, Mr. Whittier sings:—

And never in the hamlet's bound
Was lack of sturdy manhood found,
And never failed the kindred good
Of brave and helpful womanhood.
That hamlet now a city is,
Its log-built huts are palaces;
The cow-path, which the founders knew,
Is Traffic's brick-walled avenue.

O dwellers by the Merrimack,
The heirs of centuries at your back,
Still reaping where you have not sown,
A broader field is now your own.
Hold fast your Puritan heritage,
But let the free thought of the age
Its light and hope and sweetness add
To the stern faith the fathers had.
Adrift on Time's returnless tide,
As waves that follow waves, we glide,
God grant we leave upon the shore
Some waif of good it lacked before;
Some seed or flower or plant of worth,
Some added beauty to the earth;
Some larger hope, some thought to make
The sad world happier for its sake.
As tenants of uncertain stay,
So may we live our little day
That only grateful hearts shall fill
The homes we leave in Haverhill.
The singer of a farewell rhyme,
Upon whose outmost verge of time
The shades of night are falling down,
I pray, God bless the good old town!

GUILIELMUS REX. BY MR. ALDRICH.

To the *Century* Mr. T. B. Aldrich contributes the following charming little poem on Shakespeare:—

The folk who lived in Shakspeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge,—his frequent way,—
They little knew what man he was!
The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!
The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.
Yet 't was the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are mouldered, half-remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!

THE PAIN OF THE WORLD.

"One of the most accomplished essayists in America" contributes an anonymous poem in the *Arena*, under the title "Progress and Pain." As a poem it halts considerably, but as an expression of the under-thought which saddens the mind of the civilized world, I quote some of its stanzas:—

Have pity on thy world, O God!
It is more sad than words can tell,
More woeful than Love's last farewell,
Dreary as paths all men have trod
To graves where their lost loved ones lie,
Beyond the reach of human cry.

Upon a million beds somewhere,
Poor feverish, pain-racked sufferers lie,
In agony, waiting to die;
And round them glide, deep worn by care
And anxious watchings, millions more,
Whose hands, and feet, and hearts are sore.

How many thousands sad and old,—
Fathers and mothers left alone
In homes whence all the young have flown;
Who sit there shivering in the cold,
Remembering far-off happy hours
When children's eyes gleamed 'mid the flowers.

How many thousand cripples, too,
Maimed or in body or in mind,
Misshapen, palsied, feeble, blind,
The inner and the outer view
Both warped or shrouded in deep gloom
Where only haunting spectres loom.

The last verse embodies a heresy upon which it would be interesting to ascertain the opinion of Mr. Stanley or any other traveller who is familiar with the conditions of life in the communities which have made no progress.

O God, have pity on thy world;
For man through all these thousand years,
Battling against grim want and fears,
Holding his banner still unfurled
Has won the victory in vain,
Since progress means increase of pain.

"THE ORGANIST." BY A CANADIAN POET.

In the *Monthly Review* of New Zealand Mr. Burn, M.A., praises very highly the poetry of Mr. Archibald Lampman, a Canadian poet. I extract the last two stanzas of a poem called "The Organist," which tells how, having lost one whom he loved, an organist went at night to the chapel "and made the organ moan."

The organ shook, the music wept;
For sometimes like a wail it crept
In broken moanings down the shadows drear;
And otherwhiles the sound did swell,
And like a sudden tempest fell
Through all the windows wonderful and clear.
The people gathered from the street,
And filled the chapel seat by seat—
They could not choose but hear.

And there they sat till dawning light
Nor even stirred for awe. "To-night
The master hath a noble mood," they said.
But on a sudden ceased the sound:
Like ghosts the people gathered round,
And on the keys they found his fallen head.
The silent organ had received
The master's broken heart relieved,
And he was white and dead.

HAS CHRIST MISLED MANKIND?

A CHINESE CARICATURE OF CHRISTIANITY.

"THE whole crime of Christianity lies in this, that, having come at a period in which existing institutions were losing their life, it turned men's minds away from ardently desired social reforms in order to fix them upon heaven, where it placed the real life towards which man was to direct all his aspirations and all his hopes. . . . When one thinks of the sum of intellectual effort thus turned away from its end; when one thinks of the not less important sum of material force left useless or employed in the pursuit of unreal good during the eighteen centuries of Christianity, one stands aghast before the enormity of the loss." In other words, that Christianity has misled mankind by withdrawing his energy from the life that is, in order to fix it upon a life that possibly may be, is the charge which the author of "A French City" devotes the whole of the number in the *Nouvelle Revue* for July 15th to substantiate. Speaking from the points of view of the Chinaman, his hero Fan-ta-gen states as a "noteworthy fact" that "Christ does not appear to have even conceived the idea of universal solidarity which was formulated by the Chinese Taiki. The Chinese interpretation of the legend of the Tower of Babel is that division and strife fell upon man in consequence of his attempt to get away from earth by building a tower which would reach to heaven. Christianity preaches on the contrary as one of men's first duties that he should wean himself from the earth. 'My kingdom is not of this world,' Christ preaches. Chinese doctrine declares, 'There is no more fatal error than to separate heaven from earth.' Respect for themselves, for each other, and for the laws of being, are the foundation stones which the Chinese ideal would offer to men for a creed. 'Does Christianity,' asks Fan-ta-gen, 'offer anything like this? Is the earth anything to Christianity except a vale of tears? Has Christianity conceived that human unity can only be realized through the earth? Christ's teaching was in truth a stammer. He wished to say all that He knew, but He could only say what He knew and in the way He knew it. When He felt his own insufficiency He sheltered himself behind the unintelligence of His audience. 'You cannot understand now; later it will be given to you to understand.' 'Later' has come, eighteen centuries have passed, and Christianity is perishing under the ruins it has heaped up. If Christianity had aimed at making life possible upon earth it should have begun by teaching the conditions of it. It does not even speak of them. The lilies of the field neither toil nor spin, but God takes care of them. The birds of the air, which sow not neither do they reap, are provided for by the Heavenly Father. Martha is reproached for her active life. Mary has chosen the better part, and it shall not be taken from her. Prayer is to be that the Father which art in Heaven shall give this day our daily bread. Thus no labour, only contemplation, prayer, ecstasy, to which may be added good works—that is to say, the giving of alms and charity—and herein is contained the whole social doctrine of Christianity. What can be imagined more disintegrating? What less social than this contemplative life? What sort of morality can result from it? Such is Christianity in its origin; celibacy, asceticism, monachism, leading eventually to Nihilism is the result.

"Let us pause. These doctrines of death suffocate me. Air! Air! Let me breathe! Let us turn our eyes to

the East! From it comes a vivifying breath, a wholesome morality which creates, instead of killing, life understood according to nature's law—labour and sow! Is not this true life? Where is the life of Christianity? Where are its doctrines of life? I repeat it has none. It never thought of reigning over this life upon the earth. It ignored the means. Whenever it is interrogated upon this subject, it shuffles, it abdicates. Truly, He who said 'The poor ye shall have always with you;' He who could not abolish the abuses of the rich, and sought to repress them only by the threat of punishment in another world, was right to say, 'My kingdom is not of this world.'"

ROBERT BROWNING'S RELIGION.

AN ANGLICAN AND ANTI-PAPIST.

THE writer of a eulogistic article on Robert Browning, in the *Church Quarterly*, crowns the edifice of his praise by discovering that the poet was a staunch Anglican. The Reviewer says:—

Once, not many years after his wife's death, he wrote a long letter to a young friend whom he feared was about to leave our own communion and join the Church of Rome. Against such a change Mr. Browning protested with all the fire of his being. In several closely-written pages of forcible argument he sought to prove the retrograde nature of the step, and the surrender of reason it would involve. He dwelt especially on the want of faith in Christ's atoning power, which in his eyes had given rise to the invocation of Saints and of the Virgin, and quoted the old text: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." And in the course of his argument he insisted strongly on the claims of the Anglican Church as approaching, in his opinion, more nearly to the pattern of the primitive Church of the Apostles than any other communion. Whatever the exact form of his creed, that it was a large and tolerant one we may be sure. Further, we need not inquire. But this one thing is certain: His faith in God and the soul never wavered. He represents the nineteenth century in all its feverish restlessness, its energy of thought, its complexity of life, more fully than any other poet. But there is in his poetry none of the habitual gloom and uncertainty which embitters the strains of our sweetest singers, and overshadows the dreams of our most earnest thinkers. The *welt-schmerz* of our latter-day prophets, the despair of the modern world, were unknown to him. For him old age had no sadness, death no terrors. To the last his hopes were high, his glance into the future serene. At the close of that long life we find him singing on with the same brave certainty:

Life is—to wake, not sleep,
Rise, and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less
To the heaven's height, far and steep.

This is Browning's legacy to the world, this the message he has left us. And for this we may well be grateful. In an age when doubt and despondency are abroad, when all around us hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth, it is well to have heard the sound of that clear trumpet-call ringing on the air, bidding us quit ourselves like men. In these days, when they tell us love has grown cold, and the old faith has lost its might, and the story of Christ no longer has power to move souls, it is a great thing to know that the profoundest thinker among living poets has found in these worn-out themes inspiration for his noblest strains, has dared to sing once more the triumph of goodness and the certainty of an immortal hope. Not in vain has been the witness of that half-century of song, not in vain has he taught us how to live and how to die."

WITH THE RED-SKINS.

THE STRANGE STORY OF JOHN NELSON.

M. ARVEDE BARINE extracts from the pages of M. Harrington O'Reilly's "Fifty Years on the Trail" matter for two interesting articles which he contributes to the *Nouvelle Revue* under the title of "With the Red-Skins." We have not seen Mr. Harrington O'Reilly's book and reproduce the strange story of John Nelson only as it comes to us through the medium of Arvede Barine's interpretation. It is the story of civilization and barbarism in sharp black and white proximity, which in these last days of exploration and colonial expansion is the typical story of the age.

John Nelson was the son of a small Government official in Virginia who, in the easy days of slavery, before the war, used but one argument for slaves and sons alike, and was famous for his dexterous manipulation of the whip. Civilization seen from this point of view was odious to the lad, and he fled at the age of sixteen to the prairies, inhabited then only by wild animals and rare wandering groups of Indians. He reached it in company with a caravan to which he had attached himself. It was in the year 1842. Already for two years he had been living with an uncle on the borders of the great American Desert, feeling the strange attraction of the solitude draw him with an irresistible sweet force. After several days of marching, the last trees were left behind, and the prairie unrolled its mute immensity before them. John Nelson plunged into it with rapture. He had found the unknown delight, the secret longing for which had tormented him from childhood. "I was," he said later, "like one possessed, and the further we went the more it increased." At night he used to mount his horse and gallop under the stars, flying far from the camp and neighbourhood of his fellows. It was during one of these ecstatic nights that he took an oath never to have a fixed roof and never to allow himself to be recaptured by the tiresome existence of his fathers.

The caravan came across a camp of Sioux Indians, and John Nelson determined to cast in his lot with them. When the time of departure arrived he remained behind. The Sioux adopted him and taught him their language and their customs. The description of his life with them constitutes the principal interest of the paper. The inherent goodness of the savages is one of the articles of his faith. He knew them intimately before they came into contact with civilization, and his testimony ought therefore to be received, yet in this, as in all other bona-fide accounts of savage existence, the reader need have no fear that his faith in the benefits of civilization will receive any damaging shock. John Nelson's Sioux gave him a tent and its furniture, and when they had taught him their language, they taught him also the science of the deserts. Instructed by them, he discovered that the prairie is only empty in appearance, and to the inexperienced eye. He learned to see, and it was peopled as by a magic wand." This sense of a doubled life, changing the proportions of joy and sorrow which comes from association with nature, is what draws each of us to the desert of his dreams. There is a permanent instinct which, though we stifle it, claims us still for the universal life to which our poor vocabulary has given no better name than death. So everyone who reads will share, in some greater or less degree, John Nelson's feelings with regard to this part of his career. But what follows is what must inevitably follow when

the actual conditions of present obligations are ignored. Nelson's experience was not a success. He tried marriage under the Red-Skin law some six or seven times, and found it no better than it is sometimes found at home. Stupidity, frivolity, and bad temper are not the monopoly of white races. Safety is not to be found in numbers, for on one occasion John Nelson came home to find that his three squaws had all transferred their alliance to a more attractive brave. The laws of property are equally lax. Life depends upon being able to defend it. When a pilgrimage of Latter-Day Saints passed, as Nelson himself had done, through the prairie, and presented the opportunity for rejoining civilization, Nelson embraced it and joined the Mormon community. The desert drew him back and back again, but the broken charm was never complete again. His subsequent career is not worth following, but it gives a curious touch of actuality to the whole that Nelson, now over sixty years of age, forms at this moment one of the troop of Buffalo Bill. Whether he is playing at Berlin we cannot say.

IS DIVORCE FORBIDDEN BY THE BIBLE?

NOT BY ST. PAUL. SEE I. COR. VII. 15.

"AP RICHARD," in the *Westminster Review*, replying to Miss Chapman's protest against all divorce, maintains that St. Paul distinctly recognised the need for divorce and re-marriage. Here is the gist of his contention:—

When Paul speaks of mixed marriages, where one of the parties is a Christian, and the other an unbeliever, then St. Paul pronounces a judgment of considerable importance, and one which may appear to some persons rather strange, or even startling. First, he says, If the unbelieving husband is pleased to dwell with his Christian partner, let him do so; the bond of marriage is not made invalid by their difference of faith. But what if the unbeliever is *not* so disposed to dwell together? If he altogether forsakes his partner, what is then the position of the deserted Christian, whether wife or husband? Here is the critical question. St. Paul, however, has no hesitation in answering this question, and in defining the rights and duties of the Christian partner in such a case. These are his words:—"But if the unbelieving depart, let him depart: a brother or a sister is not under bondage in such cases." The plain and natural meaning of the words seems obvious enough. The late Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Wordsworth, in his note on this passage, says:—"Although a Christian may not put away his wife, being an unbeliever, yet if the wife desert her husband, he may contract a second marriage." Hence (he adds), even Romish divines declare that in this case marriage is not indissoluble. So long as both parties are recognised members of the Church, there is at least some guarantee for their good conduct; but when one of them is outside the pale of the Church, there is no such guarantee for his conduct. In such a case, the Apostle would allow her to *depart*, to get away out of reach of his violence, and even more than this; the terms of the verse before us would clearly cover not only the particular case of desertion, but also all other similar acts of grievous misconduct or ill-usage, committed by one who made no pretence or profession of Christian faith and Christian character. "A brother or a sister," says St. Paul, "is not under bondage in such cases; his partner has lost all further claim upon him."

But surely "Ap Richard" confounds things that differ. The utmost that can be claimed for the Apostle's words is that if the unbeliever deserts his wife, the wife is free to re-marry, not that the believer's wife is free to desert the unbelieving husband.

Scribner's almost entirely and Musketeeer now Stanley because it getting an He found a the most be ing garden, in the cent Oriental pl from the st the ground secretary, a Mr. Stanley and a glass table witho or twice in during Mr. As a rule there he wro betide anyo very rarely v whole heart himself a ce to the exclu himself, "I do not compl imperative c plete it at al talk with yo with you to y heaven's sake Nothing v while he wa e like a necessity a with a view perfect terro courier kno "Am I a pri this telegram exist in bri Sali, the bl ong and per Until this te had been acc now things plan, the leas be thrown at may be origi telegram to d long bambo into the room Of Mr. Sta Mr. Stanley marvellous, b trusted to hi small note-b cancelled not these note-b pages each, c notes, at time volumes of ab clear writing; one of these; and diaries, th cover with

HOW STANLEY WROTE HIS BOOK.

A SKETCH BY HIS PUBLISHER.

Scribner's this month is a holiday number, devoted almost entirely to fiction, except two articles—one a lively and interesting paper on the Paris of the "Three Musketeers," and the other Mr. Marston's account of how Stanley wrote his book at Cairo. He selected Cairo because it was the only place where he had a chance of getting any work done between Zanzibar and London. He found a charming retreat in the Hotel Victoria, in the most beautiful part of Cairo. It possessed a charming garden, with orange trees laden with ripe fruit, and in the centre is a fountain surrounded by tropical and Oriental plants. In a part of the hotel farthest removed from the street Mr. Stanley had a fine suite of rooms on the ground floor furnished in Oriental style. He, his secretary, and Mr. Marston generally messed together. Mr. Stanley drinks nothing but a table-spoonful of brandy and a glassful of water, and dish after dish passed at table without his tasting them. Except to dine out once or twice in the evening, he was never outside the garden during Mr. Marston's stay at Cairo:—

As a rule Stanley shut himself up in his bedroom, and there he wrote from early morning till late at night, and would bid anyone who ventured unasked into this sanctum. He very rarely went out, even for a stroll round the garden. His whole heart and soul were centred on his work. He had set himself a certain task, and he had determined to complete it to the exclusion of every other object in life. He said of himself, "I have so many pages to write. I know that if I do not complete this work by a certain time, when other and imperative duties are imposed upon me, I shall never complete it at all. When my work is accomplished, then I will talk with you, laugh with you, and play with you, or ride with you to your heart's content; but let me alone now, for heaven's sake."

Nothing worried him more than a tap at the door while he was writing; he sometimes glared even upon one like a tiger ready to spring, although I was of necessity a frequent and privileged intruder, and always with a view to forwarding the work in hand. He was a perfect terror to his courier and black boy. When his courier knocked tremblingly at his door, he would cry out, "Am I a prisoner in my own house?" "I've brought you this telegram, sir." "Well, I detest telegrams; why do you persist in bringing them?"

Sali, the black boy who travelled with him throughout his long and perilous expedition, is a youth of some resource. Until this terrible book had got into his master's brain he had been accustomed to free access to him at all hours; but now things were different; every time he approached the door, the least thing he expected was that the inkstand would be thrown at his head. He no longer ventured therein. One day he originated a new way of saving his head; he had a telegram to deliver, so he ingeniously fixed it on the end of a long bamboo, and getting the door just ajar, he poked it into the room and bolted.

Of Mr. Stanley's method of work Mr. Marston says:—Mr. Stanley's memory of names, persons, and events is quite marvellous, but in the compilation of his book he by no means trusted to his memory. His constant habit was to carry a small note-book 6 by 3 inches in his side-pocket: in this he pencilled notes constantly and at every resting-place. Of these note-books he has shown me six of about one hundred pages each, closely packed with pencil memoranda. These notes, at times of longer leisure, were expanded into six larger volumes of about two hundred pages each of very minute and clear writing in ink. I send you *fac-similes* of two pages from some of these journals. In addition to these field note-books and diaries, there are two large quarto volumes, filled from cover to cover with calculations of astronomical observations, etc.

Mr. Marston thus sums up his estimate of Mr. Stanley's character:—

Mr. Stanley was no stranger to me when I first arrived here. My whole experience of him, during my nearly three weeks' residence with him, most fully confirmed the opinion I have always held, through good report and evil report, for the last eighteen years. That he is the greatest explorer of modern times will scarcely be gainsaid by his bitterest enemies; but beyond the possession, in an unusual degree, of the qualifications for a successful explorer, it is impossible to live long with him in the intimacy in which I have lived without discovering in him many other of the characteristics which go to make a good and great man, a ruler of men. His conversation, frequently impassioned, was always elevated and pure, carrying with it the conviction of truthfulness and earnestness of purpose; his conception of duty high and noble; his scorn of everything sordid and mean strong and withering; he is truthful and sincere, and without a tinge of envy or malice. He is generous, even lavish in his gifts; notwithstanding his iron will his heart is as tender as a child's. That his mind is imbued with a reverential belief in an ever-ruling Providence is constantly exhibited in his conversation.

"I am not," said he, "what is called superstitious. I believe in God, the creator of the Universe. . . . Many forms of belief and curious ideas respecting the great mystery of our being and creation have been suggested to me during my life and its wanderings, but after weighing each and attempting to understand what must be unsearchable, my greatest comfort has been in peacefully resting firm in the faith of my sires. For all the human glory that surrounds the memory of Darwin and his wise compeers throughout advanced Europe, I would not abate a jot or tittle of my belief in the Supreme God and that Divine man called His Son."

The article is very admirably illustrated throughout.

Professor Huxley as a Controversialist.—A mistake of a verb for a substantive caused me to bring a railing accusation against Professor Huxley last month which he did not deserve. Speaking of his controversial method in dealing, in the *Nineteenth Century*, with the narratives of Genesis, I said: "He (Professor Huxley) in an article entitled '*Lux Mundi* and Science' speaks of the accounts given in Genesis of the Creation and of the Deluge as 'lies,' which is significant of the mental temperature in which the article is written." The sentence which led me to make this blunder was the following:—

Now, not only do I hold it to be proven that the story of the Deluge is a pure fiction; but I have no hesitation in affirming the same thing of the story of the Creation. Between these two lies the story of the Creation of man and woman, and their fall, &c.

A correspondent writes:—

"I have, as I think, carefully read over the article in question, and although Prof. Huxley, with his happy variety of phrases, refers to the above-mentioned accounts as 'fictions,' 'myths,' 'legends,' 'figments,' not to mention rhetorical paraphrases, yet I do not find him bestowing on them the blunt and inelegant name of 'lies.' The only place, I believe, where the word 'lies' occurs is at the top of page 21, where it does duty as a verb, though on a hasty perusal it might perchance be mistaken for the noun.

A disciple of Isaac Pitman sends me this characteristic correction from Birmingham:—

Ser,—Ar you not in error when you say in your kriteek on Professor Huxley's artikel (page 43, July REVUE) "he speaks of the accounts in Genesis of the Creation and the Deluge as 'lies.'"

In reading the artikel referd to, I take the wurd "lies" to be the verb, and not the noun in the plural.

Veri truli yourz,

E. HOPKINS.

P.S.—Yourz iz the best magazeen ever publist, I think.

HOW MOST AMERICANS REALLY LIVE.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

THERE is a very interesting article in the *Century* by Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, which he calls "Forgotten Millions: a Study of American Life." It is a reminder which is much needed now-a-days, that the city life of America is only the life of a minority of the population of the United States. President Eliot takes the sequestered, wholesome community living on the Island of Mount Desert in Penobscot Bay as a fair type of the organization of basal American Society. Three-quarters of the American people are scattered over large areas in small communities, smaller than those of Mount Desert. Only one quarter live in groups, as large as 4,000 persons.

THE RURAL DEMOCRACY.

The population of Mount Desert, which in 1880 numbered 1017, probably numbered about 1,400 in 1889, the polls having increased in that interval from 243 to 337. The average number of persons to a house is therefore between five and six. The government is by town-meeting—an unqualified democracy—and the officers annually elected are paid by the day, and their total cost to the town is decidedly modest (400 dols. to 500 dols. a-year).

THE CARE OF THE POOR.

State and county taxes used to absorb nearly a quarter of the whole tax levy, but of late years have required less than one-eighth. The appropriation for the care of the town poor has been the next largest appropriation since 1884. The theory on which the voters act in making this appropriation is that the town is to take care of the incapable, crippled, and aged who are without means of support. No one in the town is to be hungry or cold. If some unusual misfortune overtake a family ordinarily self-supporting—like diphtheria among the children, or the prolonged sickness of the breadwinner—that family is to be helped temporarily by the town. In short, everybody who has a domicile in the town is assured of a bare livelihood at all times, and of aid under special misfortunes. The idea that it is the duty of the town to take care of its poor is firmly planted in the mind of every inhabitant. There is no poor-house; so that persons who cannot support themselves are boarded and lodged in private houses at the expense of the town.

REALIZING COUNT TOLSTOI'S IDEAL.

There is probably not an able-bodied man in the town, leaving out the summer residents, who does not work a great deal with his hands. The doctor is also a farmer; and the minister at Somersville, when there is one, probably raises his own vegetables, takes care of his horse, and saws, splits, and carries in his wood. Almost all the men are rough carpenters and painters, and they are equally at home on a boat, a jigger, or a buckboard. The most substantial citizens work on the roads, tend their livestock, milk the cows, drive buckboards, cut ice and wood, haul stone, firewood, and lumber, bring sand, gravel, and brick in scows, go a-fishing or tend lobster-pots. Ten years ago many of the women spun the wool of their own sheep into yarn, besides making all the family clothes, taking care of the poultry, making butter, and doing all the household work.

The diet of the population is sufficiently varied, and is agreeable to them; but it is perhaps somewhat defective in the elements needed to form bone and muscle. This chemical defect may possibly account for the premature decay of young people's teeth, which is noticeable in many cases. Fresh meat is too costly for common use, except in mid-winter, when large pieces can be bought at wholesale prices and kept frozen.

LIFE ON A POUND A-WEEK.

The cost of bringing up a family of five or six children comfortably in the town of Mount Desert does not exceed £50 a year if the house, a garden-patch, and a cow-pasture

be already provided from savings of the husband and wife before marriage, and if the family, as a whole, have normal health and strength. Very few heads of families earn more than that sum in a year; for, although a day's wages in summer is commonly 1.75 dols., work is scarce, the winter is long, and few men can get more than five months' employment at these wages in a year. Wild nature still yields to the skilful seeker a considerable quantity of food without price. Dwellers in a city may wonder how it is possible for a family to live so cheaply, but there is no mystery about it. There is no rent to pay, the schools are free, water costs nothing, the garden-patch yields potatoes and other vegetables, and the pasture milk and butter; two kerosene lamps and a lantern supply all the artificial light needed, at a cost not exceeding 2 dols. a year; the family do all their own work without waste; there is but one fire, except on rare occasions, and that single fire is in a stove which delivers all its heat into the house; the wife and daughters knit the family stockings, mittens, and mufflers, mend all the clothes, and, for the most part, make all their own. However hard it may be for city people to understand it, the fact remains that £50 a year is a sum adequate to the comfortable and wholesome support of a family of seven or eight persons in the town of Mount Desert, provided that a house, a garden, and a pasture are secured to them.

The people are, as a rule, well satisfied with their surroundings and their mode of life. Why should they not be? They are individually self-supporting and independent; they manage their own affairs, as free citizens should.

A good proportion of the families of the town are thrifty, kindly, and intelligent, and there is helpfulness and self-respect throughout their households, and, therefore, comfort and contentment.

THEIR SOCIAL ENJOYMENTS.

They have many social enjoyments. Town-meeting gives the men a whole day of pleasure: first, the long drive or walk in company to the meeting-place; then the morning session; then the dinner provided by public-spirited women for twenty or twenty-five cents a head, the proceeds to go for some public object, like a plank sidewalk or a fence for the cemetery; then the afternoon session, big with important issues; and then the cheerful return home. Sewing-circles are maintained in the most populous neighbourhoods; sometimes two in the same neighbourhood, one for the mature matrons and another for the girls. A circle sews, not for the poor, for there are none, but for some public object like an organ for the Sunday meeting, or a library for the Sunday school; and when it holds its sale of the articles it has made it gives a supper-party—admission ten, fifteen, or twenty cents, according to the costliness of the supper. There are hulled-corn suppers, ice-cream suppers, strawberry suppers, and turkey suppers. Then there are dancing-schools and singing schools, and latterly there have been choir rehearsals in addition.

"WE'RE WELL 'NOUGH 'S WE ARE."

The people of Mount Desert are free and at ease, very conservative for the familiar reason "we're well 'nough 's we air," and very indifferent to the social speculations of nervous residents in cities. The single tax on land strikes them as absurd. The socialists' proposition that the community owes everybody at least a livelihood seems to them an old story. "It has always been so in this town," they truly say. Whether or no cities should make their own gas, as the Nationalists propose, is a matter of profound indifference to them. Kerosene is their reliance. On the question whether Government should manage the telegraphs—the other practical proposal of the Nationalists—they might possibly have an opinion in the negative, because they suffer from the wretched management of their post-offices by the National Government. The postmasters are frequently changed, the routes are badly arranged, and the mails are carried by horses which can hardly drag one foot after another.

WORKMEN: THEIR WANTS AND THEIR DUTIES.

BY A FRENCH WORKMAN.

THERE is a tone in the article on Workmen, written by a Workman, in the *Nouvelle Revue* for the 15th of July, which makes it at once pleasant and instructive reading. It is much to be wished that workers would more often hold out the hand of intellectual fellowship, as M. Jean Fache has done in this instance, through the medium of the extended journalism of the day, and thus enable us to discuss with mutual profit the great class questions which arise.

HOME TRAINING.

M. Fache begins by expressing his deep sense of the need of further instruction among the working classes. The picture which he draws of the artisan father appreciating "his duty towards his descendants" in this particular, and devoting daily time to the development of his children's intelligence at home, seems under the present pressure of a labourer's work a little difficult of general realization. But M. Fache implies that he, "than whom few have had to work harder in their lives," has done it, and he stoutly declares that what is chiefly needed is energy and goodwill. The importance of home education is not yet sufficiently realized by the mass of the people. The artisan father does not understand what a power his experience of daily life would give him over his children if he were able to apply it intelligently. But "so long as the working class does not find in its own ranks men who have the aptitude, the capacity, and, above all, the knowledge, which is indispensable to the conduct of industrial and commercial enterprise, so long will it remain a 'minor,' and will need the middle class for the management of its affairs." The conclusion which M. Fache draws from this part of his argument is that no social revolution will be of the slightest use until the masses have prepared themselves to hold a more dignified position.

NOT SO MUCH AUDACITY AS KNOWLEDGE.

Great wealth is lost to the nation by the untrained condition of the masses; and this workman-writer gives his views as to the necessity and possibility of adding further means of technical instruction, both scientific and artistic, to the present primary instruction of the Government schools. There has been enough, according to him, of the old Danton creed; and in the place of its audacity, he would substitute "Knowledge, more knowledge, and yet again knowledge" as the chief need now. He would do all that can be done by means of public instruction, and of good laws with regard to co-operation and savings, to fuse the proletariat and the middle-classes into one. He is one of the new school which regrets the doctrine that the poor must be always with us. He believes in the gradual amelioration of the condition of the whole mass, but he strongly urges the necessity of a moral amelioration, which shall spring from the initiative of the people themselves.

BETTER NEWSPAPERS.

"One of the most powerful instruments of intellectual propaganda which the modern man of the people has at his disposal is the cheap newspaper. It is an immense progress, because the poorest citizen has within his reach the rapid means of information which has become indispensable." Who purveys for and fosters the degraded

taste of readers of the halfpenny *feuilleton*? Men who make money by the enterprise—men who are no longer workmen, but almost capitalists. "I know very well that these merchants in blackened paper must supply their wares, but does there exist no means by which the commerce could be carried on with some regard for the moral health of the reader? Is it impossible that the editors of these papers should bear in mind the moral part which the newspaper ought to play amongst us? I shall be told that the public will have what it chooses. I believe, on the contrary, that it would be easier than anyone imagines to make it accept something better. Children, and especially little girls, learn easily how to read. Do you consider the effect which the lucubrations so complacently spread out over the columns of the journals in question are likely to produce if they fall into their hands? What poison are they not likely to introduce into the intellectual system of children? A full-grown man is, perhaps, able to soil his memory with this filth, but what can be said when this revolting stuff penetrates to the brain of a child?" M. Fache has a high idea of the part which newspapers have yet to play in the development of civilized society. "But a journal ought to be read and consulted only as a means of information. It must not be allowed to do your thinking for you." M. Fache is quite of the spirit of the modern press, and would apparently be well content to suppress the "leader," and confine himself to latest intelligence and the interview. The article is well worth reading; and perhaps no part of it is more pleasing than the conclusion, which says in every line that the results and objects of the amelioration which is so desirable must be not to do other work, but to do better work.

THE REGULATION OF INDUSTRY.

In the *Fortnightly Review*, Sir Rowland Blennerhassett reviews Mr. Lilly's "Right and Wrong," which is chiefly important because of the uncompromising fashion in which the reviewer declares that those who unreservedly oppose all attempts to regulate industry by public authority are doing their best to further a revolution. Sir Rowland's article leads appropriately to Dr. Aubrey's paper on labour disputes in America, which describes how capital and labour are adjusting their differences under the influence of individualism and competition in America. There is nothing very much that is new or conclusive in the paper, which Dr. Aubrey concludes by declaring that the future of the Labour Question in the United States is by no means decided. The following programme of the National Labour Party may, however, be read with interest:—

1. Eight hours as a working day, with a legal punishment for violation.
2. Sanitary inspection of all conditions of labour, including means of subsistence and dwellings.
3. Establishment of bureaux of labour statistics, the officers to be taken from the ranks of the labour organisations, and elected by them.
4. Prohibition of the use of prison labour by employers.
5. Laws against the employment of children under fourteen years.
6. Gratuitous instruction in all educational institutions.
7. Liability of employers for accidents.
8. Gratuitous administration of justice in all courts of law.
9. Abolition of the conspiracy laws.
10. Acquisition by Government of canals, roads, and telegraphs.
11. All industrial enterprises to be placed under Government control, and worked by free co-operative trade unions, for the good of the whole people.

"THE PASSION PLAY AS PLAYED TO-DAY."

A PROTEST OF A PROTESTANT SOCIALIST.

It is always interesting, and sometimes amusing, to see how what you write affects people who read it, and certainly if no one else has been interested in reading Mr. Alfred Story's criticism of "The Passion Play as Played To-day" in *Tinsley's Magazine*, it has interested me. Mr. Story says:—

Is the world going to be saved by the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play and by the version of the life of Christ which it presents? The question is suggested by reading Mr. Stead's account of his visit to the play, and the new enthusiasm for the religion of Christ evoked in him by the Ammergau rendering of the story. They are very curious reading these ecstasies of Mr. Stead over the new light cast upon the Gospel narrative by the dramatic representation of its mysteries by the Ober-Ammergau peasants. It is not wonderful that he should be deeply moved by the series of life-like scenes there presented to the eye and mind of the spectator. No one—not even the most callous—can witness them without being strangely moved. So far as acting goes, the performance is almost perfect. For the long hours the actors are upon the stage they seem to be actually living the life they are depicting; and their simple, heartfelt methods of enforcing the truth of the Divine story are such that they go straight to the heart. Their appeal to the emotions acts with the more potency and power because all those present have been prepared by years of education and personal influence of the most intimate kind to feel the full effect of all that is placed before them. They go expecting to be moved, and they are moved deeply—much more deeply than could be by mere teaching in our days.

But, as Mr. Story points out, the mere stirring of the fountain of tears does not come to much, although it is rather too strong to say that the worst people weep the most and the readiest. This, however, is not the point of Mr. Story's criticism. He is offended at my reference to the *Maries*. He says:—

These remarks have been suggested because Mr. Stead, looking upon the pathetic sight of the two *Maries*—Mary the mother of Christ and Mary Magdalene—and, having been deeply moved thereby, has been induced to fancy that there is more in these two figures for the transformation of the world than the world is aware of—the Protestant world at least. Mr. Stead's conviction on this point is so strong—as are all his convictions while they last—that he seems to have come away from the Bavarian village with the idea that he has discovered a new revelation of the Gospel. It is, perhaps, only a passing film before the eyes, and may not matter much; at least, it would not matter much if this were the vagary of an ordinary man; but when Mr. Stead puts forth his views with all the eloquence of which he is capable, and all the influence of his name and the popular magazine of which he has the control, the enunciation of such views is likely to cause pain and consternation to a great many earnest and well-meaning Protestants. Indeed, the publication of his views has already caused pain and consternation. And no wonder. For, if Mr. Stead is now right, Protestantism hitherto has been all wrong. Protestantism has regarded the one chief and central figure of the Gospel narrative as the sole object of concern and worship. But, according to the new revelation—received at Ammergau in June, 1890—there are two other factors of equal, if not superior, importance in the machinery of Christianity.

Which is news to me at any rate. Mr. Story asks:—

Is woman valued more, or does she occupy a higher position, in those countries where a woman and a mother holds in the popular religion a position close by the side of Christ, than in Protestant countries? This, after all, is the real question, unless Mr. Stead wishes us to "ignorantly worship." He would not have far to look to see that the comparison is

in favour of the Protestants, although they still leave much to be desired in their treatment of women; at least one would think so when presumably Christian men can be so degraded as to enrich themselves by the labour of women working at starvation wages. In Bavaria, certainly, the country of the Passion Play, where the Virgin mother occupies a high place in the State religion, the women are not noted for their exceptional virtue.

Mr. Story ridicules the idea that the world is going to be transformed by sympathy:—

When the pathetic objects of misery and want in our streets—the victims of a civilisation that is utterly and abjectly selfish—cause a "universal sob," then may we have some hope of salvation by sympathy.

Mr. Story says:—

To judge by Mr. Stead's account of the Passion Play, and how it impressed him, one might suppose that the next thing we should hear from him is that he has gone over to the Church of Rome.

And that, apparently, because I said I learned more of the inner secret of the Catholic Church in Ammergau than ever I learned in Rome! Mr. Story possibly may discover some day that to understand the inner secret of a Church, and to be ready to acclaim that Church as the only exponent of Divine truth, are two very different things. His great objection is to the symbolism of religious art. He says:—

The more men repeated the Epic of Redemption in stone, in stained glass, or on canvas, the less influence it had upon action or conduct. It became, indeed, a story and nothing more. With the majority it is much the same to-day; and "the more utterly we strip the story of the Passion of all supernatural significance, the more irresistibly comes back upon the mind the overwhelming significance" of the fact that the transformation of the world into what it should be will never be effected until men take as their ideal Him who said "How hard it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Then, and not till then, will men assume the true altitude and grandeur of men, and women the true beauty and strength of womanliness; when it will be as impossible for "noble" women to flaunt themselves in jewels and rich attire while their humbler sisters sink in misery, or children cry for bread, or for men to grow rich by the sweating of the poor, as for ghouls in our days to make blood-baths of the young in order to preserve their youth and beauty.

JOSEPH MAIER'S CHRISTUS.

In Miss Yonge's *Monthly Packet* for August, a writer, using the *nom de plume* of "Chelsea China," writes thus concerning Maier's Christus, in a brief paper on the central figure of Ober-Ammergau, 1890:—

In the first place, it is original and unexpected. The emotional, half-effeminate ideal that has inspired so much art must be forgotten. This is not the sheep before her shearers. This splendid person, tall, stately, graceful, manly and strong, above all things unaffected, with every look and gesture absolutely in good taste; with a voice like a trumpet, and with a face sometimes most beautiful, and always dignified and worthy—inspires awe rather than pity. You see the ideal of a popular champion standing up against usurped authority and blind precedent; the Friend of Man; perhaps ideal Humanity fighting death and sin, but fighting with the assured certainty of final success; the Rock on which the waves beat in vain; a suggestion of One in Whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning.

But the one great fact remains, unexpected beforehand, perhaps hardly fully felt at the time in difficulties of seeing and hearing, that, back upon the mind in silent hours there comes—may it be said with all reverence—the impulse to say, in a sense never before experienced, "We have seen the Lord."

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THE PRANKS OF THE BRAZILIAN REPUBLIC.

In the last number of the *Revista de Portugal* Frederico de S. continues his polemic against things and persons Brazilian, at greater length and with even more acerbity than usual. Every post from Brazil brings him congratulatory letters on his determined opposition to the dictatorship which oppresses Brazil, with accounts of abuses that have to pass unnoticed in the Brazilian Press, under pain of confiscation and imprisonment. He quotes in its entirety a grotesque decree, signed Deodoro de Fonseca, but composed by General Benjamin Constant, the ex-Minister of War, who "entered the War-office as a Lieutenant-Colonel, and five months later left it for the Post-Master-General's office, which includes that of Public Instruction, as a full-fledged Brigade-General and Grand Cross of San Bento de Ariz." These conquests were made brilliantly and rapidly, yet without prejudice to his numerous relations, who all received promotion as rapid and equally showy decorations. On the anniversary of the Independence of the Argentine Republic, Marshal Fonseca, stimulated by the advice of General Constant, who was "desirous of having as many comrades in ridicule as possible," created every member of a Cabinet, composed of journalists, bankers, and lawyers, a Brigade-General. Frederico de S. laments the impossibility of enumerating absurdities whose name is legion. "For they are of daily occurrence" under a Government that is neither a Dictatorship nor a Republic. The proper name for this Government is Carnival." Amongst other acts of barbarism the Provisional Government has changed the name of the College of D. Pedro II. (its founder) for that of *Instituto Nacional de Instrucao Secundaria*. "Did ever anyone in Republican France dream of altering the names of the Lycee Henri IV., the Lycee St. Louis, or the Lycee Louis-le-Grand?" This vandalism elicited an eloquent diatribe from the Dictator's brother, Doctor Joao Severiano de Fonseca, who ventured to assert that "the Institute, *Historico-Geographico* of Rio Janeiro, of which he is a prominent member, would still continue to offer up prayers to the Omnipotent for the health and happiness of H. M. D. Pedro II., and to hope that in exile the great and magnanimous Brazilian would not be alienated from the Institute which owes him so much." It is well to be the brother of a Dictator, even if you are brazen enough to have an opinion of your own and a hankering after antiquated loyalty. Doctor Fonseca has neither been imprisoned nor condemned as the kind of brigand, known *capoeira*, a fate which has overtaken many a less outspoken person. . . . The list of journalists and other persons who have been interned in Fernando de Norona, as *capoeiras*, is a long one.

TWO VIEWS OF ENGLISH ART.

A FRENCH CRITICISM.

M. DE WYZEMA, whose sympathetic discussion of Japanese art history we have noticed in another place, is less complimentary to English modern art. The summary of foreign art for the *Gazette* bears his signature, and this is what he has to say of the English galleries this year, after a general protest against the Anglo mania in matters artistic which now prevails in Paris: "I have seen and re-seen the Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, the New Gallery, and the new English Art Club. The superfine will despise me, but I must confess that all these exhibitions appeared to me mediocre, very inferior, not only to our Salons of the Champs Elysées and to the Salon of the Champ de Mars,

but even to the annual Salons of Munich and Berlin. I saw neither original masters nor even much clever workmanship, showing a feeling for art and technical ability. Henceforth I may believe in the superiority of English shirt-makers, but I shall find it difficult not to distrust their artists." He then proceeds to divide contemporary English painters into three categories—allegorical painters—generally portrait painters—painters of landscape, and painters of *genre*. In the first of these categories he includes, of course, almost all the best known names of living English artists, and, with the exception of Mr. Burne Jones and Sir J. Gilbert, he has no praise to give. Literature, or the desire to express in painting what can only be properly expressed in literature, has, he says, proved the destruction of the greater number. The landscape school he holds to have profited most by French influence, and was struck by the number of French painters who have been imitated on this side of the Channel. Finally, with a handsome compliment to the old English school of Reynolds, Gainsborough, etc., he affirms, without scruple, that contemporary French painters know their business and understand their art better than English painters, and, further, that there is no trace yet of any renovating movement in England corresponding to that observable in the German and Scandinavian nations.

THE YOUNG POET PAINTERS OF 1890.

MR. J. STANLEY LITTLE, in a brief but eloquent paper in *Igdrasil*, on "The Renaissance of the Art of Landscape Painting in England," proclaims aloud the debt which British art owes to the clever young men, who, under the influence of Mr. Whistler, have escaped the general trend towards open-air studentship, which is the leading characteristic of latter-day art—from worn-out traditions, and of the resolve to go back to nature as the first source of artistic inspiration. Mr. Little says:—

The Naturalists and Impressionists have dealt a well-nigh fatal blow at those commonplace conventions of the picture-making practitioners who reel out pot-boiler after pot-boiler to meet the markets affected by the untutored British Philistine—the man-in-the-street who looks to art to give him in a sublimated form memoranda of the scenes of his unlovely joys and of the sentiments of that narrow life which has its limits within the four walls of his garden-plot and its centre in the rural summer-house and baked-brick rockery.

The Impressionists and Naturalists have done for art what none other has or could have done: they have insisted on the fact that art is not to be found in the ruts of tradition; they have taught, too, that beauty is not to be sought in a far country—in the snow-capped peaks of the Alps, in the deep pine forests of Germany, or in the blue waters of the lake of Como. The hurried and unthinking might imagine that these great French and Dutch landscape painters known as the Romanticists had no counterparts in England. This is not so. But although this great poetic feeling in England has been of erratic manifestation, the mantle held in mid-air temporarily has fallen at last, and to a purpose; for in falling it has spread its folds, and embraces to-day more than one painter worthy to follow in the footsteps of Cuypp, Ruysdael, Old Crome, Constable, David Cox, Linnell, and Lawson, and able, it may be, to take steps in advance of these great masters. We have men to-day among us who are giving the world works which will make the days in which we live glorious in the art annals of England. These men, unconsciously perhaps, have absorbed the teachings and conclusions of the Naturalist and Impressionist. To those who have eyes to see—and it is only to these I address myself—such works as these young poet-painters give us will speak far more eloquently than any words of mine can make them speak—they point unmistakably to the *renaissance* of English landscape art: and there I leave them.

TWO EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE *Leisure Hour* this month gives a double instalment of the series of articles on the sovereigns of Europe, which constitutes so attractive a feature of this admirable magazine.

The first is the King of Sweden, of whom there is given quite a fascinating account:—

It was at the little Court of Wied that Prince Oscar first saw the woman who has been to him a true helpmate and loving consort. His meeting with her is told in his poem "Monrepos," the name of the Prince of Wied's family castle. In 1837 he led to his far northern home his "angel bright and good," the Princess Sofia of Nassau.

A quiet, happy, retired life was that led by the young couple, the mother occupied with the care of the baby boy who the following year came to charm their hearts, and that of the delighted grandfather; the father busy with his scientific studies, with projects for the development of his country's navy, with art, music, and literature. It was then he wrote his drama ("Castle Kronberg"), since often acted both in Sweden and abroad, originally written in French. He especially encouraged all Arctic explorations; wherefore a land discovered by Swedish explorers has been named after him—Prince Oscar's Land. Many academical dissertations by the Prince also date from the time ere he was called to rule.

Most notable among these, and afterwards collected into a volume, are the "Musical Festival Speeches," delivered at various intervals from 1864 to 1871. In these the King shows himself not only the excellent musician he is, but also an admirable critic.

A poetical translation of Goethe's "Torquato Tasso" into Swedish earned for its author the honour of election as a corresponding member of the Frankfort Academy of Sciences.

In 1859 his father died, and his brother ascended the throne. As the new King was still childless, it fell to Prince Oscar to fill the rôle of Crown Prince and undertake all the onerous offices of that post, a post from which he never was relieved until his brother's sudden and unexpected death in 1872 placed the crown upon his own brow. The list of his published works alone is a long as well as a worthy record. After Gustavus III. he is certainly the most literary monarch Sweden ever possessed.

In his first address to his Riksdag he sketched the programme of the policy to which he has ever remained faithful.

He said: "I know and admit that my responsible royal mission, of which the crown is a symbol, has been laid upon me to promote the *welfare of the brother nations*. May these words be my motto, 'Brödrasfolkens Vål!'"

The device King Oscar chose for himself showed that he had realised of what nature would be his regal difficulties.

One of the first acts of the Riksdag on his accession was to cut down his moderate Civil List of 900,000 rixdollars by 100,000, and it is well known that the King was crowned at his own expense. Since then his one task and aim has ever been to prevent the dominant Radical party from going too far, at the same time keeping within the bounds of his very limited prerogative. The extreme Norwegian Radicals desire a Republic. One of their leaders—Björnson—challenged the King to give him the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another for an alleged libel, the King having been reported to have said that there was not one of the Ten Commandments which Björnson had not broken. The poet was obliged to leave Norway for a time in consequence of the scandal he had upraised, but has since returned mightier than ever, and with increased power as a demagogue. The

author, Ibsen, too, is among those who make opposition to the Monarchy, and he too went into voluntary banishment.

That, under these circumstances, the King has never lost his personal popularity is almost marvellous; and yet so it is. He is esteemed by all, except, perchance, a few of the extremist politicians, who are so blinded by party as to confuse the man with the cause. By every means in his power he tries to get at the real requirements of his people. He travels much in the provinces, he interviews both public and private personages, he insists as far as in him lies on having the truth concerning all matters. He even often appears unexpectedly in the police-courts to hear the trial himself, and frequently he exercises his royal prerogative of pardoning if the offences be small.

A valuable support has he found in his wife, who has made the welfare of the less fortunate of her husband's subjects her great care—the crippled, maimed, sick, and weary. Above all, everything bearing on the happiness of children elicits her interest. She holds by

the maxim that the world's history is made in the nursery, and first for her own and now for the nation's young ones she has a tender care. She has her reward in her four stately sons, who are the pride of the country, beloved and respected of all.

The eldest, Prince Gustav, has inherited much of his father's ability, and has distinguished himself both as a traveller and as a soldier. Those who know him intimately praise his cool judgment and his penetrating powers of reasoning. He is slow to take decisions, studying a matter from all sides; but a conclusion once arrived at, he is inflexible in its execution.

The second son (Prince Oscar, once Duke of Götland, now, since his marriage, simple Prince Bernadotte) was awhile ago the object of much European interest on account of his romantic attachment to Mdlle. Ebba Munck, his mother's favourite maid of honour. For a long time King Oscar would not hear of the match. In vain the Prince begged to be allowed to renounce his birthright, pointing to his three stalwart brothers; in vain the Queen pleaded for the lovers. Prince



THE KING OF SWEDEN.

Oscar travelled to see if he could forget his affection. Mdlle. Munck was removed from the court. All proved useless. It then happened that the Queen was seized with one of her serious attacks of illness—so serious this time that her recovery was despaired of. An operation was needful. Before submitting to it the Queen made the King promise that should her life be saved he would consent to the marriage of the lovers. Reluctantly he promised. The operation was made, and was successful; the Queen recovered. She then sent for her favourite maid of honour to have her once more about her. It was Christmas evening, all the family were assembled in the invalid's room, and Mdlle. Munck, who has a lovely voice, was singing with feeling a poem of the King's, in which he pleads for the rights due to love. The charming singer emphasised her words, whether by accident or design. The King listened enrapt. Did he notice that all eyes were fixed on him in petition, and especially those of his wife? Be it so or no, the song ended, he remained for awhile in deep thought, then rose up suddenly from where he sat, and approaching Prince Oscar, took his hand and laid it silently into that of Ebba Munck. He can have little reason to repent his resolution; the young couple are truly happy. Since their marriage—celebrated quite quietly at the English seaside town of Bournemouth—they have led a modest, retired life in their castle by the sea (Karlscrona). A quiet, but not an idle life. The other day he emulated another northern prince, great Peter of Russia, in valiantly rescuing a number of drowning fellow-creatures from a watery grave. He saw from his windows that a sailing-boat, containing four men, was upset in a furious gale. He ran down at once, and, together with a fisherman of the neighbourhood, rowed through the wild waves and succeeded in rescuing three of the shipwrecked men. He takes a keen interest in all charitable works, and is at the head of various benevolent societies, spending for them not only his time but his money.

It would certainly not be easy to find a more worthy family in private or royal life than this of Sweden. As for the King, he is almost an ideal personage, with his talents, his immaculate private life, his pleasant and winning personality. In public the Court life is stately, but even there he is not unapproachable. Once a week he holds open audiences, and all who like to come are received. He talks to these visitors, not with mere ceremony, but strives to enter into the true requirements of those who seek him.

THE KING OF HOLLAND.

Perhaps the episode of his death being too soon discounted is the first time the King of Holland has won the sympathies of Europe, for he was not a popular figure, and did not deserve to be. He was of the old type of sovereigns, now fast dying out, who did not take a serious view of their profession, but regarded their exalted station as an aid towards obtaining the maximum of pleasure and amusement out of life. At the same time, while desirous of having all personal freedom possible, the King, it is fair to add, did not deny it to his subjects. He was a strictly constitutional ruler, liberal in his ideas, and desirous to do all he could for the welfare of his subjects.

The King detested all forms and ceremonies, spoke his mind to all the world, was "hail fellow well met" with every

class of the community, and had further the great and rare virtue of being parsimonious with the money of the State while very prodigal with his own. According to an article of the Dutch Constitution of 1848 "the King orders his home as best he likes." This was interpreted in an unexpected manner by William III., who reduced his civil list from a million florins to six hundred and fifty thousand. Certainly at that price the Dutch did not pay dearly for their sovereign.

Women have been the arbiters of William's life, for good or evil, from his cradle. His mother was the first of these determining influences. She was Queen Anne, daughter of the Czar Paul of Russia.

At twenty-two it was thought needful to marry him, and choice fell upon the Princess Sophia of Wurtemberg, one year his junior. That this marriage proved ill-suited is universally known. Yet Queen Sophia, though not beautiful, was attractive and singularly charming, and her intelligence was rare. She took a keen interest in politics, had a fine taste for literature, and was desirous to make the Hague a centre of intellectual influences.

Incompatibility of tastes and manners made itself felt at once, and on his side still more divergent tendencies widened the breach and time but increased the difference between the couple.

The ill-assorted union had dragged on for ten years, when, in 1849, William succeeded to his father's throne, where stern duties awaited him. He despatched them all with a certain conscientiousness, but his change of station made no difference in his domestic relations. Indeed, it made things rather worse than better for the poor wife.

In 1877, regretted by her people, if not by her liege lord, she was released by death. But scarcely was she dead than there occurred a strange phenomenon. Whether in consequence of his wife's death, or whether by coincidence merely, William of Holland suddenly became a model monarch and man. He further contemplated the wisdom of remarrying, for the two sons Queen Sophia had borne him could scarcely be counted on as heirs.

The eldest, the Prince of Orange, had at twenty-five worn out his constitution; the youngest was rickety in the highest degree. The royal choice fell upon Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and loud and long was the European pity expressed for this young girl of twenty about to make a May and December marriage. But contrary to all expectation the marriage turned out well, and Queen Emma appears to have been happy with the sexagenarian spouse, over whom she obtained great influence. They were wedded in 1879, and soon after the event the Prince of Orange died in voluntary exile at Paris after a miserable career of public and private scandal. He was followed five years after by his brother, who had been a lifelong invalid. As consolation for these losses there had been born to the couple in the meantime a little princess, Wilhelmina, who is the apple of her aged father's eye, and upon whose tender head will descend the crown of the Netherlands.

Of the character of such a mere child nothing can as yet be said. All that is known of the Princess's tastes is that she has a perfect passion for outdoor amusements of all kinds. She loves driving, and skilfully handles a team of six ponies, which she drives in a little carriage two abreast.

She is a pretty, merry little child, who will, no doubt, win the hearts of her stolid and steady-going Dutch subjects, as her mother has done before her.



THE KING OF HOLLAND.

THE SECRET OF JAPANESE ART.

A CHILD-LIFE WHICH IS ALL PLAY.

JAPAN and China form almost as invariable a subject in the French magazines as Africa has now become in ours, and July offers no exception to the usual rule. The two numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have each an article, one of the 1st of July, by M. T. de Wyzema, containing a very sympathetic historic outline of Japanese art; the other by M. Louis Bastide, describing a Japanese watering-place and its inhabitants as they are to-day. The articles supplement each other in a curious and interesting manner. M. de Wyzema's endeavour is to pass under the surface of the art which for upwards of twenty years has so charmed and pleased the eyes of Europe, and to arrive at a comprehension of the life and nature of the people who produced it. "What we specially want to know," he says, "is exactly what historians have neglected to teach us—that is to say, the dominating characteristics of the Japanese mind. Where are the psychological reasons which have made Japanese art differ from Chinese art and from the art of the West? What kind of life did Japanese artists lead? What is there allotted in the Japanese mind to common qualities, and what room is there for individuality? All these are questions which we must at least have tried to solve if we wish to understand the nature and the real merit of Japan." Conducting his enquiry on these lines, M. de Wyzema comes to the conclusion that the Japanese mind has remained, both for good and evil, the mind of a child. The idea of a personality and an individual responsibility attaching to it is scarcely formulated. Neither "is there any very definite conception of morality. Life is more or less a long game to the Japanese. Everything amuses them—everything interests them. Their love of nature is also the child's love. It is not the reflective love of the Western races: it is an instinct—almost a sensation. Having no clear consciousness of their own personality, they hardly know how to distinguish themselves from the surrounding world; they lose themselves in it with delight, charmed by the least detail which strikes their eyes. The sight of the world plunges them into a sort of permanent intoxication. To the Japanese, Nature is a marvellous decoration which varies unceasingly, and brings always fresh joys. Round him all colours are fresh and brilliant; all forms change. Little by little his child-soul concentrates itself entirely in his eyes." Thus, according to M. Wyzema, the Japanese artist has become observant without reflection, and the natural result has been a brilliant impressionism. "In order to understand Japanese painting, it is necessary to think of the painter as a child to whom many things have been forbidden, and who abstains from them because they have been forbidden. But he must also be thought of as a child who is marvelously gifted, passionately fond of his art, and entirely occupied with the adorable comedy which is played around him. He transgresses no limits, but within the limits he displays his genius with an energy, a variety, and a fervour which are quite extraordinary." In the historical sketch of which his article is chiefly composed M. de Wyzema, of course, develops this theory, and shows how the traditions of China have been allowed to limit at the same time that they sometimes stimulated Japanese development. China seems indeed to have held to the art of Japan much the same place which Italy held to Dutch art

before Rembrandt had the courage to have done with Italianising. M. Bastide's article does not occupy itself with any history of art. It is simply a light, bright sketch of a few weeks spent at the sulphur baths of Kusatsu, and is to M. de Wyzema's article as an instantaneous photograph of the mastodon might have been to Professor Owen's reconstruction of the animal. M. de Wyzema infers that the Japanese mind must be the mind of a child. M. de Bastide describes the people at their play. He says that it is all play, a pretty play of which it is impossible to be other than a kindly-disposed spectator. His description leaves behind a vivid impression of fields of yellow lilies stretching between blue sky and sea, pretty little houses lined with straw and paper, go-carts dragged merrily along by willing runners, and a constantly moving population which asks only of life that it may be happy.

And yet when both articles are read, the question lingers, How came that revolution of 1868? It was not brought about by sipping "saké" under the light of rose-shaded lamps.

FOR THE GIRLS OF ICELAND.

MRS. MAGNUSSON'S COLLECTION.

In the Reception Room in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS Office, in Mowbray House, there is at present on view a very rare and indeed unique collection of antique Icelandic jewellery, ornaments, carvings, and other articles. The reason why they are there is because I hope, that by affording those curious in such matters an opportunity of inspecting this unequalled collection, Mrs. Magnusson, the owner, may be able to realise the dream of her life. She has set her heart upon opening a High School for Girls in Iceland. She thinks there is no country in Europe where women stand in greater need of education than in Iceland, and yet in no country is there so little done for their education. The only education that children generally receive is instruction in reading and in religious knowledge. This is, in most cases, taught by the mother. Hitherto it may be said with perfect truth that the Icelandic mother has been the universal schoolmistress of the land. But for this purpose she must receive an education adequate to the demands of modern times. This is a want which is very keenly felt by the women of Iceland.

She has already, by the generous aid of a few English friends, succeeded in erecting a building at Reykjavik for a school for elder girls on a small piece of ground given to her by her mother. From 20 to 30 pupils can be accommodated there. The cost of the building was calculated at £800, but as usual the cost exceeded the estimate by nearly £300. The house is built, but Mrs. Magnusson is left entirely without funds for furnishing and fitting-up purposes, for books, and for paying teachers.

After having in vain appealed for assistance elsewhere, Mrs. Magnusson was reluctantly driven to contemplate the sale of her treasured heirlooms. The family ornaments, some more than 700 years old, and most of which have been handed down from generation after generation, she had always hoped to leave when she died to a historical museum in her own country. This was strongly recommended by Mr. Ruskin, who expressed great admiration for the admirable handiwork of the Icelandic

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silversmiths. The collection is said to be quite unique. But Mrs. Magnusson, driven by her desire to open that school for the future mothers of the Icelanders, has determined to offer them to anyone who will supply her with the £1,000 which she needs for the school. In order to enable those who are interested in such collections to inspect this one, I have gladly allowed her to display them at my office, where they may be seen any afternoon before the 15th, if they are not sooner disposed of. The collection contains the following among other articles :—

30 Belts.

7 Clasps.

4 Bracelets.

6 Necklaces.

2 Silver spoons (one dated 1671).

20 Round ornaments (various sizes).

8 Buttons (silver and brass) dug out of a tomb.

4 Brooches.

Several shawl and scarf pins.

1 Lady's brass saddle.

1 Lady's costume complete, and several articles of the national dress.

Several articles of old wood-carving, such as boxes of various sizes and shapes, bed-boards (one dating from the 13th century).

Several old Icelandic books, and other things.

MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. DÖLLINGER.

THE JESUITS AND THE PAPACY.

DR. PLUMMER continues, in the *Expositor*, his recollections of Dr. Döllinger's conversations, dealing this time chiefly with the Order of the Jesuits and the relations of Church and State in Catholic countries.

OUT WITH THE JESUITS !

Dr. Döllinger was in favour of legislation against the Jesuits. He said :—

The main object is to restrain their influence in the schools. I should have preferred to have had an oath administered to them. I think I could frame one which they would refuse to take, and yet which public opinion would approve as natural and fair. An oath of allegiance to the empire and of renunciation of certain doctrines ; for example, that when a civil law runs counter to an ecclesiastical law, it is right to disobey the civil law. There is a little book written by a well-known Spanish Jesuit, Mariana,—perhaps the ablest man the Jesuits ever had,—in which he speaks of the diseases already existing in the society. The Jesuits declare that it is not Mariana's, and have had it put on the Index. But there is no doubt of its authenticity ; indeed, they sometimes admit it among themselves. I have myself seen a correspondence between a general of the order and a member of it, in which the genuineness of it is admitted, but is nevertheless to be denied ; and the book is to be kept from members of the order. To no country have the Jesuits done more harm than to Poland. It has not yet been sufficiently recognised how largely the ruin to Poland was due to them. They had the bringing up of the Polish nobility, and they instituted a system of oppression and persecution of all other religious communities, especially of the independent Greek Church. A country thus divided against itself could not stand. To Spain also they have done infinite harm. Hence the anxiety of the Spanish Ambassador for the suppression of the order. And I don't think that English Roman Catholics know how much better their position would have been in the old days of oppression if it had not been for the Jesuits.

Dr. Döllinger said that Bismarck was honestly anxious to expel the Jesuits. Before he made his memorable discourse about not going to Canossa, he made the following declaration to a Council of Ministers :—

Discussion had gone on for some time, and Bismarck had remained silent. At last he said, "It is my opinion that the Jesuits should be excommunicated from the German Empire. They must be put under the ban of the Empire. *Hinaus mit ihnen!*"

ENGLAND'S EASTERN POLICY.

Of English Eastern Policy Dr. Döllinger said wisely and well :—

England is now regarded in the East as the natural enemy of the Christian. That will prove a stumbling block when Oriental Christians are asked to enter into communion with the English Church. That it is any use giving Turkey a chance of reformation and regeneration, I do not at all believe. But it would have been quite possible to give Turkey this chance without leaving Christian populations utterly at the mercy of the Turk. In 1856 not only were the Christians not protected, but what protection they had enjoyed up to that time was done away. The Turk knew that from henceforth he could do as he pleased. This has always been the weak place in Gladstone's armour : and, so far as I know, he has never made the only defence that was valid—that in 1856 he was only a subordinate member of the Government, and had to follow his superiors.

THE FUTURE OF THE PAPACY.

Dr. Döllinger's speculations as to the future of the Papacy are very interesting. On one occasion he said :—

If I were offered the Popedom, tiara, Vatican, and all, on the one condition of never leaving the Vatican, I should say "No, thank you ; you may keep them for yourself." I think that on one condition I would accept—that I might be allowed to make a clean sweep of all the cardinals and all the 600 members of the Curia, and start with a new set, who would not be the creatures of Pius IX.

During a walk in 1876 I asked him, says Dr. Plummer, whether he thought there would ever come a great crash as regards Vaticanism, or whether people would gradually and insensibly fall away from it.

As regards that, I suppose one must distinguish between different nations and countries. Among the Romance nations there is no interest in the subject : in Italy, Spain, and Portugal they are *poco curanti*, quite indifferent. If a Pope should be elected who is willing to establish a *modus vivendi* with the kingdom of Italy, Ultramontanism will receive a great shock, and the moral influence of the Jesuit party in Europe must suffer accordingly. And if a *modus vivendi* is established between the Papacy and the Italian Government, the same is likely to follow in time with regard to the German Government.

Bismarck has been giving himself much trouble to get various Governments to join with him in the attempt to exercise an influence on the election of the next Pope. He has tried to get Russia, Austria, and Italy to combine with Germany. In each case he has had no success whatever. None of the Governments will help him. Even if they would, it would be of no use. It is most unlikely that a foreigner should be elected. Manning has no chance : of the foreigners, a French cardinal would be chosen. A foreigner might remove the seat of the Papacy from Italy, and the Italian cardinals would not risk that. Moreover, many of them are quite disposed to come to terms with the Italian Government. An Italian looks to the Government for promotion for his relations and friends. At present Italian ecclesiastics are entirely cut off from all the advantages which Government alone can grant.

THE REFERENDUM.

BY PROF. E. A. FREEMAN.

DR. FREEMAN, in the *Universal Review*, enforces with great delight one of his favourite doctrines. Instead of regarding Switzerland as the playground of Europe, he maintains that we ought to look to it as our schoolroom, and he takes advantage of the recent discussion on the *Referendum* in order to invite political thinkers to a study of Swiss politics. His paper gives a somewhat uncertain sound as to his own view of the possibility of transporting the *Referendum* to this country, but he says enough to show that he would regard such an experiment with much sympathy. The *Referendum*, or the reference of a proposed change in the law or constitution to a mass vote of the whole of the electors is, he points out, a natural but novel application of the fundamental principle of the *Landesgemeinde*, which is the Swiss equivalent of the New England towns meeting, that is to say, an assembly of the whole of the citizens, who thus constitute the legislature, without any intermediaries in the shape of representatives. Mr. Freeman says:—

Now it is surely hard to deny that it would be the greatest possible gain if measures could be voted for and against purely on their merits, without reference to personal and party questions. And there does seem a good case made out for the belief that the *Referendum* would bring us nearer to such a happy state of things. There is, as we shall presently see, a good deal to be said on the other side; but the question is at least worth the serious consideration of any man. The matter is surely not one of party politics. The appeal to the people is essentially democratic. Swiss experience shows that is also practically conservative; that is, it shows that the Swiss people at least are slow to change, slower than their representatives, whose proposals of change they constantly reject. It does not follow that the same would be the case in another country. But if it were so, what then? The first principle of democracy is surely to give the people—the whole people, not any part of them—the freest power of action. Above all, the matter must not be argued in the interest of this or that question in immediate dispute. Mr. Dicey mentioned Home Rule and Disestablishment as questions specially suited for the *Referendum*. About Home Rule my only doubt would be whether it is not a question so purely Irish that it ought to be decided by an Irish vote only. I in no way commit myself to the *Referendum*; I only say that Mr. Dicey's case is one worth weighing. And I do most emphatically say that the question whether it would be a good thing to adopt the *Referendum* or not must not be judged by the effect which the *Referendum* would be likely to have on Home Rule or Disestablishment, or any other question.

He summarises Mr. Bryce's summing up of the pros and cons of the question as published in the *Speaker*. The following is Mr. Freeman's parting word on the subject:—

I do not feel bound to commit myself either for or against the proposal. But it does strike me that some of Mr. Bryce's practical objections seem to belong to that class of which there are always plenty to be found against any proposed change. A change which has real and practical advantages is commonly found to work more easily in practice than seemed likely beforehand. There are always difficulties at the beginning of everything; but the difficulties get smaller as the thing comes to be practically better understood. In our "flexible" constitution, above all, things have a way of practically righting themselves. No legislator could fix beforehand, in the shape of a clause in a "rigid" constitution, when a Minister ought to resign office, when he may rightly dissolve Parliament, when he may acquiesce in defeat. Such things settle themselves, subject of course to

the criticism of the opposite party on the course chosen. And it may well be that the kind of cases in which it would be "constitutional" to apply the *Referendum* would settle themselves in the like sort. For my own part I was once, as I just now said, strong against the *Referendum* even in its native Switzerland. I am now less strong against it, even here in Great Britain. One is drawn to anything which offers even a chance of getting measures discussed and voted on, in Parliament or out of Parliament, on their real merits, and not as they affect the interests of this or that Ministry.

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE FUTURE.

WITH NO ADVERTISEMENTS AND FEW OPINIONS!

MR. NOAH BROOKS, an American editor of considerable standing, contributes to the *Forum* of July a paper on "The Newspaper of the Future," in which he explains his theory of what the ideal newspaper will be. He thinks that the newspaper, in its ambition to be everything and have everything, has travelled far beyond its legitimate bounds. Its original functions appear to have been forgotten; its most obvious faults are inaccuracy and partizan unfairness. He hopes that Americans have now reached the lowest depths of the deplorable and despicable sensationalism which flourishes upon the frailties of mankind. It really seems as if things could be no worse than they are; and the experience of mankind teaches that when matters are at their worst, the time for them to mend has come, journalism will after a time experience a moral uplift that will raise us all into a higher and purer atmosphere. The real purpose of the newspaper has been defeated by its own mismanagement. Nobody expects to find the truth about public men and public measures fairly and candidly stated in the political newspapers.

In such a depressing condition of things, perhaps the better portion of the newspaper fraternity will resort to honesty, fair dealing, and conscientious treatment of the news, in sheer self-defence. Reformers on this line need not expect to be understood and believed at first. They must allow the shock of novelty to pass away.

The newspaper of the future will be crisp and bright without being smart and flippant. It will cost more than the newspaper of to-day, because it will have to pay for the verification of the matter which it prints. Raw and untrained men will give place to men whose mental judgment is suited to their station. But, at the same time, that this extra expense is to be incurred the means by which it is to be met will disappear, for the coming newspaper will have no advertisements. The time will come when the advertising sheet must lead an existence separate from the newspaper. With the advertisements will go the quasi-editorial opinions. There is too much editorial writing; every correspondent thrusts his opinions into his telegrams.

The newspaper of the future will be no less opinionated, perhaps, than that of the present; but it will be more honest and candid, and therefore its utterances will be more worthy of respect. What is quite as important as a matter of reform, editorial opinions will be expressed in their proper and legitimate place, not spread all over the paper. In that day, the man who shall look in the best newspaper for the news, will not be compelled to swallow the prejudices and notions of the editorial staff along with information from the four quarters of the globe. When the newspaper of the future comes—clean, bright, honest, impartial, accurate, painstaking, and absolutely just (allowing for the frailties of poor human nature)—we shall doubtless be surprised that we have so long endured the crude methods, conscienceless habits, and reckless haste of the journalism of to-day.

THE AGRICULTURAL CRISIS IN AMERICA.

A STUDY BY COMTE KERATRY.

THE tremendous dimensions of American problems is well illustrated by the article published by the Comte Kératry in the first July number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the Agricultural Crisis in the United States. We have heard something lately of the attitude of Canada and of the South American Republics towards the Pan-American ideal. M. Kératry endeavours to explain, as it were from the heart of the United States, why their attitude should be what it is. He devotes fifty pages to the task, and begins characteristically enough by a section which is headed "Increase of Cultivation and of Produce—Impoverishment of Farmers." This is practically the keynote of the situation. Agricultural distress in America is represented, not by the impoverishment of the earth and imperfect methods of cultivation, but by enormous riches in the earth and improved methods of cultivation, while at the same time the farmers grow poorer in consequence of the condition under which they bring their produce to the market. That is to say, the wealth of the Continent is natural, the poverty is artificial. In proof of the first part of the proposition, it is enough to say that the United States produce 30 per cent. of the cereals of the entire world, and that the increase in their area of cultivation during the last thirty years has amounted to 69 per cent. Relatively and actually the value of their agricultural produce is steadily augmenting. It is the country in the world in which the greatest number of bushels of corn per inhabitant is harvested every year; and whereas this number was estimated in 1850 at 37 per head, it had risen in 1880 to 53 per head. Taking Indian corn alone, the quantity exported in 1870 was something over one million of bushels, and in 1880 the exportation had risen to over 98 millions. The exportation of wheat in the same year touched a total of nearly 187 millions, and represented a surplus of production over local consumption of 35 per cent. Yet American farmers complain that they are ruined, and, extraordinary as the complaint sounds under the circumstances, it is not altogether without justification. Increase of production has, of course, had as one result a fall in price. In 1866, a dollar might be obtained in exchange for 53lb. of maize, or 33 of wheat, or 2½ of cotton. Now the farmers must give in return for a dollar 93 lb. of maize, or 50lb. of wheat, or 9lb. of cotton. It is therefore necessary for him to sow and reap a good deal more in order to produce the same money value for himself. If the money value represented an increased purchasing power of the other necessities of life equivalent to that which it represents in corn, it is evident that all would be well, and the farmer would be getting a greater actual return for 93 lb. of corn than he used to get for 53 lb. But this is not the case, and here we touch the crux of the situation. Trade in corn is free. Almost every other article is protected, and while the price of corn follows the natural law of decreasing in proportion to increased production, the price of all the necessities which the farmer buys with his coin is artificially kept up. The result bids fair to be, indeed, ruin for the farmer; and the ruin of the American farmer is a matter of far too great importance to the rest of the world for us to look on at the struggle with indifference. There are two remedies. One is to adopt a homœopathic principle of curing like by like, and to extend some form of protection to corn. The other is the more drastic solution of abolishing protective duties all round. The battle of protection and free trade will have to be fought out under conditions exactly re-

versed from those with which this country is familiar, but the lists are filling and the shields of the combatants will bear the same legends as before. The agricultural interest is on one side, and the manufacturing interest on the other. The consumer, who many times out-numbers both, and who has evidently everything to gain by the abolition of artificial prices, will form the public and spectators of the fight. Can they do nothing? Before the compact mass of opinion which the consumers, if they choose to unite, could bring to bear, the Farmers' Alliances and Knights of Labour, and all the other details of the raree show would become as trivial as the trappings of a Lord Mayor's procession against which a London crowd should have set its face.

HOW TO DEAL WITH HABITUAL DRUNKARDS.

In the *London Quarterly Review* a writer pleads for the amendment of the Habitual Drunkards Act. There is no doubt that such an amendment is urgently required. Here is the reviewer's scheme:—

We must have a simple, quick, and easy method of dealing with these deplorable cases; what could be better than the following? Let any person, standing in the relation of parent or child, brother or sister, guardian or trustee to an inebriate—whether the latter is of full age or not—have power to apply at the nearest police office for a form, on which the name, address, and occupation of the applicant and of the inebriate, should, in due order be set forth. A summons should be issued in accordance with these particulars, and be served on the inebriate. When the case came on for hearing, the magistrates should have absolute power to ask for and obtain information as to the defendant's history, habits, and circumstances. The application would of course have to be supported by unprejudiced witnesses and trustworthy evidence. The magistrates would easily eliminate the cases in which malice or dishonesty was the instigating motive; moreover, the defendant would make his defence, and, if possible, clear himself. But, unless we are singularly in error, the inebriate would in nineteen cases out of twenty express contrition, be abjectly frightened, and promise to amend; very rarely indeed would he plead that he was the victim of a conspiracy. Then, according to circumstances, the defendant should be detained from one to six months, to begin with; when indigent, the expenses should be met by the rates; when better off, he should have greater comforts, and be charged a moderate—a very moderate sum. As for places of detention, what could be easier than special departments in gaols or lunatic asylums? At first such special departments would only need to be added to a few prisons or asylums; but after a time, if necessary, to more, and finally, special institutions could be built and confined to this class. When the property is considerable, and the inebriate has been confined several times, the Acts might make provision for appointing trustees, with almost absolute control, but their assistance would seldom be necessary. One class, and a very large one, we have not dealt with—that of confirmed, low-class inebriates, whose friends would not trouble to move, or there might not be any friends to take the initiative. Here we think the local police authorities should have power to move, and instead of sending a person to prison two hundred times, as frequently happens, they could apply, in due form, to the magistrates for an order to commit the inebriate to an institution for six months, and when necessary, the expense should be defrayed out of the rates.

We do not propose to treat inebriates as criminals or lunatics, but as persons detained primarily for the protection and relief of their friends; while in the institution they might be supplied with books, papers, and letters, and receive frequent visits from their friends, but they should be unable to leave till their sentence had expired. We are certain that were such institutions opened they would soon be crowded, and thousands of families would in consequence be relieved from a load of misery.

THE ELECTRIC WITCH.

A QUIANT FANCY. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

In "Over the Tea Cups," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, Dr. Holmes gives us one of the best papers which we have had from his facile pen. It is full of many quaint fancies. Among others he remarks that a tree is an underground creature with its tail in the air! All its intelligence is in its roots, and all its senses are in its roots:—

The next time you see a tree waving in the wind, recollect that it is the tail of a great underground, many-armed, polypus-like creature, which is as proud of its caudal appendage, especially in summer-time, as a peacock of his gorgeous expanse of plumage.

Another curious remark is that Niagara is the tongue of the American continent. The continent, he says, is a great giant; the northern half holds the head and shoulders, and at Niagara he puts out his tongue. But the best and most characteristic passage relates to the electric tramcar, which is driven by a current communicated to the car by a small broom which brushes the copper conductor overhead. He says:—

There are crowds of people whirled through our streets on these new-fashioned cars, with their witch-broomsticks overhead—if they don't come from Salem, they ought to—and not more than one in a dozen of these fish-eyed bipeds thinks or cares a nickel's worth about the miracle which is wrought for their convenience. They know that without hands or feet, without horses, without steam, so far as they can see, they are transported from place to place, and there is nothing to account for it except the witch-broomstick and the iron or copper cobweb which they see stretched above them. What do they know or care about this last revelation of the omnipresent spirit of the material universe? We ought to go down on our knees when one of these mighty caravans, car after car, spins by us, under the mystic impulse which seems to know not whether its train is loaded or empty. We are used to force in the muscles of horses, in the expansive potency of steam, but here we have force stripped stark naked—nothing but a filament to cover its nudity—and yet showing its might in efforts that would task the working beam of a ponderous steam-engine. I am thankful that, in an age of cynicism, I have not lost my reverence. Before this new manifestation of that form of cosmic vitality which we call electricity, I feel like taking the posture of the peasants listening to the Angelus. How near the mystic effluence of mechanical energy brings us to the divine source of all power and motion! In the old mythology, the right hand of Jove held and sent forth the lightning. So, in the record of the Hebrew prophets, did the right hand of Jehovah cast forth and direct it. Was Nahum thinking of our far-off time when he wrote, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings"?

Dr. Holmes elaborates this idea in fanciful verse entitled, "The Broomstick Train, or the Return of the Witches." I quote some lines:—

Look out! Look out, boys! Clear the track!
The witches are here! They've all come back!
They hanged them high, but they wouldn't lie still,
For cats and witches are hard to kill;
They buried them deep, but they wouldn't die—
Books say they did, but they lie! they lie!

* * * * *

Now when the boss of the beldams found
That without his leave they were ramping round,
He called,—they could hear him twenty miles,
From Chelsea beach to the Misery Isles;
The deafest old granny knew his tone
Without the trick of the telephone.
"Come here, you witches! Come here!" says he,—
"At your games of old, without asking me!
I'll give you a little job to do
That will keep you stirring, you godless crew!"

They came, of course, at their master's call,
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats, and all;
He led the hags to a railway train
The horses were trying to drag in vain.
"Now, then," says he, "you've had your fun,
And here are the cars you've got to run.
The driver may just unhitch his team,
We don't want horses, we don't want steam;
You may keep your old black cats to hug,
But the loaded train you have got to lug."

Since then on many a car you'll see
A broomstick plain as plain can be;
On every stick there's a witch astride,—
The string you see to her leg is tied.
She will do a mischief if she can,
But the string is held by a careful man,
And whenever the evil-minded witch
Would cut some caper he gives a twitch.
As for the hag, you can't see her,
But hark! you can hear her black cat's purr,
And now and then, as a train goes by,
You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.

Often you've looked on a rushing train,
But just what moved it was not so plain.
It couldn't be those wires above,
For they could neither pull nor shove;
Where was the motor that made it go
You couldn't guess, but now you know.

Remember my rhymes when you ride again
On the rattling rail by the broomstick train!

THE PATERNOSTER REVIEW.

A NEW sixpenny, the *Paternoster Review*, will be published early in October. It will contain signed and occasionally illustrated articles. It has been projected, and will be conducted by a group of young and cultured Catholics, who desire to create an independent organ of opinion which shall be negatively Catholic (with a capital C) and broadly catholic (with a little c). That is to say the *Paternoster Review* will not treat as open questions those matters of faith and morals which the Catholic Church has declared to be closed, but in all other departments of life it will endeavour to vie with the most Liberal of its contemporaries in the actuality of its treatment of all the living issues of social, political, and scientific speculation. Its readers will not be startled by coming upon articles in praise of adultery or in ridicule of theism, but in the wide field of open questions it will afford as free an arena for public discussion as any miscellany of them all. I hear Catholic connection will enable its conductors to make its pages more cosmopolitan than most of our English magazines, and it will make a speciality of what may be called the coming talent of the new generation. At the same time, many of the best writers who have already arrived have promised to contribute, and the *Paternoster Review* bids fair to make a secure footing for itself in the ranks of the important periodicals of our time.

MR. GRANT ALLEN'S IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

A PROTEST FROM MADAME BLAVATSKY.

MR. GRANT ALLEN's article in the *Universal Review* upon the Girl of the Future has brought down upon my unfortunate head a shower of indignant letters, for it is evidently the opinion of a great number of my readers that anyone who could propagate the doctrines laid down in the *Universal Review* should be placed under the major excommunication by all editors, and never again be allowed to sign an article in any periodical read by decent people. The oburgation of Mr. Grant Allen has hitherto not found much expression in print.

Madame Blavatsky, however, breaks the silence in the current number of *Lucifer*, in which, by the way, she prints the following notice:—

In obedience to the almost unanimous voice of the Fellows of the Theosophical Society in Europe, I, H. P. Blavatsky, the originator and co-Founder of the Theosophical Society, accept the duty of exercising the Presidential authority for the whole of Europe; and in virtue of this authority I declare that the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society in London, where I reside, will in future be the Headquarters for the transaction of all official business of the Theosophical Society in Europe.

She devotes her first editorial article in her new capacity to a eulogy of Count Tolstoi and a denunciation of Mr. Grant Allen. Madame Blavatsky protests vehemently against the editor of the *Universal Review* for having published "such an uncalled-for insult to every woman, whether wife or mother." Her vindication of Count Tolstoi, whose meaning, she thinks, has been misunderstood, as it is not monasticism that he preaches but continence, is unfortunate, for since it was written Count Tolstoi's own exposition of the "Kreutzer Sonata" somewhat invalidates the value of her exposition. But leaving this, let us turn to Madame Blavatsky's protest. No more degrading insult, she declares, has ever been offered to the respectable girls of England than that contained in Mr. Grant Allen's article:—

The next thing we may be told is, that epicureanism and gluttony are "divine impulses," and we shall be invited to see in Messalina the highest exemplar of a virtuous Roman matron. Stern moralists who shudder at Zola's "filthy realism," what say you to this production of one of your own national prophets, who has evidently found honour in his own country? Such naturalistic articles as "The Girls of the Future," published in the hugest and reddest *Review* on the globe, are, methinks, more dangerous for the public morals than all the Tolstoi-Zola fictions put together. In it we see the outcome of materialistic science, which, looking on man only as a more highly developed animal, treats therefore its female portion on its own animalistic principles. Steeped over the ears in dense matter and in the full conviction that mankind, along with its first cousins the monkeys, is directly descended of an ape father, and a baboon mother of a now extinct species, Mr. Grant Allen must, of course, fail to see the fallacy of his own reasoning; e.g., if it is an "honour for any woman to have been loved by Shelley . . . and to have brought into the world a son by a Newton," and another "by a Goethe," why should not the young ladies who resort to Regent Street at the small hours of night and who are scaked through and through with such "honours," why should not they, we ask, receive public recognition and a vote of thanks from the nation? City squares ought to be adorned with their statues and Phryne set up hereafter as an illustrious example to Hypatia.

How would Grant Allen, she asks, like such "divine models" in his mother, wife, sister, or daughter?

COUNTRY LIFE IN IRELAND.

BY PROFESSOR MAHAFFY.

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY contributes to the *Chautauquan* a pleasant and genial account of "Country Life in Ireland." It is the country life, not of the millions who live in the country, but of the few thousand landlords who still survive to preserve some semblance of civilization and of culture in the midst of the land which Mr. Balfour proposes to convert into a howling wilderness of peasant proprietors. The first characteristic which differentiates the country life in Ireland from rural life in America is the rigour with which the landlord's domain is walled round and secluded from the eyes of the common people. The view from a gentleman's seat is regarded as partially spoiled if another country house can be seen within range of the telescope. Professor Mahaffy says:—

On the whole, the Scotch and Irish are more pleasant, particularly to a sportsman; the English more dignified, or, I might say, magnificent. A great Irish house is more homely and genial. The host and hostess generally talk better; they put more stress upon their out-of-door appointments; they have better, or rather more interesting, gardens; better bred horses, and are readier to put them at your disposal. And then the country in Ireland is so delightful; the air is so mild; the climate never too hot; every one you meet, even upon a country road, is so ready to talk and so prompt with his answers. The sport, too, is much pleasanter and more various. The Irish country house is more natural. You come down to breakfast any hour you like within reasonable limits (9-10.30). Everybody walks round and helps himself.

You are asked at breakfast what you would like to do. Will you fish, or shoot, or hunt, or drive, according to the season and the professed object of your visit.

When you come, if it be winter, you have hours of rest and refreshment to read, sleep, talk around the fire, before the eight o'clock dinner unites the whole party in evening dress—full dress, in fact,—about an elegantly served table. If the day be too wet for sport—and that is an extreme case—there are always plenty of new books, French and English; people who play and sing together; a billiard-room for the smokers; neighbours some miles off in a similar abode to be visited.

But if you accompany the lady of the house when she drives down to the village or through the park, you will also find that she knows all the poor and the sick, that she takes care of the orphans, protects by her interest the young girls who go from her estate into the world, while her husband spends most of his time in looking into his tenants' difficulties and helping them to improve what is now the joint estate of both. This is a very different picture from that usually drawn of the Irish country gentleman. Mine is drawn from actual men whom I know, and can name.

According as you descend the social scale, of course you find the luxuries curtailed; and there are many country houses equally delightful for company and for sport, where there are only maid servants, and where you or one of the younger sons must look to the guns after the day's shooting is over. But the underlying principles are the same.

It is not till we leave the country seats, and come into the country towns of Ireland, that we find a life uglier, meaner, poorer than any similar life which I could find in the States. Instead of the manifest ease and plenty, the comfort and even beauty which mark the outlying villages in the Eastern States, you find in Ireland hideous square houses, packed together along a hideous street; shabby shops (stores); no gardens of flowers, no ornaments, however simple, of natural life, and often manifest squalor beside comparative affluence. You meet the street beggar and his natural companion, the policeman; you are shown the rich usurer's shop, and you see crowding about the door his natural companions, the pauper tenant-farmers.

GOING TO WAR ON BICYCLES AND JAUNTING CARS.

IN the July number, the *United Service Magazine* has been discussing of late how best to mount men for war, and this month Captain Manders pleads strongly in favour of sending soldiers to battle on jaunting cars. It seems that Lord Ailesbury in 1859 made the experiment, and there were actually three companies of riflemen mounted cars attached to the Wiltshire Yeomanry from 1859 to 1876. Each car carried nine men. Two cars drawn by two horses were attached to each squadron, and could go wherever the guns went. In crossing new ploughed ground, the rifleman jumped off and ran by the side; they crossed hedges and small ditches with ease. Last month Captain Balfour pressed forward very strongly the claim of bicycles as a mount on which to send men to war.

Sir Evelyn Wood, speaking of the cycle-men, says they offer a cheap addition to our defensive strength, of which we should take every advantage:—"While I cannot anticipate that men mounted on cycles will ever perform all that some enthusiasts hope, there can be no doubt that in Great Britain and Ireland they would prove of inestimable value should we ever have the misfortune of seeing hostile troops in this country."

The first point, that of expense, is thus dealt with by Capt. Balfour. This is only a very rough estimate founded on "mounts" only. Thus:—Cyclist-Infantry: Cost of cycle per man, £12; life of cycle (say six years), therefore cost per annum, £2; repairs, oil, &c., say £1; total cost per annum, £3. Cavalry: Cost of horse, £35; useful life (say seven years), therefore cost per annum, £5; maintenance, £40; total cost per annum, £45. In this estimate the benefit of every doubt has been given to cavalry. Capt. Balfour thinks there are 800,000 cyclists in the country, from whom 36,000 cyclemen could be raised with ease.

Thus the daily distance covered will be between thirty-two and sixty-four miles. No other arm can approach this rapidity.

The second point is the indestructibility of cycles. There is no reason whatever why cycles should not be purchased for military purposes (at an average weight of 40 to 45 lb. per man), which could stand any amount of rough work. Also there are cycle repairers established in every small town, and in many large villages all over Great Britain. Bullets, of course, affect cycles much less than horses.

The third point is silence of movement. At night, provided there is light enough to see the edges of the road, cyclists can attack outposts without betraying their presence till they are up to the line of sentries.

The fourth, and perhaps the most important point, is the comparative independence of base which cyclist-infantry possess. Thus, after a hearty dinner and a quiet night's rest twenty miles away from the enemy, an attack on his flanks, or rear, or line of communications, might be made at dawn. It would be trying work for the invader suddenly to find bodies of infantry of thousands strong for certain, and of unknown reserve power, suddenly appearing vaguely out of space, and behaving with cruel concreteness in the matter of bullets.

In conclusion, I have only to say that I believe that a very perfect form of mounted screen might be formed by the combination of men mounted on horses and on cycles, for we should thus obtain all the advantages of both. Fatigue to the horses would be saved in closed country, and in open country the cyclists would not be obliged to leave the roads.

WHY MINISTERS SHOULD READ THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

PROFESSOR MURRAY ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

IN the *Homiletic Review* for July the first place is given to a paper on "Periodical Literature: Its Use for the Ministry," by Prof. Murray, D.D., Dean of Princeton College, who regards the monthly as the heir to the historical pamphlet. His general observations as to the utility of the monthly magazines to ministers may be taken as an unintentional but useful demonstration that every minister should read the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* as the best means of keeping up that acquaintance with periodical literature which Professor Murray regards as indispensable to ministers. He says:—

First, it is the best way of keeping in contact with the currents of thought that are circulating freely in the world. It will not answer in this age for the minister to have much of the recluse about him. He is expected to have a broad scholarship, and one that is conversant with the nineteenth century. I could instance men in the ministry who are reasonably well versed in the theology of the seventeenth century, who have little or no acquaintance with what is stirring in the thought of to-day. Their ignorance of current thought affects their preaching; it has a far-away sound, even though the preacher makes no direct use of his knowledge in his sermons, and never alludes to any discussion in the *Forum* or *Nineteenth Century*; still, if he knows what they are saying about matters his preaching will have a different tone. It will not be one whit less Evangelical, but it will have the power that comes when a man can say, "Yes, I have read what is to be said on the other side, and have not confined myself to systems of theology."

I have said the periodical is the best way of introducing anyone to a knowledge of what is going on in the world of to-day. It is the best because it is the quickest. Here are condensed articles touching on a variety of subjects, readable, prepared by specialists often in their several departments, and a few hours every month keeps one *en rapport* with what is doing in science, or politics, or philosophy, or social science, or moral reforms. Periodicals become great economizers of time. And, what is more, they will often save the necessity of going through a book. They give you in far shorter compass certain views which are important for you to know, and which you could know in any other way only by the longer process of reading through an entire volume. Economy of time is no small consideration for a hard-worked clergyman. But economy of money is no less important for many. For the price of a volume you can have the monthly for a year. Look now at the index when the year has closed and see what an amount of reading on a variety of subjects! Not only is economy of time gained, but there is a mental relaxation also secured. The tired brain may find this in a good poem or a good novel, but it is quite as well found in a good periodical. What could more effectually take off the thoughts from the hard subjects of the next Sunday's sermon, or the trying case of that parishioner, than to read one of Kennan's articles on Siberian prisons? Surely this use of the periodical is too patent to need any further comment.

What renders the presentation of some of these questions so useful to a clergyman is that both sides are written up. It is this *both-sided* discussion of these moral and social questions which constitutes, perhaps, the great use for periodical literature by the clergy. They need to be kept wide awake on all such topics. Mediæval clergymen are anachronism.

The use of periodical literature is largely to stimulate reading of books. It need scarcely be said that a well-trained minister would go beyond the reviews if he meant to be thoroughly posted on any topic. But he will none the less prize the review article which stirred his interest in the subject.

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ARE CRIMINALS RESPONSIBLE.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF PUNISHMENT.

THE Ego is so universally interesting that no matter how much is written about it there never is too much to read. M. Brunetière's literary criticism in the first number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for July is devoted to M. Tarde's last book, which under the title of "Penal Philosophy" endeavours to re-affirm in more scientific terms the principle of individual criminal responsibility.

M. Tarde is so well known by his "Laws of Imitation" and other studies in what may be called scientific sociology, that it is perhaps superfluous to quote by way of introduction. M. Brunetière says:—"If I know few books which are harder, more difficult, stiffer, as they say, to read and sometimes even to understand than those of M. Tarde, I know none which are, on the other hand, more instructive and which give fresher matter for thought each time they are re-opened. History and literature, language and anthropology, morality, science and philosophy, all are included under M. Tarde's heading of 'Sociology.' Some confusion, or rather some embarrassment, arises from the difficulty of finding one's way through such wealth; but he touches nothing without shedding upon it a new, original, and unexpected light." After this acknowledgment of the merits of his author, M. Brunetière is free to criticize, and he sets forth in his peculiarly clear, moderate, and comprehensive fashion, both the somewhat involved doctrine of M. Tarde and his own adverse opinion with regard to some portions of it. M. Tarde re-states the old problem of freewill *versus* predestination, in the more modern terms of personal identity *versus* surrounding circumstances, or anthropology *versus* sociology, and so far as his conclusion is made apparent, in what M. Brunetière apologises for as a necessarily incomplete summary, draws the very modern deduction of compromise between the two. He refutes the extreme doctrine of the ultra-anthropologic school which, for "the malformation of an ear" is preferred to predestine an individual irrecoverably to a criminal career. The criminal, he declares emphatically, is the work of his crime, and, even admitting that crime may be a form of degeneration or malady, it is not, he says, to be localised in any circumvolution of the brain. But the tendency being granted greater in one individual than another, it is to be developed or repressed by the surrounding medium. Society can do much to modify in one sense or another the individual proclivities. Therefore society is responsible; therefore a "penal philosophy" is worth writing. This is tonic doctrine after the long course of scientific pessimism through which the French realist has put us. Instead of excusing crimes by the force of passion which induced them, and arguing that as the individual was temporarily "alienated" from himself he should not be held responsible, M. Tarde's thesis is that, "The contrary is true. In proportion as we abandon ourselves to the force of passion, it is the 'self' which we allow to be developed in the direction of its worst instincts; it is *egoism* in its most *anti-social* sense which breaks down the barriers that are opposed to it; it is personal responsibility both moral and personal, aggravated instead of being diminished. The body has been defined as a little condensed air living in air. May not the soul be defined as a little incarnate society living in society?" The doctrine of solidarity, or of the duty of the one to the many which is gaining ground under so many different names, forms the basis, or, it should be perhaps more truly said, the conclusion of M. Tarde's reasoning.

IS THERE HOPE FOR THE AFRICAN?

YES. INDEED, PERHAPS MORE THAN FOR US!

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Miss Werner, whose imagination seems to be somewhat fascinated with Africa, says:—

When the day comes when Africa is civilised, I believe that a civilisation such as the world never saw before—a civilisation as much above ours as ours is superior to that of the Roman Empire—will emerge from that weltering chaos of barbarism, and, while following to a certain extent in our footsteps, represent phases of thought and conduct which we have neglected, or never known.

All that I have read on the subject has suggested to me, over and over again, that Africa (it is homogeneous, in spite of its diversity, that I cannot but regard it as a whole) is a country in process of formation, that the racial vitality of Africa is simply enormous; that from the earliest ages the impenetrable continent has been, so to speak, a reservoir for the storage of force.

The strong vitality of the black race—I use the more comprehensive term here for convenience's sake—has survived sufferings which would long ago have swept a declining people off the face of the earth.

Taking the mass of the African continent, and the Bantu race as a whole, I do not know that the latter—allowing for differences of temperament arising from climatic and other causes, which need not necessarily be inferiorities—are very much worse savages than our Norse and Saxon forefathers.

Of the three divisions of the Old World, two have already contributed their quota to human progress. Asia developed thought, Europe work—what is left for Africa?

Taking Asia as the brain, and Europe as the hand, will it be thought fanciful if we look upon Africa as the heart of humanity?

The East (with which Greece under one aspect may be included) is the home of science, philosophy, contemplative mysticism. In the West, we have the Greeks with their ideal of citizenship and the commonweal—the Romans, with their ideal of law, order, and the strong hand of the ruler; and modern Europe, with its development of commerce and industry. We know what it is to be Christians—in the fullest sense—in our private and personal relations; we have a Christian ideal of citizenship, and can point to many—and yet, alas! too few—who have fulfilled it; we are even beginning to grasp the idea that a State may be Christian in its relations to another State. Yet who knows but the race crushed and oppressed for so many ages by us and others—despised by us still—may be the one chosen to live out this ideal!

Whether African barbarians will overrun and conquer the kingdoms of modern Europe, time will show. I am disposed—but this, again, may be laughed at as mere fancy—to think not; and that herein will be that difference which is always manifested in the repetition of history. The reign of physical force is already drawing to a close. Perhaps it may be reserved for them to inaugurate the era of moral force.

The African race is quite capable of producing men who, in such a patriarchal state of society, prove firm, just, and able rulers, though in a differently constituted state they might be as "impossible" as the Emperor Soulouque.

I have not entered on the question of the influence of Islam in Africa. The subject would require a separate paper to itself. But I cannot help thinking, with Canon Taylor and others, that, cruel as the suffering involved, the Mohammedan conquest is (for part of Africa, at least) a necessary step in evolution—a *Præparatio Evangelica*, if one likes to put it so. The easy, sunny, tropical nature needs to feel the terrors of the law, to pass through a course of discipline akin to the austerity of Judaism, before it can rise to the height of the Gospel. This consideration suggests another cause for the unsatisfactoriness of negro Christians. So many of them are practically Antinomians.

THE SUN AS ARTIST.

IS ART INDEBTED TO PHOTOGRAPHY?

THERE is an interesting paper in the *Photographic Quarterly* in which the writer discusses the question whether art is indebted to photography. When the camera enabled the sun to enter into competition with the painter the first result was to annihilate the art of miniature painting:—

The next result was that it became a kind of labour-saving appliance to many portrait painters and their sitters; and even those painters who would scorn to use photography as a basis of their work, would scarcely deny the convenience of having a photograph beside them which would enable them to work on a head in the absence of the sitter without endangering the losing of the likeness. That photography has influenced portrait-painting is undoubted; it has accustomed the eye to greater correctness of form, to greater delicacy of modelling in the features; and the average standard of the portrait picture of to-day is improved. But, in the higher sense of the question, has it influenced the art? To this the answer must be in the negative. In the best work of the best portrait painters of our own day, there are no evidences apparent of photography having suggested any charm, any novelty, any special feature, which did not exist in the pre-photographic period. When we look, however, to other phases of art than portraiture, a different result may be arrived at. For many years photography rested almost entirely in the hands of the professional photographer. Sitters came, portraits were taken, so many copies were ordered, and so much money was paid. All this is being rapidly changed. The development and simplification of the means of taking photographs, the instantaneous plate, the hand camera, the film roll, have all combined to put this process into the hands of a new army of workers.

A select minority is now able with the shorthand of photography at their command to produce results much more satisfactory than the water-colour paintings of the amateur.

At the first glance it might seem that if photography were to influence art at all it would be as an aid to the elaboration of detail, but this has certainly not been the result. No modern work produced since the discovery of photography surpasses, or even equals, in the matter of execution of detail, the work of Van Eyck, of Holbein, of Denner, and many of the Dutch painters. Indeed, the general tendency of the more recent phases of modern art point more to the suppression than to the expression of detail. This negation of detail is but a result of the positive aim of modern art, which is to sacrifice all other qualities to the expression of light and space; to free itself entirely from the lingering conventionalities of a past period, and to strike fresh chords in the harmony of Nature.

It is precisely on this phase that art is now indebted to photography, and that the art of the future is likely to be more deeply indebted still. The painter is mostly unconscious of the part that photography has played in helping him to get rid of the conventionalities of a past period. It has so accustomed the eye of the painter and the public alike to a certain truth of form in the representation of all natural objects, that a return to the classical composition or the "brown tree" period in landscape is impossible; and it has had a large share in sending the painter to the closer and more constant study of Nature. It is when we come to instantaneous photography, look upon what it has already done, and think of what it may yet achieve, that one feels that a new power is at the command of the painter of to-day.

Think of what instantaneous photography has already done for the marine painter; it has loosed him from the bond of conventionality, and freed him from the trammels of traditional representation. It has arrested for him the rippling, dancing wave, it gives him the exact form of the fascinating irregularity of the elongated reflection of boat and sail on slightly broken water, it seizes the storm-wave as it dashes

against the rocky shore and breaks into clouds of fairy spray and clots of foam, and gurgling, swishing eddies.

No true painter of the sea now, and in the future, can help being influenced by photography. He may truthfully repudiate ever having used a photograph, but he cannot avoid having seen one.

SPIRITUALISM AS A SOCIAL PHENOMENON.

R. K. KUIPERS, in his article in *Vragen des Tijds* for July, on "Nineteenth Century Superstition," discusses the spread of spiritualism in Holland, especially among the so-called cultivated middle classes, to whom forms are of more importance than knowledge and development, where spiritualism, as it seems, "finds a willing audience and hearts prepared to receive it. With many people it takes the place of religion, or is fused with it into a new sort of belief of which no account can be given in definite terms."

Spiritualism attempts to bring about a reconciliation between the warring forces of religion and science, and is violently attacked by both. Theologians combat it, as they do scientific theories, but in quite a different manner; science treats it as an intruder. With the undeveloped man, morality rests on authority; with the civilised man, on conviction. The root is different, the outcome the same. Christian and social virtues cannot be distinguished from one another. If we may expect a Christian to act in a Christian way—i.e., according to his religious convictions—we may also expect a civilised and fully developed human being to show by his actions that he knows the fundamental principles of scientific morality. As religion and morality are so closely connected, the undermining of the religious sense in the undeveloped man must exercise a deleterious influence on his morality. As his belief decreases, his moral consciousness weakens, because the ground on which it rests is falling away. This explains many phenomena of our own time. The lower classes are in general orthodox in their belief. The educated classes, distinguished by culture and interest in science, turn away, out of conviction, from the church and its doctrines, less from hostility than because they feel no need of it. Between these two groups—the religious, and those without a religion—stands a third, not believing enough to be called religious, and not developed enough to form an independent view of life of their own. Modern ideas have shaken their faith, without giving them a sufficient compensation: their moral consciousness is therefore weakened, and they begin to doubt the soundness of the moral principles they have hitherto accepted. The chief cause of this is a partial and superficial acquaintance with the ideas in question. . . . Science takes away the consolations derived from the belief in a future life, and declares undisguisedly that they are but dreams—that life ends here, and that he who would enjoy it must try to do so here. . . . When a man's understanding shows him that the foundation of his faith is a chimera, he is seized with a great revulsion of feeling, and asks in despair, 'What am I to do?' Believe, says the Church. The understanding answers, 'I cannot believe.' Spiritualism intervenes like a rescuing angel, and says, 'Believe and fear not. What you believe I will prove to you from a scientific standpoint, and your belief will become knowledge.' . . . When the belligerent powers have come to an armistice, spiritualism will disappear; to re-appear, perhaps, under another form, should the war break out afresh. Man cannot do without the fascination of mystery, so long as the intellect cannot satisfy his will and his feelings. He wants the outlook into another world—till he can enjoy the satisfactions which this world offers him, and, in so doing, overcome the fear of death."

THE CHANCE OF CLERKS AS EMIGRANTS.

FROM a paper in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, by Mr. Edward Hodgkin, entitled "Middle Class Emigration," I take the following passage concerning the chance of clerks as emigrants:—

"Clerks are warned against emigration," is practically the cry that comes from every colony. And there is an obvious reason for this, namely, that the sons of the farmers and the well-to-do artisans are there, even more rapidly than here, deserting the plough and the plane for the pen and the counter.

And yet, if one converses freely with men of that stamp, whether in Canada or Australia, it is surprising how many of them have come from the old country, and that in recent years. Some, no doubt, have had friends in the Colonies, and this is a great advantage; for it is wonderful how, with a real friend, a berth can be made somehow. One Melbourne shop-assistant has come from London, and finds his wages have nearly doubled, while he hardly pays more for his board, and gets better fed and more holidays. But then he was a shop assistant in London, and knew his business well. A solicitor's clerk, after a few years of fearful ups and downs, boasts of his comfortable berth in Sydney. This man, however, had ability, and had been earning £200 a year as a managing clerk in England. His experience shows how essential it is that even a skilled clerk should not be afraid to turn to rough work for a time, when that seems the only means of making a livelihood. This man landed in New Zealand with only £10. The person to whom he had an introduction would have nothing to do with him. (Take what introductions you can, but don't count these chickens before they are hatched.) He succeeded in getting a clerk's place at 20s. a week; then he went into the bush "clearing" at 10s. a week and keep. He also did fencing and managed horses, and eventually got a job cutting tussocks (a long, stiff grass that cumbars the ground) at 30s. a week and food. Then he came to Sydney, and found an opportunity of resuming his old law work, first at £2, then at £6 a week as managing clerk.

There is great uncertainty and irregularity in this class of work in the Colonies, especially for new comers. There is not the same regularity of employment—you are taken on and sent off just as you are wanted or not—and the long winter is a great drawback; a man therefore of this sort ought to have some means to fall back upon, unless he is willing to turn common labourer. But, on the other hand, there are proportionately far greater openings than in England, and there is less division of labour in the professions. The salary for corresponding work is at least fifty per cent. higher than in England, and, withal, the living no dearer—indeed cheaper than in London, for you can board at Ottawa for 17s. a week, with three good meat meals a day, and a bedroom to yourself.

Clerks, the professional classes, and such like, are warned against emigration, especially if they have not fair funds behind them; but still, if they will go, there are not a few who will soon be able to give a good account of themselves, and there is certainly not the same terrible competition that there is in this country, where if a place is vacant fifty equally good men might perhaps be found to fill it. And so if a clerk is taken on, say in Canada, he has the satisfaction of feeling that he really is wanted; and, if he is worth anything at all, he would get his ten or twelve dollars a week.

The colonies afford scope for improvement and development which is not to be found at home; and hence steady and energetic men may make headway in a manner which falls only to the lot of the really brilliant and able or the fortunate men at home.

There is also another feature of colonial life which is of the utmost importance in this connection, namely, that a man can do things there which his social position would hardly justify his doing in England, according to our present ideas.

And then, again, the pursuit that a man takes up in England seems to some extent to stamp his character for life. It is not so in the Colonies.

AMERICA AND THE SIBERIAN EXILES.

A PETITION TO THE TZAR.

WHENEVER Englishmen deem it advisable to express their feelings of indignation and horror at the abuse of the exile system in Siberia, they seem to think that it is decent and expedient to indulge in unmeasured abuse of the Russian autocracy and the Russian administration. Our American cousins have more sense and are more practical. At the close of a lecture delivered by George Kennan, in Philadelphia, an association was formed for the purpose of embodying the general American sentiment of sympathy with the prisoners in some practical shape; and now, according to the *Century*, from 12,000 to 18,000 signatures a day are being appended to the following petition:—

TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE TZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS:
We who petition your Majesty are citizens of the United States of America.

We belong to a people who have long been bound by the natural ties of sympathy and gratitude to the great Russian nation, and to the Tzars clothed with her majesty, who wield her power and shape her destiny.

It is your Majesty's province to do for Russia what we, in a certain sense, do for ourselves; and though the methods of governmental action are different, the aims of good government are the same: the strength and true grandeur of the state and the welfare and happiness of the people.

For these things nations are organized, and laws are decreed and executed; for these things great princes in the fear of God exercise imperial sway, and Presidents are appointed.

Differ though they may in outward form, your government and our government are brothers in their noblest duties.

Nor are fraternal professions an empty feeling. We remember, and we can never forget, how the Tzar, by his faith in the stability of the American Union and by the presence of Russian ships in the harbour of New York, strengthened the Republic when it was supposed, by less far-sighted sovereigns and statesmen, to be on the verge of ruin. Our danger, then, arose from an evil which your illustrious father, Alexander II., by his example, helped our illustrious President, Abraham Lincoln, to remove; and the great prince who liberated the Russian serfs and the great citizen who freed the American slaves, by kindred deeds of humanity, linked their countries together by enduring ties.

Sharing, therefore, as the past has taught us to do, in the thoughts that concern the glory and happiness of your people, we have been moved to bring to you, with good greetings, this petition:

That your Majesty will personally take note of a widespread interest, among us, in the workings and effects of the Siberian exile system.

We do not forget the penal reforms already accomplished in the Russian Empire. We are not blind to the mental and physical sufferings that of necessity are a part of any system of punishment for crime against individuals, society, or the State; nor are we unmindful of the need of reforms which are actively engaging the attention of philanthropists in our own methods of dealing with convicts. In this we are giving expression to the feeling of a friendly people, that in the punishment of some of her subjects Russia, whether from causes peculiar to her people, or on account of ancient custom, is not in harmony with the humanizing sentiments of the age. It is our wish that, by the wisdom and power of the Tzar and the favour of God, Russia may grow in the admiration and sympathy of the American people and of the whole civilised world.

This petition may not do any good, but it at least abstains from insulting the people whom it wishes to influence. I fear that it is too much to hope that those that are moving in the same direction in England will consent to sacrifice their political prejudices on the altar of humanity.

HELIGOLAND.

SKETCHES OF OUR ABANDONED POSSESSION.

THE best paper in the magazines on Heligoland is Mr. Walter Armstrong's excellently illustrated paper in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. He says:—

The fascination of Heligoland lies in what is done for it by the sea and by its own isolation. No one should go there who cannot be content with the charms of brilliant light, of ever-changing atmospheric effects, of a land free from the countless discomforts of a large and busy population, of a life almost childlike in its simplicity, and of an air which tastes like draughts of life itself.

Mr. Armstrong says that it takes rather less than thirty hours to get to Heligoland by the Flushing-Hamburg route. Life on the island is like nothing so much as life on an enormous but motionless ship. The island contains seven or eight cows and 180 sheep, which are milked. Not long ago a lady ventured to milk a sheep which was not her own: she has been sent to prison for six weeks! Once a month the pastor preaches an English sermon:—

One curious feature of bathing at Heligoland has now become much less common than it was. The ladies from the more remote parts of Germany used at one time to have a curious prejudice against bathing otherwise than in the costume of their mother Eve! To dress for the bath was looked upon both by themselves and their husbands as a confession of some personal deformity; and, in spite of government edicts, they used to decline to give grounds for any such suspicion. Even now the practice has not been finally stamped out.

There is another illustrated paper in the *Leisure Hour*. In its church there are a curious series of painted panels, in one of which the devil is depicted with a wooden leg. In the same church only forty years ago, it is reported, a prayer for wrecks formed part of the service:—

It is a happy land, where there are no bankers, no lawyers, and no crime, where "all gratuities are strictly forbidden," where the landladies are all honest and the boatmen take no tips.

There is an article on Heligoland in *Murray's Magazine*, from which we learn that the island possesses one ghost, that of a Lutheran pastor martyred by the Catholic islanders in the 16th century. His spirit periodically appears to preach to the Heligolandians.

Mr. Greenwood has some very scathing criticisms on the possession of Heligoland in the *Contemporary Review*.

THE FINAL DESTINY OF THE EARTH.

A CURIOUS SPECULATION.

In the *Dublin Review*, the Rev. J. S. Vaughan sets forth a curious speculation of his own as to the ultimate destiny of the earth. His theory is that the world will continue until every particle of its immense bulk has passed through human bodies, and the whole of its enormous weight will be just sufficient to furnish forth new bodies for the human race when the trumpet sounds for the Resurrection! He calculates that the dead weight of human corpses amounts to 2,000,000,000 tons per century at present, and the total is going up. At present he thinks 100,000 persons die every 24 hours, when the population of the world is only 1,600,000,000. In 4,000 years, the population of this planet ought to rise to 320,000,000,000,000,000. Now the total weight, in round numbers, of the earth is 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. The number of the total aggregate of souls at the Last Day Mr. Vaughan does not venture to calculate, but he thinks that it is a divine design to allow human beings to increase and multiply until the whole of the existing globe will just be sufficient to furnish forth the substance of their

risen bodies, whether they be the bodies of saints in glory or of the reprobates in hell. This is his theory of the Resurrection:—

Then the rising bodies, flying at a tangent from the earth, will leave nothing behind them of a material world. The ball of earth, which a moment before was whole and entire, will then—like the ball formed by a swarm of bees, when the bees fly off—be broken up and divided into as many parts as there are human beings; for every soul will depart, bearing away its glorified body as an independent and distinct entity. The earth will no longer exist, as we now know it; it will be, indeed, as St. Peter says, "a new earth," an earth no longer moving round the sun as a dark and sullen mass, but an earth consisting of the unnumbered hosts of glorified human forms revolving for all eternity around the divine Sun of eternal justice in heaven.

In making even the roughest calculation we must not fail to bear in mind the following facts:—

1st. That every infant that dies will claim a perfect and fully-developed body at the time of its resurrection, and will rise in a state of perfect manhood.

2ndly. That every soul created, even though it is never brought forth alive from its mother's womb; yea, even though it depart this life the moment after conception, will possess a like claim to the matured body of an adult.

3rdly. That thousands of infants perish annually, of whose existence no one but their parents know anything. Every such life must be added to the vast myriad of those to whom the earth will have to furnish a corporeal form.

Such is a brief statement of the theory. There is something fascinating in the idea of the whole of our present habitation: the seas, and mountains, and wooded plains, and massive monuments, and all else on earth, some day forming a part of ourselves! It certainly gives a wider meaning to the idea of the Resurrection; since on this theory the very earth itself will rise to a newness of life in the bodies of the re-fashioned race of men.

A LIGHT SPOT IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

MR. JOHNSTON, describing in the *New Review* our New Protectorate on Lake Nyassa, finds occasion to speak incidentally on the work the Free Church Mission has done under the leadership of Dr. Laws. His picture of the Free Church Mission is quite idyllic. There are comfortable dwelling-houses with bay windows, climbing roses, neat flower-beds—in fact, it might be an old-fashioned farm transported entire from our own country. Mr. Johnston says:—

Here one feels in touch with Europe. This little colony is provided with an admirable library, slowly amassed by Dr. Laws. There are all the latest books, reviews, magazines and newspapers which are likely to prove of general interest, or which deal with special subjects such as philology, engineering, or farming. Dr. Laws is a doctor of medicine, and a practised surgeon. He possesses a large and well-stocked dispensary, and heals the diseases of an ever-widening circle of savages, besides being the principal medical adviser to all Europeans on Nyassa. This man, with his fifteen years of whole-hearted devotion to Nyassaland, and his energy in doing good, which has made him learn to make bricks himself in order that he may teach others; which has led him to become a practical engineer, carpenter, joiner, printer, photographer, farrier, boat-builder, and druggist, so that he might induct his once savage pupils into these arts and trades—which has made him study medicine and surgery to heal the bodies, and sufficient theology to instruct the minds of these Africans, about whom he never speaks with silly sentiment and gush, but whose faults, failings, and capabilities he appraises with calm common-sense—Dr. Laws, with these qualities of truly Christian self-devotion, should justly be regarded as the greatest man who has yet appeared in Nyassaland.

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THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE *Edinburgh Review* is a good solid number, very strong in historical and biographical articles, but not lacking in others of scientific and general interest. It is worthy of note that six out of the eleven articles are based on French books.

A CRY FOR LORD HARTINGTON.

Taking the last article first, the political survey, which is entitled "The House of Commons Foiled," is devoted to a lamentation over those wicked Liberals who, by their obstructive tactics, have destroyed the legislation of the year. The moral is, that the House of Commons, to show at its best, must be strongly and vigorously led. Mr. Smith, it is no secret, feels the strain on his strength to be almost more than his health can bear, and the time is coming when the Unionist majority will have to look to a new chief, who, it is needless to say, is Lord Hartington. It is inevitable that sooner or later the Unionists must close their ranks, and then Lord Hartington will have to lead the House of Commons. But at present he is in reserve.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF ONCE MORE.

Marie Bashkirtseff's journal continues to command public attention. Cardinal Manning has been reported to have read every word of the journal with admiration and with sympathy, regarding it as the revelation of the unsatisfactory hollowness of the life of a worldly woman, and now the *Edinburgh Review* gives the second place in its number to an analysis of the outpourings of this "pretty, gifted, and unhappy child." American readers are amazed at Marie's versatility; her elegance and restlessness please them, and they have been conquered by the recklessness and half insolent grace of the Bashkir's daughter. The review is appreciative and sympathetic. The only novelty in it is the comparison with which it opens between Eugène de Guérin and Marie Bashkirtseff.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA.

I turned to this article with considerable interest and left it with a feeling of disappointment. The writer is painstaking and laborious, but he fails to make his facts stand out; and the only effect of his article is to deepen the general impression that the Russian Government in religious matters is quite mediæval, and has no claim in this respect whatever to be regarded as a civilized Power. The reviewer is very irate with Madame Novikoff's article "A Cask full of Honey with a Spoonful of Tar" in the February number of the *Contemporary*, 1889. But really he ought to have been grateful to Madame Novikoff for establishing the main thesis which he sets forth. While professedly an attempt to vindicate the Russian Government, Madame Novikoff's article admitted defiantly the whole contention of those that maintain that in this respect Russia has lagged behind all other civilized Powers. The story of the Uniates is ancient history now, and the article would have been more effective if the whole of it had been devoted to any exposition of the breach of faith which has taken place in the present reign in the Baltic Provinces.

TWO HISTORICAL PAPERS.

There is a very interesting article upon the Prince de Ligne, who was treated as the typical cosmopolitan European of the world that lived immediately before the French Revolution. By birth a Belgian, a subject and soldier of Austria, a favourite of the Empresses Maria Theresa and Catherine of Russia, and a friend of Frederick the Second, a welcome visitor at the Court of Versailles and the salons of Paris, he was the first and completest type of the intellectual society of two centuries. This man of many nations has left behind him forty volumes of correspondence in which we can study the most composite human being of his day. Of a very different character is the opening article in the Review on the Haddington Memoirs, which is based upon two sumptuous volumes which Sir William Fraser has had privately printed.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUDAN.

The review of Colonel Colville's History of the Soudan campaign is a painstaking and competent survey of one of the most painful pages in our recent history. The reviewer complains justly of the lack of perspective which leads Colonel Colville to concentrate all his attention upon the Nile Expedition, while dismissing in a few pages the serious campaign near Suakim. The reviewer brings into strong relief the vacillation of the authorities at home. He does all he can to bring into prominence the blunder of trying to reach Khartoum by whaling boats, although he puts all the blame upon Lord Wolsley instead of upon Mr. Gladstone. The reviewer is strongly in favour of taking the Berber route, and he thinks that it is impossible that the advantages of tapping the great basin of the Nile will not before long attract attention. But was not the real reason why the Nile route was taken Mr. Gladstone's objection to the preliminary battle that was necessary to open the Suakim route?

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

The article on Progress in Japan is solid, and contains a good deal of information, but it does not stand out. It contains one interesting remark, namely, that which calls attention to the impetus the abdication of the nobility of their special privileges gave to the work of reform:—

It placed at the service of the State a number of men who were highly educated according to Japanese ideas, who were anxious to give a new direction to their now disused energies, and who saw a means of adding to their diminished incomes by taking the lead in the multitude of reforms which began to take shape immediately on the acceptance of the foreign treaties by the Mikado.

The revolution has worked itself out in many ways, but in none has it made greater change than in the education of women:—

The Educational Report for 1886—some years after the opening of the reformed schools—states that in the province of Shiga, one of the most cultured districts in the empire, nearly half the female population were unable to sign their names, the exact number being 122,009 against 146,719 who had just enough skill in penmanship to be able to scrawl a signature. In the same year, throughout the empire, there

were 30,367 schools of all kinds, at which 84,703 instructors taught 3,232,719 pupils, of which number 986,615 were girls. Not satisfied with these means of education, thirty-eight Kindergartens have been established in various cities, in which 2,585 infants are taught obedience, attention, and the rudiments of learning.

LIFE AND WORKS OF LAVOISIER.

This article is an interesting sketch of the brilliant achievements of Lavoisier, who was one of the last victims who perished in the Reign of Terror. The Reviewer says:—

At the age of fifty, in the plenitude of his splendid faculties, his mind teeming with unfulfilled designs, bright with the promise of discovery, a man no less eminent for civic virtues than for scientific genius, perished amid the wreck of the society he had striven to renovate. He woke from a dream of universal benevolence into the reality of a reign of transcendental depravity. The dark and dreadful abysses of human nature opened abruptly before him as he hurried on towards a visionary future. Taken in the toils of death, encompassed by the machinations of greed and envy, he submitted without indignation to the worst that they could accomplish, and, trusting to the verdict of posterity, mounted the scaffold in serene, if amazed, resignation.

A similar article, although dealing with times more remote, describes Mont-Chrestien, the first French economist, from whose pamphlet Richelieu is said to have imbibed his principles of statecraft.

THE SECRET OF THE ALBATROSS.

There is a good, pleasant article on "Birds in Great Britain" which agreeably diversifies the historical and political character of the review. The reviewer deals with scientific subjects in a pleasant and popular style as, for instance, the following passage, in which he explains the secret of the albatross's capacity to float backwards and forwards in the air up and down without moving a single feather:—

It is only by taking advantage of differences in the currents of the air that the bird is able to perform what looks like a miracle. The action is really not very different from that of a car on a switchback railway. Having obtained a great altitude in the sky by the ordinary lifting power of its wings, it lets go, so to speak, and slips down the slope of one air-current till it meets another, up which it is borne by its acquired momentum, to re-enter, perhaps, the previous current, or to find some other down which it may again perform a dexterous slant, again and again to circle upwards before the exhausted energy at length requires to be once more renewed by vigorous wingstrokes.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET.

This article is very learned, and deals with an immense subject, namely, the genesis of our A, B, C, the history of a development extending over five thousand years, in which the racial, commercial, linguistic, geographical, political, and religious aspects are described which lead to the formation of our present alphabet. The following passage is the reviewer's summary of his own paper:—

With a language as yet not much more than a system of exclamations (whatever the origin of speech may have been) a simple picture-writing was sufficient. When from this stage men passed on to the agglutinative or terminational stage, when roots began to subserve grammatical purposes, a hieroglyphic character, gradually becoming less pictorial and more phonetic, has always been found necessary and sufficient. The appearance of inflections has invariably led to the employment of syllables; and at this stage scholarly and conservative societies stopped still. It remained for the busy trader further to simplify the syllabary for the purposes of commerce,

and for the Aryan race, with its numerous modifications of vowel-sounds, to develop the alphabet in its most perfect form. With the triumph of Greece all the clumsy Asiatic attempts to solve the final problem were swept away; the cuneiform and the Cypriote syllabary died a natural death; the hieroglyphic system lingered in Egypt, but never affected the history of European scripts. Rome again drove back the Greek alphabet to the East, and the great schism gave Latin letters to Europe and endless alphabets to the Greek sects. The rise of Islam carried the alphabet of Mecca all over Asia and Africa, but the stern veto of the Popes prevented its advance beyond the coasts of Spain. At our own time Arab tombstones may be seen over the graves of Malay Moslems in the cemetery of Cape Town. Amid all this change Chinese writing remains still hieroglyphic, because Chinese language, though not immutable, has never passed beyond the earliest terminational stage.

THE ASIATIC QUARTERLY.

MR. BOULGER may be congratulated upon having produced a very interesting number.

HOPE FOR PERSIA.

The first place is devoted to an article by "Persicus," who, while criticizing Mr. Curzon's letters to the *Times*, speaks with full authority, born of long residence in the country, concerning the regeneration of Persia. While it may be true that, looking at Persia as she was forty years ago, a great improvement has taken place, I fear "Persicus" is somewhat too sanguine in his estimate of the extent to which Persia has been regenerated by the Shah. He says—

Land is beginning to be reclaimed from desert and marsh, and the mineral wealth is being brought to the surface to be made use of by the inhabitants of Iran, who have so long neglected it. This is only the signal for the construction of machinery to carry on old industries on a scale far greater than of yore, and for the introduction or creation of new industries, which in their turn will result in the formation of large, populous, and wealthy centres.

First and foremost we have a great waterway opened up to international commerce; next we have the construction of roads of communication, which in their very existence will make the empire homogeneous, and will electrify it into a state of energy which it could not have arrived at otherwise. By the aid of foreign capital, home industries are being revived, and new ones introduced; and what is perhaps the most striking sign of the times is, that the custody of native wealth is now fearlessly placed in the hands of Europeans. Not only is the country politically quiet now, but it is also safe to travellers of all nationalities, arms being absolutely unnecessary.

THE PACIFICATION OF BURMA.

General MacMahon, writing on the ancient Shan kingdom of Pong, takes a hopeful view of the future of the Shan States:—

Railway communication has been established between Rangoon and Mandalay, resulting in good government, prosperous content, and other adjuncts of civilization, in lieu of anarchy, dissatisfaction, and semi-barbarism. A goodly provision has further been made in the Government Budget for the extension of the line from the "City of Gems" to Bame, while a branch line will be carried into the Shan States. With Burma thus advancing in giant strides, achieving results more satisfactory than the most enthusiastic believers in its capabilities ever dreamt of; with its rude tribes made more amenable to the usages of civilization; with the hitherto disunited congeries of Shan States amalgamated under the auspices of a strong, progressive, and friendly Government; and with Siam giving evident signs of progress, there is every reason to believe that before very long what constituted the ancient kingdom of Pong will attain to far more than its pristine splendour.

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HELIGOLAND FOR PONDICHERY.

Colonel Laurie laments that Pondicherry was not exchanged for Heligoland in 1871. It is difficult to see the utility of the suggestion to-day, although no doubt it is useful as calling attention to the prescience of Colonel Laurie twenty years ago. Still less valuable is Mr. Collett's suggestion that, as we have given away Heligoland, we ought to give up Gibraltar to Spain, in the hope that Germany might follow suit in restoring Alsace-Lorraine to France. But Mr. Collett is a Russo-phobist, and he seems to contemplate everything from the point of view for arranging for an ultimatum demanding Russian disarmament! When the sky is falling we shall catch larks, and when Germany has given up Alsace-Lorraine it will be time enough to discuss what shall be done about Russian armaments. The writer of the article on Chinese History shares the pervading optimism of the Review.

DR. ROBERT N. CUST ON MOROCCO.

Dr. Cust describes the result of a visit to Morocco in 1887. He summarises the political situation pretty fairly as follows:—

The secret of the political position is this: Spain would like to annex the Atlantic littoral, without having the means or energy to make any use of it; France would like to annex a large slice to Algeria up to the River Muluwa, as a kind of first bite, but in doing so would only add to her already existing difficulties. Great Britain, the United States, Italy, and Germany will not allow any such schemes; the geographical position of Morocco places in its hands the key of the Mediterranean, and a strong Government holding Morocco, brought up to the level of other European Governments, might disturb the balance of power of Europe.

He has the worst possible opinion of the Moroccans.

It would be an insult to the great Mahometan races of British India to compare noble, soldier, scholar, public official, merchant, common people, with the degraded representatives of similar Mahometan classes in Morocco; but none are so fallen intellectually, socially, whether as men and citizens or fathers of families, as the wretched Moor, Berber, Arab, and Jew of Morocco.

He predicts that there will be a bad quarter of an hour when the present unworthy Emperor terminates his life, but he thinks it may become better, it cannot be worse. A review of the Barbary Corsairs appropriately follows this article, and this is followed again by an article entitled Inter-Religious Amity by an Indian Mussulman. He says that the whole of the Koran corroborates all other inspired books, and that it also contains the moral precepts that form a part of the New Testament.

THE NEGLECT OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Mr. Hyde Clarke, writing on the English language in India and the East, deplors the lack of interest shown by the English in spreading their language, which, he rightly says, is a great instrument of civilization. He complains bitterly of the conduct of the Government in handing over huge tracts from Africa to Germany.

What the energy of Englishmen in England and India has provided for a field of mutual advantage for ourselves and our people and for the natives, is effectually alienated, not merely by transfer to a foreign flag, but by the extirpation of our language and institutions, and their supersession by inadequate and incongruous substitutes.

This illustrates to some extent how we administer the sacred trusts which Providence has confided to us.

He declares that we are very like the Turks whose misfortunes are greatly due to the neglect of their own national language. Russia, on the other hand, appreciates the value of language as an instrument of dominion,

while we are allowing our language to be suppressed in the State of the Congo, and the railways planned by Englishmen to be handed over to Belgians. What is wanted in India is not an examination in literature, but a real fluency in speaking the language. Our pride of race leads Englishmen to neglect their offspring by alien women. But notwithstanding this, it is in India that he expects the largest addition to the totals of English-speaking populations.

There is an interesting sketch of Job Charnock, who laid the foundation stone of Calcutta two centuries ago. The only other article calling for notice is the collection of parallel passages between Hindoo and Indian classics. From the summary of events, I see that Mr. Boulger is uneasy at the prolonged absence of the Amir in Turkistan, and he urges that great efforts should be made to obtain from him on his return facilities for our traders, improved postal and telegraphic service, and the right to lay down railways within Afghan territory. If the Amir had read this article, he would have been in no hurry to return. He has, however, arrived at last at Cabul.

THE MANCHESTER QUARTERLY.

THERE are two elaborate articles in this quarterly, one on Georges Sand. The author's point of view is stated in the following paragraph:—

She was a magnificent failure amid many a commonplace success. She ventured to state the problem of life more completely than any other woman had ever tried to do, and failed to solve it either in her works or in her own life.

Mr. W. Wild writes the other paper on Glee and Glee Writers." Mr. Wild deplors the decadence of the musical taste in the people, shown in the gradual dying out of Glee Chorus Societies, but he prophesies that when—

The mad passion for execrating discords, or miracles of rapid demi-semi quavering, shall have passed away, the true lover of harmony shall find rest for his wearied ears, and joy to his longing heart, in the inspiring and tuneful strains of the fine old English glees.

Mr. James T. Foard, in a notice of the Lancashire poet, Edwin Waugh, places him among the immortals. Mr. Foard regrets "the preposterous popularity of Browning," among others, as "the momentary breath of an untutored mind!" Another Lancashire article is Ben Brierley's "Some Phases of Lancashire Life." The representative Lancashire man, he says, is growing out of his coarse tastes and vulgar habits. One of the principal phases of a Lancashire man's life is his fortitude when struggling with difficulties.

THE PIONEER.

THE *Pioneer* is a new quarterly published at a shilling at Egremont, in Cheshire, edited by Mr. G. T. Smith, of Cheltenham. It is a Ruskinian publication, printed on rough paper with broad margins. It contains three articles. The first, "The Civilization of Christianity," by Mr. B. Bosanquet; the second, "Wealth: Definitions by Ruskin and Mill Compared," and an article on Herbert Spencer. Mr. Bosanquet's paper was delivered as an address to the Ethical Society. Mr. Bosanquet's point of view is found in the following passage:—

It is no more than right that while doing in the first place our nearest and simplest duties with honesty and thoroughness, we should also, in the second place, keep our minds alive to the grand tradition of our spiritual ancestry, that human or Christian life is the full and continuous realization in mind and act of the better self of mankind; that culture

consists in the knowledge and active love of the best things, and civilization in so arranging and performing our social functions that these best things may be accessible to all. And it is in this sense, as the service of culture and civilization, that we must interpret the service of humanity, the true solidarity of which must always be founded on reason.

Mr. William Cassells draws the comparison between Mill and Ruskin in the matter of wealth. He is entirely on the side of Ruskin. He complains :—

The tacit acceptance by our religious teachers of the current false notions of political economy, and the difficulty of reconciling these notions with the most emphatic and oft-repeated precepts of the Bible, has paralyzed all practical preaching, and turned our Christianity into a religion of mere otherworldliness.

Mr. D. H. Thompson, of New York, writes a somewhat gossipy article upon Herbert Spencer. He says :—

It is Mr. Spencer's usual habit to visit the Athenæum Club every day about three o'clock. Although the library and study rooms afford facilities for work, he rarely uses them for that purpose, his hours at the Athenæum Club being devoted to relaxation and recreation. Billiards constitute his favourite amusement, and he is generally found, with his coat off, in the room assigned for that sport, when the visitor sends the hall-boy to seek him.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The *London Quarterly* for July is a good, readable, sensible number, varied and representative. I refer elsewhere to its article on "Habitual Drunkards."

A WESLEYAN VIEW OF THE ATONEMENT.

The first theological article in the July number deals with the recent discussion of the Atonement. The reviewer maintains that the forensic aspect of the Atonement, without being a complete theory, is a fundamental one :—

We do not think that the larger theory, to which the best thought of the Church is perhaps feeling its way, will be satisfactory without it. Middle courses are seen to be impracticable. Between the doctrine of redemption by an atoning death, which Christ taught and Paul preached, and which the Church has always held to its heart, and natural Deism there lies no choice, as the teaching of Ritschl proves.

DAY TRAINING COLLEGES.

Believing that it is certain that day training colleges will be set up, the reviewer examines the question from a Wesleyan standpoint :—

He discusses the need for such colleges, the work they will have to do, and the conditions essential to their success. He shows that their establishment, for a number of students strictly limited to the national need, will be a benefit, and may introduce into the profession a desirable class of teachers. He thinks, however, that day colleges cannot succeed either financially or educationally if the number of students in each is too small. Finally, he argues that, while the need is rather an additional number of trained women than trained men, day colleges are not so suitable for women, whose case requires special consideration.

WHO WROTE THE PENTATEUCH ?

In continuation of an article on "Pentateuch Criticism," in the January number, the reviewer sums up his conclusions against Wellhausen's theory as follows :—

It is arbitrary in its assumptions, unwarranted in many of its methods, and inconclusive, to say the least, in its results, while it is weighted with grievous incredibilities and impracticabilities of its own.

The reviewer's own opinion as to the authorship of the Pentateuch is thus cautiously expressed :—

At present all that has been clearly shown is that the Pentateuch appears to be a composite narrative, the substantially Mosaic character of which has by no means yet been disproved or even shaken. Precisely what part in the composition, if any, was taken by Moses himself; what portion was actually written in his time; what pre-existing authorities were made use of; what subsequent additions made, at what dates these additions were made, and when the book in its present form actually received its last touch, are questions on which the last word has by no means been uttered.

THE CRUX OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION.

The article of "Life and Labour in East London" is an appreciative review of Charles Booth's book. The reviewer evidently sympathises with Mr. Booth's idea that the very poorest class is the crux of the social problem, and he would like, with Mr. Booth, to put them into a colony, under some system of State regulation :—

They should "live as families in industrial groups, planted wherever land and building materials were cheap; being well housed, well fed, and well warmed; and taught, trained, and employed from morning to night on work, indoors or out, for themselves or on Government account; in the building of their own dwellings, in the cultivation of the land, in the making of clothes, or in the making of furniture." Government would have to supply materials, and bear any loss involved in the scheme. If a man or a family did well, the way might be open for their return to society; if they sank below a fixed minimum, they might be sent to the poorhouse, where they would cease to live as a family. This would act as a double incentive to exertion.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The article upon "Indian Missions" is a defence of the Wesleyan Missions in India by a writer who, however, imputes to Dr. Lunn an animosity which he would be the first to disclaim. The only other article remaining for notice, besides the summaries of foreign periodicals and notes on explorations in Africa and Palestine, is an interesting historical paper on the growth of "English Industry and Commerce."

THE JEWISH QUARTERLY.

THIS Review contains several articles which, while primarily interesting to Jews, are also of considerable interest to the non-Jewish world.

The sketch of Dr. Adler, the late Chief Rabbi, will interest many whom he met in the course of his long and busy life. Of more interest to the Christian world is the tribute to Franz Delitzsch, who, although he spent his life in endeavouring to proselytize Jews, was so just and brave in defence of them when they were unjustly attacked that the author of this article declares "his name will live unforgotten in the pages of Jewish history and will be for ever praised wherever Jewish hearts beat high. Like two reconciled angels, the old and the new covenant accompanied his bier, Jew and Christian alike mourned the loss of a great man." The article on "The Jewish Sybilline Books" deals with a subject of which the general reader will hear for the first time, and equally unknown are "The Sabbatarians of Hungary," a small Christian sect which began by keeping the Sabbath on Saturday, and ended by going over bodily to Judaism. Mr. Montefiore's notes on "The Date and Religious Value of the Book of Proverbs" may be read with interest by Christian theologians. Discarding entirely the old conventional theory that the Proverbs were in any way due to Solomon, he weighs the evidence in support of

each of the two theories of their origin, inclining on the whole to the belief that the sages to whom we owe them wrote after the exile. The paper on "Jewish Ideals" is the lecture delivered before the Ethical Society, and published by Messrs. Sonnenschein in their volume of "The Religions of the World."

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC QUARTERLY.

THE most interesting paper in the *Photographic Quarterly* is Mr. Bligh Bond's account of the progress that has been made towards photographing in colours. It is illustrated by a chromo-colotype or photo-mechanical print in colours. It is a very striking illustration of the success already achieved. There is also a large photograph of the Sphinx, which forms one of several illustrations by Major Nott, whose paper is entitled "Sun Pictures in the Valley of the Nile." A useful paper for photographers, by the Rev. Precentor Mann, is "A Tourist's Equipment; or, How must I be Prepared before Starting?" Mr. Charles Pearce describes the extent to which portraits are being used to brighten up daily papers. The *Photographic Chronicle*, by the editor, contains many interesting notes, and Mr. Dennis Taylor considers in a broad, though may be not in a complete, manner the general terms of "Breadth and Atmospheric Perspective."

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE best article in the *Quarterly* is that dealing with modern French fiction, and is described at some length elsewhere.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

THE second best article, and a very good one indeed, is that written by someone who evidently knew the Emperor Frederick well, on "Gustav Freytag's Reminiscences." The author—who, from internal evidence, I should say is Mr. Prothero—criticises the German author with not undeserved severity, contrasting his first-hand impressions of the Emperor Frederick in 1870 with his malevolent criticism of nineteen years later. In one case he spoke from what he learned first hand, in the second, he allowed himself to be made the exponent of Prince Bismarck's malignity. There are many passages in the review which could only have been written by some one who possessed an intimate personal acquaintance with the Emperor Frederick. He touches lightly but firmly upon the infamous calumny which in the very extravagance of personal spite was hurled against Sir Robert Morier, and he warmly condemns the malicious insinuations made by Freytag against the Emperor Frederick. The following passage may be resented as a libel by the German Press, but, unfortunately, there is too much truth in the remark to allow us to dismiss it in such a summary fashion:—

There existed between the Emperor and Empress that entire unanimity, mutual confidence, and trustful co-operation, which form the ideal of married happiness in this country. To the North German such an ideal is practically inconceivable. His wife is, to use the old legal term, a mere chattel, at the best his respected housekeeper, rarely, if ever, his companion. To seek the advice of his wife would be beneath his dignity; to benefit by her counsel, a loss of manhood. So long as women hold the place they now occupy in Prussian middle-class life, the national ideal of matrimony is necessarily outraged when husband and wife associate on a footing of domestic equality.

ETON COLLEGE.

THE first place in the Review is devoted to a review of Mr. Lyte's "History of Eton College," of which a new edition appeared last year. This year, it seems, is the ninth jubilee of Eton College, which was founded on the 11th of October, 1440. The article, which is light and pleasant reading, is full of matter which old Etonians will read with relish, and those who have not had the good fortune to be educated at Eton with interest. The permanent characters of Eton College, says the reviewer, are that the scholarship stood as high as that of any other school, and that the boys had an unusual amount of liberty. The most interesting part of the article is that devoted to a sketch of Keate.

PENNY FICTION.

THE article on "Penny Fiction" is interesting and brightly written, containing much information as to the authors of some of the most widely read publications in the English language. Among other articles, the author tells the story of the cook of a well-known physician, who was so much occupied with the novel she was writing that she was unable to send up the dinner with the desired punctuality. It would be well if the author had named the person who translates dubious French novels in the week days, and who officiates as minister in some sort of a chapel on Sundays.

It is satisfactory to learn, on the authority of the reviewer, that the popular fiction, although it leaves much to be desired as literature, is unexceptional on the point of view of morality:—

The fact remains, and it is certainly one of which no Englishman need be ashamed, that the popular literature of to-day is singularly pure in tone, and that any violation of decency would inevitably lead to such a falling off of circulation as would practically amount to ruin of the paper guilty of it.

THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

AN article upon "Western China: its Products and Trade," is not very sanguine as to the rapidity with which China is likely to progress. It will be a long time yet, the reviewer says, before she takes that place in the world which her numbers, resources, and high civilization entitle her to. In view of the extravagant praise of the happiness of the Chinese, which M. Eugène Simon is contributing to the *Nouvelle Revue*, note what the reviewer says of the extent of human misery in China:—

The poorest workman or workwoman here looks well fed in comparison with the crowds of shrivelled, half-starved wretches by which one is surrounded nearly everywhere in inland China. The ravages of the most horrible diseases, which medical science has practically stamped out of Europe, are patent on all sides, and on fête-days and festivals we have seen the country roads thronged with, literally, thousands of the most cruelly repulsive specimens of rotting humanity.

The political article in the *Quarterly* is devoted to twenty years of "Irish Home Rule in New York," which has resulted in "wide-spread corruption and wholesale murder." If these are the characteristics of the Irish rule across the Atlantic, the reviewer asks, will it prove a greater success in Ireland?

THE SCOTTISH REVIEW.

PROFESSOR JOHN RHYS continues his lectures upon the origin of a non-Aryan element in the Celtic race. Proper names, he says, in these islands yield us very definite non-Aryan formulæ:—

These, together with other indications of a like nature, go to make up a case against the notion that the Aryans formed the first and only human inhabitants of this country in early times; so the Celts of the present day represent in various degrees the two elements amalgamated, the Aryan conquering caste, and the non-Aryan aboriginal owners of the soil.

Professor Blackie writes a characteristic article in reviewing an account of a visit to Scotland by a modern Greek of the name of Bikelas. Bikelas was the guest of the Marquis of Bute. Scotland he found to be very like Greece, with the exception of its sunshine, and what struck him most in the Scotch character was its patience, steadiness, and silent endurance. Prof. Blackie seizes the opportunity to preach a little sermon on the purity of modern Greek. Our present method of teaching Greek, he says, is a dire waste of time, it tortures the brain and is at war with the plainest principles of philological science and common sense. The taste of the metaphysical reader is met in an elaborate article reviewing Mr. Caird's book on the Philosophy of Emmanuel Kant, which the reviewer says is and must for long years remain the English book on Kant. It is to be regarded as a contribution to speculative thought, as well as a commentary upon the Kantian theory. Florence Layard's paper on "Oriental Myths and Christian Parallels" is rather slight, the chief point being an explanation of how it was that the original belief of a universal saviour, incarnate, redeemer and regenerator of mankind, was merged in the personality of Buddha. Much of modern Buddhism is a distorted image of the mysteries of the Christian religion, shreds and vestiges of the pure faith taught by St. Thomas and his band of bishops and pastors. Karl Blind writes a very interesting article on the peasants' war of Luther's time or, as he calls it, the Revolution of 1525. Mr. Blind's object is to prove that the so-called peasants' war was no mere servile rising, but a revolution led by politicians who anticipated the political ideal of our Puritans. "While demanding Church reform they also aimed at a parliamentary government, the reconstitution of the empire on a more liberal and democratic basis." It is a very striking paper, and one which sheds a flood of light upon a period which is very little understood in this country. There is a mass of curious out-of-the-way information contributed by Mr. Alfred Crespín in his article on "Odd Foods." He makes one curious remark:—

The reason for our insular suspicion of so many excellent foods is probably that we have never known the straits which nearly every other country in Europe has experienced. Devastated by civil and foreign wars, laid waste by mercenaries, or by vast armies marching over their soil, it has often been the lot of the people of Germany, Italy, and France to face the alternative of eating anything which they could swallow, or of dying of hunger, and in this way experience has been the best teacher.

In the article on the cession of Heligoland, the writer, Mr. Sibbald, ridicules the outcry against the cession of an island only half the size of Hyde Park. The summaries of the foreign reviews are carefully done, although the selection is somewhat arbitrary.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

I HAVE dealt elsewhere with the extraordinary article in the *Dublin Review*, in which Mr. Vaughan explains his view as to the final destiny of the earth. There are other articles of considerable interest; four out of the nine being written by ladies. The first is Miss Mallock's essay on Charles Kingsley. Miss Mallock is not wanting in audacity. If ever there was an Englishman who left

no doubt that he detested Popery and all its works, Charles Kingsley was the man; but Miss Mallock does not hesitate to assert that Mr. Kingsley's views involved in reality an approximation of the Catholic standpoint:—

Not only does the extravagant energy of his recoil from the very shadow of the Catholic Church betray the strength of the fascination against which he thus fought; but, owing doubtless to the hold he had obtained in his struggle with Calvinism on the doctrine of the freedom of the human will, certain of his opinions, as we have already remarked, approached far more closely to the standard of Catholic than of Protestant orthodoxy.

Professor Charles De Harlez displays before the scandalised eyes of his Catholic readers the extent of the propaganda carried on by Madam Blavatsky and her followers. Can it be believed, he asks—

There could be found among Christians, men, and these in no small numbers, who are again bringing into honour the most extravagant practices of magic, and are working openly for the conversion of Christians to Buddhism and to Kabbalistic doctrines? To those who have not these facts before their eyes, it would seem to be only a dream of some troubled or ill-balanced mind, an attempt to be crushed at its birth. It is not so, however. Distinguished minds, even renowned savants, have made themselves co-operators in this strange task, and are working at it silently but perseveringly, all the world over, but principally in England, America, and France.

It really seems as if Bloody Mary, of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, is on the high road to be canonised. The article on "Philip and Mary" praises her to the skies. The reviewer says:—

With so much that is admirable in Mary's character and actions, with all her honesty of purpose and absence of self-seeking, it is strange almost beyond conception that she should have so signally failed in the accomplishment of good to England. It would be a problem too difficult and painful to face, if men were to be judged by results. According to Friedmann, and he is among the most enlightened and unbiassed of Mary's judges she failed by a want of diplomacy in her Government. Having at the beginning of her reign all in her favour, she lost it all by not knowing how to conceal her hand. Her trump cards were useless to her, through her ignorance of the game of politics.

But, surely, if she were such an angel, the fact that she did not hide her angelic disposition would not have led to such a complete failure?

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary* is making its *début* as an illustrated review. Mr. Bunting publishes this month an illustration of Mr. Holman Hunt's design for the mosaic of "Christ among the Doctors," for Clifton College Chapel. He also publishes a section and ground-plan of the Round Tower in the Shetlands.

CHRIST IN ART.

Mr. Holman Hunt's exposition of his mosaic design, "Christ among the Doctors," contains an interesting, although too brief sketch of Christ, as he has been portrayed by the artists of Europe. He says:—

The aim of the first Christian painters had been to satisfy the instinct for immediate supernal interposition which exists in all unbroken juvenile souls.

Christ was painted as always manifestly divine. But after the corruption of the Middle Ages there arose in art the spirit of the new idealists who were making the Reformation.

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Albert Dürer sought to express the *effort* and hardship of Christ's task, which it had been so much the interest of the world, endowed with its richest gifts, to hide; and he sent forth a hundred fresh pictures of the struggles and burdens of a suffering Christ, while he dwelt persistently upon the proofs that His way was one of cruel trial, full of undying pathos to all generations of simple and honest men.

In the pride of their rule Roman ecclesiastics ignored it, and Papal Art left this part of Christ's teaching unexpressed.

The earliest form of protest was revulsion against the supernatural conception of Christ's history, which regarded the attainment of the Messiah's ultimate aim as already achieved.

Mr. Hunt thinks that—

We, with the whole revelation of the four hundred years' religious strivings, should turn from the inadequate message of the earlier Christian Art, and consider what these last centuries have done for our faith, if we ever want to see Art declaring in what form the great free arm of the Church (liberated with such hope for the future) has had—

"Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky children."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Hunt still sticks to that detestable aureole, the presence of which in any picture is sufficient to destroy its reality. If Christ had gone about the world with a nimbus about his head Christianity would never have come into existence.

TO RITUALISTS: "THUS FAR AND NO FARTHER"!

The Rev. E. R. Bartlett, writing on the "Limits of Ritual in the Church of England," thinks it necessary to define certain essential and indispensable points beyond which Ritualism should not be allowed to go in its romanizing. These limits, he suggests, should be defined as follows:—

1. There shall be no celebration of the Lord's Supper except there be a convenient number to communicate with the priest, according to his discretion; the irreducible minimum, even in the smallest parishes, being "four (or three at the least)."

2. The second point would be the prohibition of the elevation of the bread and wine after consecration.

3. Reservation of the consecrated elements is a point on which no concession can be made.

Mr. Bartlett is quite right in saying:—

One thing seems certain, that the existing condition of things, in which neither the law nor the will of the people can make itself effective against the autocratic power of the parish priest, can hardly be indefinitely prolonged.

WOMEN AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

Mr. J. G. Fitch writes a somewhat heavy but informationful article, describing the progress of woman's academic education in the last thirty years. Without following him in his history, we may note his conclusions, which are that all the predictions concerning the danger that academic education would impair the health and vigour of women, have been falsified by experience. The real enemy of health among young women, is the idle, frivolous life in which they are allowed to drift.

One other truth has been brought into clearer light by the history of educational development in England during the last thirty years. It is that in our present state of knowledge and experience all attempts to differentiate the studies and the intellectual careers of men and women are premature and probably futile. The world is made poorer by every restriction—whether imposed by authority, or only con-

ventionally prescribed by our social usages—which hampers the free choice of women in relation to their careers, their studies, or their aims in life. Nature, we may be sure, may be safely trusted to take care of her own laws. The special duties which she has assigned to one half of the human race will always be paramount; but of the duties which are common to the whole human race, we do not know, and cannot yet know, how large a share women may be able to undertake. It is probably larger than the wisest of our contemporaries anticipate. If there be natural disabilities, there is all the less reason for imposing artificial disabilities.

THE ORGANIZATION OF UNSKILLED LABOUR.

Dr. Spence Watson, of Newcastle, discusses hopefully the possibility of a systematic organization of unskilled labour similar to that which in many cases prevails in skilled labour. Dr. Watson says the first point to be aimed at is the establishment of a joint board of employers and employed, fully representing each trade, and empowered to give decisions which practically bind all those represented. If all unskilled labour cannot be lumped together under a common board, it might be classified under separate heads under separate joint boards.

Upon such a board every employer of unskilled labour could not be personally represented, but every large employer would have a seat, and the small employers would elect representatives. Sufficient employers must be represented to give the decision of the board general significance, and to ensure its general acceptance.

But whatever is done will have to be the result of agreement between employers and employed—law will not bind the two parties together in this country.

Further than this he does not think it wise to go at present.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Churton Collins describes the rise and progress of the National Home Reading Union, the English Chautauqua. He declares a collision between the genius of our old academic systems and the genius of progressive life has long been inevitable. The Home Reading Union, he thinks, might be made, with co-operation of the Universities, the machinery of a great system of higher national education. That co-operation should take the form of making adequate provision for the teaching of those who have to teach others. Mr. Digby Pigott gives a pleasant account of a visit paid by him to the Shetland Islands during the bird-nesting season. Mr. Carmichael Thomas writes a short paper in which he desires to simply point out Mr. Pennell's ignorance of the subject of illustrated journalism, as shown by him in his recent article, and the impossibilities of his schools in the air. Canon Isaac Taylor's paper on the "Prehistoric Races of Italy" is purely historical, devoted to a brief statement of the evidence in support of the fact that—

The fertile plains of the Po were occupied by many successive races, whose descendants may, with greater or less certainty, be recognised in the present population of Italy.

Professor William Knight contributes a brief paper in defence of university lectures, in reply to Mr. Sidgwick's essay on the subject. Professor Knight is altogether for the "foolishness of preaching" on the ground that the primary duty of an academic teacher is the influence of that personal influence which comes into contact with his own personality as oral teacher. (Compare this with Professor Max Muller's essay in the *New Review*.)

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE MODERN REVOLUTIONIST.

Under the title of "The Nihilisms and Socialisms of the World," Mr. Page Hopps endeavours to formulate in the *Contemporary* what he considers to be the gospel according to the modern revolutionist. It is, he says:—

1. That the men and women of a nation are a family, and that all legal, social, and political arrangements should be, as far as possible, based upon that understanding.

2. That there are rights of poverty as well as rights of property.

3. That in reality there exists no absolute and unrestrained right to "do as I like with my own."

4. That every nation should govern itself, and freely find out and carry out what is for its own good in its own way.

5. That the soil of a country belongs to the country, and should be used and improved for the country's good, and not for the creation of classes that, in time, appropriate all the accruing uses and values of the land upon which the nation stands.

6. That the work done and doable in a nation should be, as far as possible, done for the general good, and not be hammered out of labour for the creation of an irresistibly wealthy class.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

MR. HARRIS seems determined to leave Mr. Quilter no room for posing as a literary exponent of indignation against the atrocities of the Russian prison system.

AN ODE BY MR. SWINBURNE.

This month he publishes three pages of poetry by Mr. Swinburne, who, for the moment, forsakes the cause of authority in Ireland in order to play the more congenial rôle of revolutionary bard in Russia. Mr. Swinburne thinks that we should not blame those who cry for fire of heaven to descend upon the Tzar, and who smite as fire from hell, and who long to send the Tzar howling down his father's way, but if one could imagine for one moment Mr. Swinburne installed as autocrat in Gatschina, we wonder what he would do! If himself were Tzar, he would find that what was wanted was not the destruction of the autocracy, but to increase the strength of the autocrat. The Tzar, at least, governs in accordance with the prejudices and the sentiments of the immense majority of his subjects. If it is quite impossible to imagine the extent of the autocratic power which would be required to enable the handful of Nihilists to give effect to their ideas from one extremity of Russia to the other, not in destroying but in energising and enlightening the Tzar tribune, is there any hope for removing those evils which rightly arouse Mr. Swinburne's indignation.

ARE RUSSIANS WORSE THAN TURKS?

"E. B. Lanin," in an article entitled "Armenia, and the Armenian People," endeavours to make out that the Armenians are worse off under the Russians than they were under the Turks! The article reads somewhat absurdly, in view of the telegrams published from day to day as to the appeal of the Armenians to be saved from the scourge of the Turks. Of course, if this writer is correct, the Armenians who would exchange Russian domination for Turkish misrule would find that they had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire; but granting all that can be said as to the corruption of Russian officials, the arbitrary cruelty of their Custom House officers, is it not making too great a demand upon the credulity of the British public to pretend that the Power which has established a Roman peace over the wildest slave-raiders of the steppes, cannot answer for order in Russian Armenia? Of course, if "E. B. Lanin" is right, there is nothing to be hoped for in Armenia. He concludes his article by a mild suggestion that Germany should annex the Baltic pro-

vinces, Austria, Russian Poland, and the principality or kingdom of Van, Tiflis, Batoum, and Armenia *irredenta*. If some idiot in a Russian review were to calmly propose to partition the British Empire in equally absurd fashion, what would our Russophobes say?

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE IN CRETE?

Mr. James D. Bourchier, writing on the future of Crete, under the title of "The Stronghold of the Sphakiotas," strongly pleads for concerted intervention by the Powers, in order to secure a new arrangement, the most essential provisions of which would be:—

The appointment of the Vali for life, or for a long term of years; the right of veto on legislative measures to rest solely with the Vali; the financial independence of the island, with a small fixed tribute accruing to the Porte; a native gendarmerie; and a reform in the system of electing judges.

THE FUTURE OF POLAND.

Dr. Dillon gives an interesting account of Mickiewicz, the Polish national poet, whose reinterment took place last month at Cracow. The article is almost entirely literary, and does not lend itself to condensation. Dr. Dillon notes that it is a curious fact that the moment Mickiewicz married, his poetic gift seems to have vanished for ever. As to the relations between Russia and Poland Dr. Dillon speaks with a judicial impartiality very rare in the pages of the *Fortnightly* when Russia is concerned. Dr. Dillon says:—

Mickiewicz has been severely blamed for preaching a reconciliation with Russia, by which both peoples would be nobly subdued and neither prove the loser. In this he showed himself true to that sweet forgiving Slav nature of which his own was the epitome. But he never dreamt of this consummation until all other hopes had proved illusory. Poland will never again be what it so often has been in this century—a recruiting ground for the armies of Russia's enemies. The most influential and most gifted leaders of the Poles to-day are successfully labouring to effect a reconciliation, to inaugurate an era of peace, brotherhood, prosperity. This is the less difficult that Russia's most inveterate enemies cannot deny that in respect of material well-being and progress the Poles of Russia are incomparably better off than their fellow countrymen in Austria, who enjoy all the benefits of autonomy, and taste all the bitter fruits of stagnation and improvidence. Mickiewicz and Krasinski have thus at length reconciled their countrymen to the thought that, though their patriots and martyrs have fallen as thick as withered leaves in autumn, there will never again be any promise of spring. "The only name of Poland is a sigh."

THE EDUCATIONAL ALTERNATIVES.

Mr. Diggle, the Chairman of the London School Board, states the alternatives before the nation in the matter of national education. The national alternative he defines as follows:—

To establish universal School Boards at the cost of the general rates; to enable them to establish schools everywhere, even with the object of destroying existing efficient schools; to urge them to use their powers for the purpose of minimising the religious instruction which may be given therein, and thus by degrees to deaden and to secularise the whole tone of the instruction given.

The denominational alternative is first to abolish School Attendance Committees and establish School Board districts in their place, in which districts the schools should be conducted under a Church School Board, a Wesleyan School Board, and a Roman Catholic School Board, the Government grant being paid to such schools only as come under the control of such boards. Every ratepayer within a School Board district should be allowed to state

for which School Board he would prefer to be rated, and every ratepayer should be allowed to deduct the amount he had paid to the denominational board from the demand made upon him for the local general education rate. Mr. Diggle's scheme is somewhat obscure, but he admits that the first effect of its application in London would be to raise the education rate by £127,000, or an additional penny on the whole ratable value.

WAR IN THE FUTURE.

Colonel W. W. Knollys contributes a too brief paper upon War in the Future—useful as suggesting a theme which might be properly handled by a soldier of more imagination and greater literary skill. Colonel Knollys dots down one after another without any attempt to produce a literary effect the probable modifications in the art of war produced by the new features of modern warfare.

Smokeless powder, he thinks, will lead to the increase of accurate firing, and will increase the proportion of killed and wounded:—

As regards particular divisions, or even army corps, the loss will be infinitely greater; indeed, we may look to certain regiments being, almost literally, annihilated.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE VALUE OF AFRICA.

MR. H. H. JOHNSTON replies by the aid of incontrovertible figures and facts to the depreciatory estimate of our African possessions, which Sir John Pope Hennessey contributed to the last number of the review. Mr. Johnston has been five times in Africa, and he has come to the conclusion that the continent is necessary to the expanding enterprise of the empire. The total trade of the British Empire with British Africa amounts to twenty-five millions per annum, in addition to ten millions' worth of trade with Egypt. In West Africa our trade with our own colonies is five millions, and that with all the colonies of the other Powers is only £400,000. Our missionaries and merchants alike clear out when a foreign flag is hoisted over the territories in which they have been residing. Mr. Johnston speaks very highly of the Niger protectorate, where about twenty-eight millions of people look to the British Government in some shape or other for advice.

A VOICE FROM A HAREM.

There is a curious little article which Mr. Knowles declares is absolutely genuine and the first attempt at writing on the part of its authoress, a young lady who has been shut up in a harem for ten years. The young lady certainly writes well and speaks strongly concerning the extent to which the Turkish women have rushed from the extreme of seclusion to the other extreme of licence. This she thinks is largely due to the novel reading to which Turkish ladies have taken of late years. They open to her eyes a long vista of unknown bliss which seems more beautiful than anything promised in paradise. In their pages she hears for the first time that woman may be considered as highly as man, and might even claim from him homage, which she thought hitherto had been exclusively his prerogative. The leap from ignorance to knowledge was too sudden for the Turkish woman; she missed her way, braved the opinion of the Turks, and then braved that of the Europeans, whom she wished to imitate. What she needs at present is the abolition of polygamy as the first step to enfranchise the slave. As long as slavery exists the husband will always have ten or twelve girls, his wife's attendants, who become her rivals.

However civilised our husbands may be, there is too much of the Turkish nature latent in them to keep them from casting longing looks in the direction of those girls, and none of them are too shy or too backward to reject his advances. Evidently they know that it is the only chance they have of gaining a high position in society, and they can hardly feel for a mistress who has never felt for them. They usually do attain their wishes, the mistress remaining powerless to prevent it, as her husband has the law on his side.

Were slavery abolished the constant temptation to polygamy would disappear. The article is a remarkable one, and, as a voice from the great unknown and silent depths, deserves attention from women throughout the world.

THE AMERICAN SILVER BUBBLE.

Mr. Robert Giffen discusses recent silver legislation in the United States from the standpoint indicated in the following conclusions at which he arrives:—

The discussion suggests the reflection how entirely self-caused are many of the evils arising from the change in the relative values of gold and silver which cause so much agitation. If the Governments of the Latin Convention and the United States had only established monometallist systems, working automatically, a change in the relative value of gold and silver could not have been prevented on great changes of circumstance occurring, but the change would have been minimised, and probably long before this gold and silver would have settled down, for a time at least, at a comparatively steady ratio, as indeed they were settling down lately when the United States Legislature intervened with the present Silver Act.

THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE.

Mr. George J. Romanes, in an article entitled "Primitive Natural History," warns theologians strongly against attempting to make too much of the analogy between Genesis and geology. There is nothing in the cosmology of Genesis which might not have been expected in the early philosophy of natural history. At the same time, Mr. Romanes remarks that, in reading the Bible, our attention, as naturalists investigating their ideas upon natural history, is arrested by the accuracy of their observations. He says:—

It appears to me that these early biblical writers have displayed a really wonderful degree of accuracy in their observations of plants and animals—wonderful, I mean, if contrasted with similar observations by men of other races at a comparable level of culture. If we except certain passages in the Book of Job, there is no other instance where the animals either of fable or of myth are countenanced. On the other hand, remarkable accuracy is displayed by the early biblical writers in their observations of external morphology, as well as of the habits and instincts of animals. In the enumeration of animals as clean and unclean, we must not neglect to notice the systematic observation which is displayed, and which, so far as it goes, is wonderfully true to nature. There is no imagery of any kind mixed up with the facts; the classification is throughout dictated by the true spirit of science; and it cannot be said to have been subsequently improved upon until the foundations of biology were laid by the commanding genius of Aristotle.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF DOMESTIC SERVICE.

Mrs. Francis Darwin pleads, in a paper on Domestic Service, for raising the average of character and ability on the part of our domestics. She proposes—

First, every servant should have, at least, every day, two hours' definite leisure, during which she is her own mistress, and not bound to answer the calls of the bell. The only way to keep a servant's life healthy and wholesome and stir-

ring, and, indeed, the life of anyone cut off from their family and family interests and family affections, is to give them every chance of making friends and acquaintances.

The custom of engaging servants needs reform. Every mistress should choose a referee, or two referees, among her servants past or present, who have been with her not less than two years; she should give the names and addresses of these two referees to the servant whom she is inclined to engage, before she writes for her character from her last mistress.

THE HEBREW HELL.

A very interesting and solid article by Mr. James Mew describes "the Hebrew Hell," into which all the inhabitants of the world, even the good, must descend. No Hebrew, however wicked, with the exception of the perfectly bad, will be tortured in hell beyond twelve months. At that time the worst ones will be entirely consumed, and will cease to exist. One very curious idea is thus described:—

The punishment of hell is not continuous. Through God's pity the condemned have rest at prayer times, on the Sabbath, and the new moon. One hour and a-half is allowed them three times a day, for the morning, afternoon, and evening prayers, making four hours and a-half every day, or twenty-seven hours in six days. On the Sabbath they rest the whole day of twenty-four hours. They have thus fifty-one hours of repose in the week. The fire will then smoulder, and the poisoned souls keep holiday. On Friday, however, they suffer double torture, to compensate for its remission on Saturday.

There are three kinds of sufferers who will never see the face of hell:—

Those who are ground down by poverty, those who suffer from bowel sickness, and those who lie at the mercy of creditors. To these three, some Rabbis, whose experience of matrimony was perhaps unfortunate, add those who have a shrew to wife. Charity to the poor, by feeding them and otherwise, opens the door of escape from hell.

A SOLDIER'S BARRACK-ROOM.

Lieut.-Col. McHardy proposes that, when the new barracks are constructed, every man should at least have a compartment in the barracks for himself. It will cost, as a rule, £6 or £7 per head to make the partitions and provide the additional accommodation. At present the soldier has no privacy, he has no place where he can sit down alone and read a book or write a letter. At no time during the twenty-four hours can he be by himself.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The other articles in the Review are, a pleasant account by Mr. E. N. Buxton of a shooting excursion which he made to the rim of the desert to the oasis of Biskra in Algeria; Mr. H. G. Hewlett writes on Charles the First as a Picture Collector; and there are four short reviews of new books.

THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

THERE is a very interesting paper by Admiral Hornby on the War Training of the Navy, which is one of the best literary articles ever written by a sailor in praise of sails as a method of training sailors. Admiral Hornby is a sailor of the old type, and to him there is something barbarous and brutal in our use of steam to drive through the sea without regard to either wind or wave.

The discussion on National Insurance is continued by Mr. Gibson Bowles, whose first and last word is that we should repudiate the Declaration of Paris. Admiral Lord Clarence Paget approves of Admiral Tryon's principle of National Insurance if it were confined to steamships carrying food only and limited to the vessels sailing under convoy. He suggests the framing of a code of

signals to be distributed among the officers of the merchant navy, in order that they might be able to manoeuvre in company when sailing under convoy. In case of war, the admiral points out, what is too often ignored, that even an unarmed steamship is a dangerous weapon if used as a ram against a cruiser in the midst of the fight. The article upon "The East in 1890" declares that "Poland was never riper for a revolution than it is to-day." It is interesting to contrast this writer's delusion with the account given by Dr. Dillon in the *Fortnightly Review*, as to the abandonment of the dream of Polish resurrection. The same writer tells the following lovely story as to the way in which affairs are managed in Turkey:—

When the rising took place in Eastern Roumelia in 1885, the Sultan ordered an ironclad, reported as ready, to be coaled. English artificers had been replaced by Turks, so that the engines had not been oiled or turned for months together. However, this ship may have had engines not absolutely rusted in their bearings. After much difficulty the Finance Ministry found some five thousand pounds, without the receipt of which the English merchant would not part with the required coal. Will it be believed that as soon as the news of such a sum being in transit reached the Kiosk of Yildiz, a guard was sent to stop the treasure and take it to the palace? This was actually done.

The plea for the establishment of a Naval General Staff will be read with interest by naval officers.

THE FORUM.

THE *Forum*, with the exception of Prof. Tyndall's article, from which we publish extracts elsewhere, is hardly up to its usual high level. Mr. Murdoch's study of "Hamlet" calls for no special attention, and Mr. Ferriss' "Obstacles to Civil Service Reform" is not very striking, its chief point being that before anything can be done the offices must be distributed pretty equally between political parties.

AN INDICTMENT OF THE WAGES SYSTEM.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott draws up what he considers to be the wage-earners' indictment of the wages system. From the religious point of view, he considers that the wages system disregards and brings into disrepute the two cardinal principles of Christianity—the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. Dividing society into classes, it practically disrupts the first, and whatsoever does that leads on to the denial of the second:—

The wage-earner combines and strikes not merely for shorter hours or larger pay; his real, though sometimes unconscious, aim is to substitute for the wages system, with all tools and all control in the hands of a few, an industrial partnership, in which the profits, the losses, and the control of the world's industry shall be shared by all, and an industrial oligarchy shall give place to an industrial democracy.

TWO AMERICAN POLITICAL PROBLEMS.

Mr. Mason replies to Mr. Conkling's attack on the veto power exercised by presidents in the January number of the *Forum*. He maintains that the veto power has been used honestly in almost every instance; has been seldom used injudiciously, and almost never carried beyond reason. Mr. Walter C. Hamm describes the art of gerrymandering in an elaborately statistical paper, in which he explains the whole art and mystery of packing electoral districts so as to secure a representative system which misrepresents. The best safeguard, he says, against gerrymandering is an alert and intelligent public opinion.

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TWO SCIENTIFIC PAPERS.

Mr. David P. Todd, of the United States Eclipse Expedition to West Africa, writes an article on the problems connected with eclipses which is too technical to be summarised here. We notice, however, that he says the African Eclipse Expedition has brought about a significant advance in the direction of photographing eclipses. A pneumatic commutator has been invented which exercises such perfect and complete control over a score of instruments at one time, so that one man can now operate thirty or forty photographic telescopes quite as readily as he could two or three by former methods of management merely manual. He suggests that advantage should be taken of every opportunity to multiply future eclipse stations, at localities as widely separate as possible, in order that the chances of entire loss through prevalent cloud may be minimised.

Another scientific article is Mr. Barber's paper on gunpowder and its successors. It deals chiefly with the new explosives, melinite, gun cotton, and other substitutes for "villainous saltpetre." There are 350 different kinds of explosives, but gun cotton mixed with nitro-glycerine, which produces gelatine, is the most powerful practical explosive of them all. One great difficulty is the direction of the force generated by the explosion of the substitutes for gunpowder. Dynamite, for instance, explodes downwards, it will not explode sideways; hence ten pounds of dynamite in a cigar case if placed upon an iron plate will blow a hole through it, but if the plate is standing against the side of the explosive fifty pounds of dynamite will not harm it.

THE INFLUENCE OF GEOGRAPHY ON POLITICS.

Mr. Hinton, in a paper describing the immense growth of the far West, the arid zone which lies between the Pacific and the Missouri River, predicts the growth of a distinct policy, which will powerfully influence the whole future of the political development of the American Constitution. He says that it will tend in the direction of centralization, and what may be called nationalization, for the following reasons:—

I am first confronted by the overwhelming physical geography of the region; secondly, by the one supreme condition that it creates—aridity; thirdly, by the fact that it is impossible to achieve full reclamation of the desert without concurrent and continued control over the sources of the waters, first by the nation, next by the States affected acting with it, and finally by the local communities into which the States are subdivided. Private ownership of water is already set aside. Private appropriation thereof is already modified by public control of a deficient supply. Private and corporate rental of water is subject to State and county regulation of rates. Private ownership of water-works and ditches will soon be a thing of the past. These needs will lead to a vast system of water-storage and flood-control, and a general control of our remaining forest region and timber areas. The railroads beyond the Missouri have already shown their submission to the same controlling law.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The *North American Review*, published in the United States, is chiefly written by people resident or born in the United Kingdom. The first place in the July number is devoted to Mr. Balfour's reply to Mr. Parnell, and the most solid article is written by another Scotchman, to wit, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who sums up in a strong protectionist sense the controversy on the Tariff Reform. Mr. Justin McCarthy eulogises the Prince of Wales, and Mrs. Mona Caird gives the second part of her paper on

the "Emancipation of the Family." The author of "Problems of Greater Britain" replies to his critics, and the only articles written by Americans for the *North American* are those connected with the name and ruling of Mr. Speaker Reed, and a very short article from Mr. Depew on "Railway Men in Politics." At this rate it will soon be the speciality of the *North American Review*, that it contains no articles written by North Americans. A summary of Mr. Balfour's reply to Mr. Parnell will be found elsewhere.

THE CHILD SLAVES OF THE STAGE.

Mrs. Fawcett will read with satisfaction and delight Mr. Gerry's paper on "The Children of the Stage." Mr. Gerry is the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in New York, and he takes the strongest possible view as to the iniquity of allowing children under sixteen to appear on the stage at all. He maintains that the true secret of success of the American nation is to be found in its care for the young. One manifestation of this is the fact that—

The laws governing theatrical exhibitions of children forbid such exhibitions under the age of sixteen as the limit of such protection and as the legislative result of an elaborate and careful investigation into the relative physical strength of children.

To put children on the stage before sixteen is physically injurious, it deprives them of their education, surrounds them with evil associations, and practically amounts to an assertion that it is right to ruin child-life in order to fill the pockets of theatrical managers. These things seem to Mr. Gerry so obvious that he can only explain the hostility of the press to this beneficent legislation because the average theatrical advertisements of a first-class paper range from £3,000 to £12,000 per annum, in return for which bribe the journalist advocates the permanent destruction, demoralization and ruin of the little child slaves of the modern stage.

MRS. MONA CAIRD'S IDEAL.

In the second part of her paper on the "Emancipation of the Family," Mrs. Mona Caird declares that to bring the institution of marriage up to date is one of the next great tasks of civilization. Marriage in its present form is the natural corollary of the economic dependence of woman. In the millennium that is to come every man and every woman will draw up their own marriage contract:—

A tie, such as marriage, under its present conditions, which tends to level down differences of opinion, to check and restrain whatever is strong and salient, to glorify mediocrity, submission, one-sided self-sacrifice, uniformity of life, feeling, and even such details, as mode of living, dress, and manner—such a tie is like a strong cord tightly twisted round the neck of a living creature, impeding all the functions of existence. We have abandoned some of the patriarchal rights: why do we not take them all away? A contract system, at first with careful limitations, might slowly drop its restrictions, as experience proved that the education of the nation had fitted it for the just enjoyment of the new liberty.

Mrs. Mona Caird forgets that the inevitable result of leaving the terms of the matrimonial contract to the arrangement of private individuals is analogous, so far as women are concerned, to the abolition of trade union regulations that have been established for the protection of workmen in the industrial organisation. Liberty to blackleg is not exactly regarded as the short cut to the social amelioration of the condition of the workmen. Why Mrs. Mona Caird should regard it as the short cut to the millennium in the marriage market does not distinctly appear.

MR. CARNEGIE SUMS UP.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in a paper of the portentous length of thirty-seven pages, sums up the tariff discussion. His conclusion is that protection is as good for America as free trade is indispensable for Great Britain. On the whole Mr. Carnegie seems to incline to the opinion that protection is one of those advantages which only the United States is qualified to enjoy:—

It takes a world within itself to become independent of the outside world as to those articles which are essential to give it rank as the foremost power of the world. That free trade is not only one of the best policies, but the only policy possible for Britain, seems to me indisputable. It may be, and probably is, the best policy for several of the new countries, for it is folly to protect unless the fruits of protection can be gathered.

In the present condition of affairs he recommends that a good rule for the guidance of the Legislature in imposing import duties is to increase the duties whenever the imports increase and diminish them when they fall off.

RAILWAY MEN IN POLITICS.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew describes in a few pages the remarkable evolution which has been made by railway men in politics in America. There are one million railway employes in the United States, all voters. In the early days this power was used for the benefit of the railways. This led to a reaction, in which both parties boycotted railway men. It was enough to exclude a man from office if he were known to be a railway man. This brought the railway men into more or less antagonism with both the parties. They upset all calculations by voting solid for candidates who were supposed to be in favour of their interests. The result is that the boycott has disappeared, and they have now taken line as ordinary citizens, equally free from the reproach of endeavouring to control politics, and from the stigma of the universal boycott.

MR. SPEAKER REED.

Mr. Speaker Reed, who is one of the most voluminous magazine men of America, not only writes articles himself, but is the cause of many articles being written by others. His latest proposal is that America should follow the example of Great Britain in transferring the trial of contested election petitions from Congress to a judicial tribunal. An anonymous writer, under the title of "Speaker Reed's Error," deals out sweeping censure of his recent action in the matter of quorums.

THE ARENA.

THE *Arena* for July is not quite up to its usual average, but contains one remarkable feature—a modern play by Hamlin Garland, entitled "Under the Wheel." It is a terribly realistic story of a family which, after having been under the wheel of poverty in Boston, went out West, and settled on the land, to be driven crazy by the unrelieved hardship of the unending struggle with nature. There is no plot in the play, but it is a terribly grim representation of the way in which human beings are ground "under the wheel" of incessant and useless toil. Alice, the daughter, is a modern girl; a woman somewhat after Ibsen's type. Senator Wade Hampton gives a Southern planter's point of view of the race question, in a paper which concludes with a declaration that if the negroes cannot be disfranchised, the next best thing is to take them *en masse* to Africa. If they cannot be transported to another continent, he would like to see them through the whole country, so that every State in the Union should have a negro question of its own, and understand what the negro is in politics.

Mr. Frothingham defends the opposition to Woman's Suffrage on the ground that she is deprived of the suffrage, not like the pauper, the criminal, and the insane, as persons not human, she is absolved as belonging to the hierarchy of ministering angels. All this is very fine, but in practical everyday life it works out as meaning that the ministering angel is allowed to be a dustwoman and a charwoman and to take all the worst kind of work, while those who are most emphatic against demoralizing her by giving her the suffrage close the door passionately upon her face when she asks to be allowed to pursue a career for which she may be best fitted by nature, but which, being well paid, is monopolized by her brothers. Woman may compete with man when the work is badly paid; it is only when the incomes are substantial that the doctrine of the ministering angels is brought in to save the consciences of men like Mr. Frothingham, who are sufficiently moral not to like to do injustice without the salve of a hypocritical phrase.

BRIEF NOTICES.

OWING to the heavy pressure on our space caused by the Quarterlies I have been compelled to omit most of the brief indices of the magazines, a list of whose more notable contents will be found in the usual place. In *Our Day* President Ranken completes his very ambitious ode, "Broken Cadences," with a third part, dealing with the "Cadences of Art." The Rev. William Crofts, writing on Sabbath desecration, points out that Sunday labour is unpaid toil, which, in the long run, never pays. "Both for the individual and the State the Sabbath is closely related to success, as well as to salvation." A New Zealand magazine, *The Monthly Review*, of Wellington, publishes a very vehement reply to Prof. Huxley's attack on Henry George. The sardonic laughter of this philosopher, turned Court Jester, "says the New Zealander, pierces the hearts of the people like bayonet stabs from a former friend." Mr. Gladstone's fifth article on the Mosaic Legislation, in *Good Words* is postponed till September. In the *Woman's World*, Dora de Blaquiére gives an interesting account of her experience in setting up a cottage in Sussex. It was a Sussex labourer's cottage which she had done up and furnished for £50, with the result that she has found her Patmos. In the article she tells how she did it, for the benefit of those who may wish to imitate her. From the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* I take the following saying of Mr. Gladstone which has hitherto escaped me. It is quoted by the Rev. Frances Scannell in an article on "Miracles":—

A few months back, Dr. Talmage asked Mr. Gladstone if his faith in Christianity had wavered in his old age. "The longer I live," replied Mr. Gladstone, "the stronger grows my faith in God; and my only hope of the world is that the human race will be brought more into contact with Divine revelation."

Mr. Grant Allen, in the *Cornhill*, has a paper on "Fish as Fathers," which reminds us that the paternal instinct is by no means as entirely developed among some fish as most people suppose. Lord Ribblesdale's criticism of the Report of the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding, of which he was a member, is one of the features of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, and another is "The Agricultural Lessons of the Eighties." Mr. Rudyard Kipling contributes a powerful but singularly unpleasant picture of life in India, under the title of "At the End of the Passage," to *Lippincott's*, and blossoms out into verse in the *English Illustrated*.

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THE FRENCH REVIEWS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

M. RENAN continues his studies in the History of Israel, and M. Boissier, whom we always regret not to notice at length, interrupts the studies in Religious History, of which we have already had three numbers, to contribute an article on the sixth centenary of the University of Montpellier. He takes occasion in the course of what he has to say to enter a strong protest against the mania for examination, which has, he says, become the scourge of all degrees of instruction in France. He holds that the special strength of German Universities comes from subordinating the examination to the larger and more liberal necessities of education. "The student does not prepare himself for the trial of to-morrow only, but for life. He touches all human knowledge in order to choose that which suits him the best, and to which he may specially devote himself." In the French Ecole Normale there is also a free year in which study is not constrained by having to prepare for examination at the end of it. This year is generally held to be the one in which most is learned, and M. Boissier desires to see more of this sort of work admitted into the system of the new universities.

A new biography of the King Charles Albert gives occasion for one of M. de Valbert's subtle bits of historic criticism. There is also in the second number a biographical article upon Guizot, by M. Emile Fagnat, which we would have been glad to notice fully. M. Alfred Fouillée's article on the moral and social aspects of public instruction we look forward to discussing when the second part appears. M. Emile Montegert continues his historical and literary curiosities, and follows up his sketch of the Duchess of Newcastle with a sketch of the Duke.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

We have given full notice to so many of the articles of the *Nouvelle Revue* in another place that little remains to be said here. Among technical articles, which limit of space obliges us to pass over in silence, we may note one on Ship Railways, by M. Senechal, which conveys a great deal of technical information, and one on Coast Defences, by Commandant Z—, whose naval contributions form so regular and so valuable a feature of the *Revue*. There is also an article by M. Paul Rheinart, on Tonquin and the Colony of Cochinchina, which is worth reading; and one on the invasion of the East by Germany, which no one who has followed the inflexible attitude of the *Revue* with regard to Germany can afford to miss. The moral of it is that, with the exception of Greece and Servia, German influence has triumphed throughout the Balkan Peninsula. Turkey, although politically independent, is none the less secretly undermined in the German sense. Roumania also is falling to Germany. Bulgaria is almost assimilated. The railways throughout Turkey are in German hands. The road is prepared for German domination at Constantinople. Does not this state of things, the writer asks, merit the attention of European statesmen and peoples who are indifferently looking on at an evolution so pregnant with menace to the independence of European societies? Besides this, there is a page of Contemporary History in Ireland, and an article by Mr. T. Johnson on the English Police. In may be seen by this sketch of the programme from which all the articles noticed elsewhere are omitted, that the *Revue* for July in no way belies its "topical" reputation.

THE GAZETTE DES BEAUX ARTS.

ANY attempt to notice the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* this month must be hopelessly inadequate. The names of M. Müntz and Maurice Albert figure among the writers of the letterpress, but the whole number is given to notices of exhibitions, and the charm and interest of the illustrations by which they are accompanied is not to be conveyed by description. Side by side with the literal ugliness of some very clever specimens of the realistic and impressionist schools, it is a pleasure to welcome one lovely full-page illustration of the sculptured "Sirène" of M. Puech, which is exhibited in the Salon of the Champs Elysées. M. Maurice Albert, after giving high praise to M. Falguère, whose "Woman with the Peacock" is the piece of the year, says *apropos* of the Sirène: "In M. Falguère's school must be included a group of sculptors, who owe partly to their master their devotion to nude beauty and to elegant forms and proportions." It is from that always fruitful source that three, especially MM. Lemaire, Puech, and Marqueste, have once more drawn their inspirations. "The sirens," says Homer, "enchant all who draw near to them. The imprudent man who approaches and listens to them never again sees wife and children come to meet him on his return to his home." It is one of these muses of the sea whom M. Puech has represented. White as the foam which is leaping round her, supple as the waves which caress her beautiful body, she carries off in her arms a quiet young man, who, frightened, scarcely defends himself. This is the subject, and M. Albert says, with truth, that the group is so full of life it seems to move towards us. "It is remarkable also for its very clever composition and for the extreme purity of its lines. The great wings of the siren—for the artist has mixed the two traditions which make of the siren either woman-bird or woman-fish—add yet more to the poetry of the subject and render the whole at once more gracious and more imposing." It is a "joy for ever" to find in the midst of all the theories that the perennial law of beauty insists upon asserting itself.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS.

I. GENERAL LITERATURE.

PARIGOT, H. **Emile Augier.** (Lecène, Oudin et Cie., Paris.) 8vo. Pp. 240. Price 1 fr. 50 c.

Study of the great French dramatist, divided into three parts—the man as a writer; his work as regards social problems; the types he created, and his literary style. Two fine portraits.

MILANESI, GAETANO. **Les Correspondants de Michel-Ange.** (Librairie de l'Art, Paris.) 4to. Price 20 fr.

NEUKOMM, EDMOND. **Voyage au Pays du Déficit.** (E. Kolb, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

A curious description of modern Italy by a sometime financier.

LANESSAU, L. T. **La Marine Française.** (Berger, Levrault et Cie, Paris.) 4to. Pp. 420. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

RENAN, ERNEST. **Pages Choisies.** (Calmann-Lévy, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

FOURNEL, VICTOR. **Les Hommes du 14 Juillet.** (Calmann-Lévy, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

ROBIDA, A. **Normandie.** (Librairie Illustrée, Paris.) 4to. Price 20 fr.

Fine illustrated work dealing with picturesque Normandy. 200 drawings and 40 lithographs.

COULANGES, DE FUSTEL. **Les Origines du System Féodal.** (Librairie Hachette et Cie., Paris.) 8vo. Price 7 fr. 50 c.

History of the rise of the Feudal System in France, by a writer well known for his historical researches.

HILAIRE-SAINT, BARTHELEMY. *Etude sur François Bacon.* (Librairie Félix Alcan, Paris.) 8vo. Price 2 fr. 50 c.

II.—FICTION, POETRY, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

OHNET, GEORGES. *L'Amé de Pierre.* (Paul Ollendorff, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

DELPIE, ALBERT. *Toutes les Deux.* (Paul Ollendorff, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

DÉROULEDE, PAUL. *Histoire d'Amour.* (Calmann-Lévy, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Novel by the well-known poet and dramatist. 2nd edition.

BOISGOBEY, DU FORTUNEY. *Fontenay Coup-d'Épée.* (Plon, Nourrit et Cie, Paris.)

CLARETIE, JULES. *Puyjoli.* (E. Dentu, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

MAUPASSANT, GUY DE. *Notre Cœur.* (Paul Ollendorff, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

BOURGET, PAUL. *Un Cœur de Femme.* (A. Lemerre, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

THE SPANISH REVIEWS.

THE *Revista Ibero-Americana* contains nothing worthy of note, except the continuation of the bright, discriminating article of Doña Emilia Bazan on "The Spanish Woman." She says: "In Spain, the words 'middle class, or the bourgeoisie,' have a wide significance. They include the rich banker's wife, who is of the middle class because she is not of the aristocracy, and the wife of the telegraph clerk or sub-lieutenant because she cannot be classed among the common people." "A civil-service clerk, with a salary of fifteen hundred *pesetas* (£60) a year, is not cut off from the world of fashion; he can go to a ball and dance with a duchess. A cabinet-maker or marine store dealer who earns by his labour £200 or £400 a year, will never be received as a gentleman." "Few are the vocations open to women in Spain; and, fewer still, are the women of the middle class who can make up their minds to exercise them." "There exists a profound difference between the women of the middle class and the women of the people: the latter considers it her duty to earn her living, the former that she ought to be maintained by the work of men." "The woman of the people may sometimes be a coarse figure, but she most certainly makes a better figure than the bourgeoisie." "With regard to the reputations of Spanish women of the middle class, it may be said that there is more virtue in them than vice; that, as a rule, they are faithful to their husbands; and even if they have once made a false step, through circumstances, passion, or despite, it is very rare to see one abandon herself to a wicked or worthless life." "Woman in Spain is not depraved, though she is very much *achicada*—dwarfed." "The Spanish bourgeois is generally somewhat of a prig—*cursi*." "Without being stupid or bad, she is priggish and vulgar, and the principal cause of this is an eager desire to imitate the aristocracy—what we call here *quiero y no puedo*—'I would an' I could.'" "This desire to imitate the nobility shows lack of independence and energy; but, perhaps, it is better to imitate countesses and duchesses than *cocottes* and actresses, as in Paris. All imitation is dis-

tasteful to me, and if neither women of evil life nor actresses (God forbid that I should confound the one with the other) are copied here, it is because they do not rouse the same curiosity as in France." "In Spain, actresses—at least during the past twenty years—live retired lives in modesty and order, without breaking out into any Bohemian irregularities or professional eccentricities. It is very common that when they marry they renounce the stage, and devote themselves to home duties, which, if not worthy of censure, shows that there is lacking in them the bright and genial spark of genius which makes the true artist. Possibly this lukewarmness has much to do with the decadence of the theatre, and the increasing lack of good actresses which is making the creation of female characters in contemporary drama almost impossible—a loss which is lamented by all our dramatists." The article on "The Dutch in America in the Sixteenth Century" is of the old style—full of fire and rhetoric. "Let us see, Spaniards," exclaims a Jesuit Father, who is exhorting some sailors of the Royal Navy, "the value of your courage. Know that this is the cause of God—die like Soldiers of Christ, and not as if you were mere food for fishes. Know that among the dangers that surround us, the least is the enemy; if we lose one ship, we will take another." The Spaniards gained a battle, but at great cost of life and treasure. The articles "Japanese Art" and "Agriculture in Ancient Rome" are designed to stir up the Spaniards to more profitable industry and artistic taste than they at present display.

The *Revista Contemporanea* is somewhat dull with its "Custom House Question" and "Porto Rico," and, in spite of its "Political Chronicle," which makes no allusion to the recent change of the Ministry, or gives a hint at the probable course which Señor Sagasta will take, except to say "the problem immediately before us is whether Sagasta will within the next few days raise a question of confidence, submit to the logical conclusion of his acts, or whether the tortuous proceedings of an unbridled egotism shall ultimately triumph," a problem which my readers will probably not care much about.

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

IN *De Gids* for July, Mr. J. N. Van Hall gives some interesting extracts from the letters of E. Douwes Dekker ("Multatuli")—the author of "Max Havelaar"—an erratic but whole-hearted genius, the greater part of whose life was a long struggle against the abuses of the Dutch Colonial Government in Java. Of the other articles the most noteworthy are A. S. Kok's on "Hamlet"—founded on Swinburne's "Studies of Shakespeare," and a similar work by a Dutch author, A. C. Löffelt, and inspired by an immense scorn for the arch-heresy that Hamlet was a man of weak will and vacillating character; and a philosophic dialogue by Prof. A. Pierson, which is particularly fresh and suggestive. His main idea is that the contemplative builders-up of systems who predominated at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, and the inductive scientific school of to-day, represent two ever-recurring phases of human thought which must ever succeed each other, like flux and reflux. He remarks that "the only two nations of Europe who can be named after the Greeks, in philosophy, are the English and the Germans," and attaches great importance to Coleridge, as being the first to bring German influence to bear on English thought. Germany has, on the whole, represented the contemplative phase, England the inductive.

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.

Aus Allen Welttheilen. July. 80 Pf.

From Beyrout to Tiflis. I. (Illustrated.) E. Chantre.

The Italians in Abyssinia.

Asiatics and their Oxen. I. (Illustrated.) Dr. B. Lankavel.

A Year in Tunis. (Illustrated.) E. Rauher.

The Anglo-German Boundaries in East Africa. With Map.

Deutsche Revue. July. 2 Marks.

Count Albrecht von Ronn. XIV.

The Atmosphere: A Scientific Cause on the Barometer, the Winds, Clouds, Rain, &c. M. Möller.

Ludwig Desoir, Tragedian, and his Friends. II. Eduard Devrient.

The Eye and Infinity (Telescopes and Astronomy). Camille Flammarion.

The First Freethinkers of the Modern World. P. J. Honegger.

Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala. I.

A Universal Language. J. Mähly.

Thibet and the Thibetans. I. A. J. Ceyp.

Deutsche Rundschau. July. 2 Marks.

Berlin and Weimar; a Paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Goethe Society at Weimar, May 31, 1890. G. von Loeper.

Sacred Trees and Plants. (Concluded.) Dr. F. A. Junker von Langegg.

Florence and Girolamo Savonarola. O. Hartwig.

Franz Dingelstedt: Literary Remains with Marginal Notes. I.—The Munich Theatre Manager, 1851-1857. J. Rodenberg.

The Struggle of To-day between Realism and Idealism. R. Eucken.

Music at Berlin. T. Krause.

Political Correspondence.

Die Gesellschaft. July. 1 Mark.

Portrait of Heinrich Brugsch, Egyptologist.

The Oldest Littérature. H. Brugsch.

Poetry Album. Poems by Martha Hellmuth, Karl Müller, Oscar Linke, and others.

The Devil in the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. O. Panitz.

Women and Realism. C. Alberti.

The Literature of Social Science. (Concluded.) M. Brasch.

Professor W. Jerusalem and Naturalism. O. J. Bierbaum.

Where are the Proofs? I. (C. Alberti and F. Helv on the Jews.) K. Schiffrer.

Nord und Süd. July. 2 Marks.

Portrait of Peter Tschaikowsky, Composer. Russian Music and its Representatives. O. Neitzel.

The Egyptian Legend of the Two Brothers. Georg Ebers.

The Picture Exhibition at Manchester in 1887. H. Lücke and P. Janssen.

Barcelona. Paul Lindau.

Aus Allen Welttheilen. This magazine gives a new map of East Africa, defining the new English and German spheres of activity. The writer of the letterpress does not like the Anglo-German Agreement:—By it we Germans sacrifice Witu and Barr-el-Dschesir, with all prospect of acquiring the Hinterland beyond it, or of utilizing the Juba waterway for German colonial enterprise; Emin's Province, that part of Uganda acquired by Dr. Peters, together with the adjoining country; the Hinterland of our sphere of interests between Tanganyika, Nyassa, and Lake Bangweola; the sovereignty of Zanzibar and Pemba; and the possibility of connecting German East Africa with Cameroons by Uganda and Emin's Province. For all these England gives us in East Africa—nothing! For, what we now define as the German sphere of activity is nothing but a part of that which everybody as a matter of course regarded as the future, if not the present, possession of Germany, and to which England had no right whatever. No one can seriously consider Heligoland important enough to compensate us for our losses in East Africa.

Deutsche Revue.—The reminiscences of Lord Napier were written for the *Revue* by an intimate friend of the late Field-Marshal's. In the words of his friend, Lord Napier was greater than his opportunities: these only served to show his hand. Volapük does not, apparently, make much headway. Herr Mähly, therefore, appropriately suggests the adoption of English as the universal language, because (1) it is ready to hand and does not need inventing, and (2) it competes the most successfully with Volapük in the simplicity, not to say the poverty of its inflections. Moreover, it is, according to this German, the language best adapted to the purposes of practical life. It would certainly be a very practical arrangement for England, with her world-wide interests, if the entire universe was peopled with English-speaking folk, and it is to be hoped that when the time comes for making a trial of the suggestion—which, by the way, emanates from England—the Germans will not raise unnecessary objections. Meanwhile the writer's idea is that the first step towards success is for a European conference of specialists or educationalists to ordain that, after the native tongue, the place of honour shall be assigned to English in the school curriculums—nay, all would thus be won.

Deutsche Rundschau.—Again the most interesting subject in this magazine is the article on sacred trees and plants. From Part II. we learn that the lily and the rose, the queens of our gardens, have, from time immemorial, been regarded as symbols and attributes of the Virgin Mary. According to the earliest legend, the Apostles who opened the grave of the Holy Virgin three days after her interment, found it filled with roses and lilies. Both Dominican and Cistercian monks honoured the Virgin as their protectress, and used the lily symbol as an architectural ornament in all their churches.

Die Gesellschaft.—The oldest littérateurs are, of course, the Egyptians; stone, wood, linen, papyrus, all are covered with their writings and hieroglyphics. The devil in the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play is a misleading title. The article is concerned with the origin and development of the character of the devil in religious plays, from the earliest mysteries down to the Passion Play of to-day at Ober-Ammergau, in which the character as a distinct personality has quite disappeared. Realism or Naturalism is a favourite topic with this magazine. In "Women and Realism," Herr Conrad Alberti—one of the representatives of "Youngest Germany" (as the German imitators of M. Zola are called), and who, along with two other novelists of the same school—was, a few weeks ago, fined by the High Court of Leipzig for having written what was pronounced to be immoral—gives a very sad picture of the Berlin ladies, too bad to be true.

Nord und Süd.—All the articles in this number, though not particularly timely, are very interesting and of permanent value. In the paper on "Russian Music" we get, besides a survey of the peculiar characteristics of Russian music, some biographical notes of the chief Russian composers—not Rubinstein, but Glinka, Dargomyzhsky, Seroff, and Tschaikowsky. Peter Tschaikowsky, born December 25th, 1840, is decidedly the greatest living representative of Russian music. His songs, pieces for strings, symphonies, and other orchestral compositions are all familiar enough to us now in the concert-room, nor are we unacquainted with the figure of the

Preussische Jahrbücher. July. 1 Mark 50 Pf.

Wundt's System of Philosophy. I. E. von Hartmann.

The Late Victor Hehn, Naturalist and Philologist. B. Delbrück.

Carl Just's "Velasquez and his Century." C. Neumann.

International Rights of Punishment and Extradition. H. Meyer.

Heinrich von Sybel's History of the German Empire. Vols. IV. and V. H. Delbrück.

Political Correspondence.—The Anglo-German Agreement, Acceptance of the German Military Proposals, the Freisinnige Party, Herr Miguel (Finance Minister), and Austria.

Schorer's Familienblatt (Salon-Ausgabe). July. 75 Pf.

Ferdinand Raimund, Dramatist. With Portrait. E. Kelter.

Development of the German Character. Dr. Franz Hirsch.

Emin Pasha. With Portraits of Emin and Stanley, and Facsimile of a Letter by Emin. Paul Reichard.

The Authors of the German National Songs. W. Röseler.

Unsere Zeit. July. 1 Mark.

A Flying Visit to Montserrat. Dr. G. Hirschfeld.

Legislation and the Social-Political Aspirations of To-day. Dr. E. Ehrlich.

Electric Lighting from Central Stations and the Prevention of Accidents. W. Berdrow.

Munich Theatre Reform. W. Bornmann.

Sweden and its New Financial Policy. H. Martens.

The German School Union in Austria. E. Pernertöfer.

Richard Goche, Philologist and Oriental Scholar: a Character Study. L. Fränkel.

Velhagen und Klasing's Neue Monatshefte. July. 1 Mark 25 Pf.

Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. (Illustrated.) B. Rogge.

Schleswig-Holstein (Vol. III. of H. von Sybel's History of the New German Empire). G. Egelhaaf.

Ulm Münster. (Illustrated.) J. Hartmann.

The New Champ de Mars (Meissonier) Salon at Paris. (Illustrated.) T. de Wyzewa.

London Art Exhibitions. Helen Zimmern and Bertha Thomas.

A Honeymoon in Switzerland. (Concluded.) With Sketches by C. W. Allers. B. Schulze-Smidt.

The Late Victor Ernst Nessler, Composer. With Portrait. F. Pfohl.

Vom Fels zum Meer. August. 1 Mark

Sylt. (Illustrated.) P. Asmussen.

Smokeless Powder. J. Castner.

Oil of Roses. E. Pirazzi.

Snails. (Illustrated.) Dr. J. Murr.

At the Victoria Nyanza. C. Falkenhorst.

What is Electricity? P. Knuth.

Breslau. (Illustrated.) G. Karpelès.

In the Alpine Country. (Illustrated.) L. Purtscheller.

Stanley's March to Fort Bodo: Extract from Stanley's "In Darkest Africa."

The Latest Jungfrau Railway Scheme. J. Hardmeyer.

Ludwig Passini, Artist. With Portrait and Illustrations. L. Pietsch.

Ulm Münster. (Illustrated.)

composer himself as conductor. Yet little is known of the early life of this musician, who had attained the age of forty-six before he could bring himself to mount the conductor's desk and wield the bâton. The name and the works of Herr George Ebers, as Egyptologist and novelist, are too well known in England not to make all who care about the archaeology of Egypt turn eagerly to his writings. In the present instance he gives a new translation into German, word for word from the original manuscript, of the contents of an Egyptian papyrus, a tale of Two Brothers to wit, which he makes out to be a remarkable mixture of the old German legend of the juniper tree and the Bible story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Herr Ebers considers the papyrus older than the Bible narrative. It should be added that it is known as the "Papyrus d'Orbiney," from the fact that a certain Madame d'Orbiney brought the manuscript to Europe, and, after it had been in vain offered to the Louvre, it was acquired by the British Museum for a large sum. Several other German translations have already been made—the best by Heinrich Brugsch and G. Maspero.

Preussische Jahrbücher.—There is plenty of solid matter in this magazine, but what will interest English readers most is obviously the Prussian view of the Anglo-German Agreement. The immediate impression on German public opinion made by the announcement of the cession of Heligoland and the rescue of considerable territory in Africa, writes the political correspondent, under date end of June, was a very favourable one, but this attitude of the public mind towards the Agreement very soon changed. First the Freisinnige Party—very unpatriotically, perhaps—saw in it that Germany's loss would be England's gain; but that in return Germany had acquired the precious friendship of England. Similar sentiments issued from the French and Russian press. The truth is, sums up the writer, the agreement has destroyed German prospects in Africa, and Germany has acted from fear of friction with England. With regard to the sentimental value of Heligoland to Germany, we Germans protest against any such sacrifices as have been made to sugar a sentimental sweet-cake; and as to its strategical importance, why, a harbour for marine operations would have to be bought very dearly, and to arm the island, and so make it impregnable, would also be a game scarcely worth the candle.

Schorer's Familienblatt.—"The Growth of the German Character or Temperament"—such is the title of a new series of notes by Dr. Franz Hirsch, the editor of this magazine. He deals with the growth of Mysticism in the Middle Ages, or the Reformers before the Reformation, and with Luther and the extraordinary development of his inner life; and remarks that the Mystics and Reformers had at least one point in common—both paid great attention to religious songs, and whenever their souls were deeply stirred, the sacred song would rise reverently to their lips.

Unsere Zeit.—In a flying visit to Montserrat in Catalonia, a traveller who last autumn made a pilgrimage to Montserrat, includes in his report of his journeying some interesting historical notes on the famous Benedictine Abbey and hermitages on the lofty and isolated mountain.

Velhagen.—A description of the Passion Play occupies the place of honour. In his criticism of the first performance, which he witnessed on Whit Monday, the writer is of opinion that the triumphal entry into Jerusalem surpasses all the other scenes; it is perfect actuality. The Crucifixion is so faithful a reproduction of the Bible story that one fails to realise that it is taking place at Ober-Ammergau and not on Golgotha. Indeed with the impersonation of Christ by Joseph Maier the critic is altogether well pleased, and in the scene in which Christ washes the feet of His Disciples and institutes the Lord's Supper, he thinks the most accomplished actor will not find it easy to imitate the central figure in the great drama.

Vom Fels zum Meer.—A generation or so ago, who knew anything about Sylt, the North Frisian island off the west coast of Schleswig-Holstein? In those days a journey to it would have cured any Englishman of the travel-fever, from which he proverbially suffers. The little nutshell of a boat which used to take twelve hours to accomplish the voyage from Hoyer to Sylt, and in whose cabin there was just sitting accommodation on a hard wooden bench for eight passengers, provided none were corpulent, has made many a man on board think seriously of making his last will and testament. But to-day all that is changed. Trains and steamers from Hamburg transport visitors comfortably, and in a few hours, to the increasingly popular seaside resort.

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THE ITALIAN AND BELGIAN REVIEWS.

ITALIAN.

- The Nuova Antologia.** July 1st.
The Worship of Isis in Rome. E. C. Loratelli.
Federico Gonfaloniere, VI., VII. (end). A. D'Ancona.
English Socialism. A. Majorana.
July 16th.
The Belief in Fatalism in the Middle Ages. A. Gray.
A Fortunate Statesman. R. Bonghi.
The International Prisons' Congress at St. Petersburg. P. Nocito.
Queen Marie Antoinette. P. G. Molmenti.
Lord Tennyson. F. Rodriguez.
- The Rassegna Nazionale.** July 1st.
Carlo Pagano Paganini, X.
The Holy Land. Carlo del Pezzo.
Luigi Venturi. Antonio Zardo.
Emanuele. Augusto Conti.
July 16th.
Nicolini and Delavigne. G. Taormina.
Santa Catarina de Ricci. E. Pistelli.
A new pamphlet by R. Stuart. R. Corniani.
London. IV. The Seaside. Roberto Stuart.

BELGIAN.

- La Société Nouvelle.**
The First of May, 1890. Brouez.
The Men Shot at Mechlin. Eekhoud.
The Signature.
- Revue de Belgique.**
The Railway Congress. Emile de Laveleye.
The Song of the Swan. Emile Leclercq.
Colonial Greatness of England. Navez.
How the People Act. Chas. Potvin.
- Revue des Langues Modernes.**
The Importance of Modern Languages. Hendrick.
How to Make Professors. Hegener.
- Revue Generale.**
Letter From an Old Fellow. Sr. M.
The Elections of June 10th, 1889. Woeste.
Friendly Societies in Belgium. Du Sart.
The Deaf and Dumb and Monsignor De Haerne. F. C.
- Bulletin de Société Royale Belge de Géographie.** May-June.
The Unification of Time as it Affects Belgium. De Busschere.
How People Went to Rome in the Good Old Times. Ruebens.
Gutta-percha, its Geographical Distribution and its Future. Favout.

SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS.

- La Revue Socialiste.** July 15th.
A Giant's Education. C. Issauret.
The Socialist Movement in France and Elsewhere. A. Veher.
- L'Université Catholique.** July 15th.
Mr. Herbert Spencer and Evolution. Ch. Laurens.
Monsignor Boromelli. P. Dadolle.
Historical Summary. Ernest Allaine.
- Nouvelle Revue Internationale.** Madrid.
Portugal. R. D.
Love's Novena: A Story of Granada. Emile Maisson.
About Spanish Woman. Emilia Pardo Bazan.
Señor Castelar's Speech. R. D.
Madrid Day by Day. Schram.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

THE *pièce de résistance* of the *Nuova Antologia* for July 1st is an able article on the socialistic tendency of recent legislation in England, in which the author, Signor Majorana, displays a very considerable knowledge of English political life, although a few of his facts are not quite up to date. "English Socialism," says our foreign critic, "in conformity with the national genius, has special characteristics. Speaking generally, it is neither so 'doctrinaire' as German socialism, nor so destructive as the French, nor so ascetic and fanatical as the Russian. It might be described as practical, and in certain directions empirical; it takes into account the historical developments of the country, and aspires more towards evolution than revolution." . . . In conclusion, he sums up English Socialists as possibilists, and on the whole regards their development with more anxiety than appreciation.

In the *Antologia*, June 16th, Signor Pietro Nocito, one of the Italian delegates to the recent Prisons' Congress in St. Petersburg, gives a clear and detailed account of the discussions that took place; the article is written in a tone of enthusiastic admiration for the Russian authorities.

Signor Rodriguez gives some of his own translations of Lord Tennyson's minor poems. "The Brook," we must confess, reads very funnily in Italian, and *il mondo è un viavai, io non ritorno meri!* does not strike one as a particularly happy rendering of the English refrain.

The *Rassegna Nazionale* of July 1st devotes yet another article to a bitter attack of the much-abused Government scheme for reforming the "Opere Pie," the main contention being that the new law is a first step towards introducing into Italy a system of State Socialism, imported direct from Germany, which is in direct antagonism to the liberal spirit of United Italy.

The mid-July number contains an article on Roberto Stuart, a mouth-piece of Italian conservatism, who, it appears, has spent many years in London, and who is at present writing a series of articles on English social life for the *Rassegna*, one of which, on "Life at the Sea-side," appears in the same number.

THE BELGIAN REVIEWS.

The *Revue de Belgique* for July is above the average. It opens with a dithyrambic article of M. Emile de Laveleye on the Railway Congress, held at Paris last year. The learned economist believes that the time is near at hand when a Railway Convention or Union, akin to the Postal Union, will become a realised fact.

M. Emile Leclercq touches, incidentally, in his "Chant du Cygne," one of the moral slurs left in Belgium by the retreating Napoleonic forces, i.e., the interdiction to bring before the Courts cases of affiliation, which he justly stigmatises as a premium offered to debauch and infanticide.

In *La Société Nouvelle* the admirers of Continental conscriptions will find an admirable antidote in the form of a novel, true as to facts, recounting the struggle of the Flemish peasants against the French Republican tax of blood.

M. Jules Brouez's "1st of May, 1890," is an after-gleaning founded on a saying of Lammenai, which appeared in 1826 in a work entitled "Nouveaux Mélanges." It is to this effect: "Our century has this of its own, that its history is essentially bound, in all its details, to the history of the doctrines that are moving in the human mind, and from which it cannot be cut off. Nothing will be understood of the simplest events of our time if we do not trace the moral causes of which they are but the results. The errors of public opinion explain the disorder existing in politics."

M. R. Du Sart, under the title of "Friendly Societies in Belgium since 1830," does for the *Revue Generale* what M. Potvin does for the *Revue de Belgique* in his article "How the People Act." His contention is that friendly societies ought, within certain limits, to have free play and fair play; that the State cannot do better than to persevere in its present attitude of fostering care towards them.

The Education of the Deaf and Dumb by Monsignor de Haerne is a special pleading in favour of full liberty being left to the head of the family as to the establishment his deaf and dumb child shall be placed in.

SOME FOREIGN MILITARY PERIODICALS.

FRENCH.

Journal des Sciences Militaires.
The Tactic of Supplies. (Continued.) By General Lewal.
Notes on the Reorganization of the Army. XII.—Artillery.
Cavalry in Modern Warfare. (Concluded.) Infantry Patrols.
The Campaign of 1814; The Cavalry of the Allied Armies. (Continued.) By Captain Weil.

Le Spectateur Militaire.
The Autumn Manœuvres for 1890.
The Duc de Chartres and the Throne of Poland.
The Giffard Rifle.
Dental Surgery in the Army.
Are we Ready?

Revue de Cavalerie.
Pajol, with Portrait by General Thoulas.
The German Cavalry. (Continued.)
Historical Prices of French Cavalry Regiments: 4th, 5th, and 6th Hussars.

Revue du Genie Militaire.
Balloon Ascents in Mountainous Countries.
The Present State of Permanent Fortification, by Lieut.-Colonel Craincicau, of the Roumanian Engineers.
Perforation of Armour by Krupp Projectiles.

Revue Maritime et Coloniale.
Trajectory of Projectiles when the Resistance of the Air is Proportional to the Cube of the Velocity.

The English Naval Manœuvres in 1890.
Statistics of Wrecks and other Disasters at Sea for 1888. With Map.
Exploration of the Western Soudan. By Vice-Admiral Jurien de la Gravière.

ITALIAN.

Rivista di Artiglieria e Genio.
The Walls of Rome. Fully Illustrated.
Lecture by Captain M. Borgatti, R.E.
Mineral Oil Lubricants.
Professor Frolich's New Method for Determining the Velocity of a Projectile in the Bore of a Gun.

Rivista Marittima. Double Number, pp. 316.
Christopher Columbus—his Person and his Portraits.
Historical Data on Submarine Weapons. (Continued.)
On the Supply of Drinking Water to Ships of the Royal Navy.
Curves of Stability of Ships.

GERMAN.

Jahrbücher für die deutsche Armee und Marine.
Considerations on the Military System of England.
Detachment Manœuvres: On the March. Attack and Defence.

The Influence of Smokeless Powder on the Tactics of Field Artillery in the Fight, and on its Training and Organisation.

Internationale Revue über die gesammten Armeen und Flotten.
Germany: The Franco-German Frontier. VII.

Austria: Quick-firing Guns. (Continued). Illustrated by J. Schwarz.
England: The Colonial Forces of England in Europe, Asia, Australia, and America.

Italy: Italian Correspondence. By Pellegrino.
Russia: Balloon Tactics with regard to the Introduction of Smokeless Powder.

France: On the Obedience to Orders. (Concluded.)
Japan: The Status and Organisation of Japanese Officers.

Neue Militärische Blätter.
Kaiser Wilhelm I.—Memorial, by the Editor.

Jäger Detachments in the Russian Army.
French Opinions on the Tactical Consequences of Smokeless Powder.
Swiss Shooting in, and apart from, the Army.

A New System of Torpedo Net Defence.—Except for ships at anchor, or moving at slow speed, the existing system of net defence against torpedoes is admittedly defective, principally on account of the time and labour required to extend the nets, and from their seriously affecting the speed and manœuvring capabilities of the ship. The desiderata for efficient protective nets for ships at sea are that they should be capable of being rigged out instantaneously, in case of a surprise, and that they should interfere as little as possible with the speed of the ship. According to *Le Yacht*, such a system has now been devised by M. Solomiac, of the French Engineers. The advantages claimed for the new system are that the nets can be run out and extended, by means of compressed air, in twenty seconds; that they are under the absolute control of one man, and that when down, the ship can maintain a speed of ten knots or more an hour. The nets are made out of steel cable wire, 196 inches in diameter, and possess great flexibility, coupled with a high degree of resistance. When not in use they are brailed up round the outside of the ship. The booms, when run out, work through small ports cut in the sides of the ship; when stowed in-board they lie in water-tight casings, which are fitted to the deck, about 3 ft. 6 in. above the water-line. The whole apparatus for a large ship weighs about forty tons. A full description, with illustrations, appears in the *Neue Militärische Blätter* for July and August.

The *Neue Militärische Blätter* has a valuable article on the popular system of shooting adopted by the rifle clubs in Switzerland, where the use of the rifle is so sedulously cultivated by all classes as to form an important factor which should not be overlooked when estimating the defensive strength of the country. In the article on "Jäger Detachments in the Russian Army," some interesting particulars will be found as to the method of training in force in connection with these picked bodies of men. The Jäger detachments were first authorised in 1866, and consist of 64 men per regiment, who are specially trained in all field sports, with the view of increasing their value for reconnaissance and other special military duties requiring intelligence and hardihood. The training, which varies considerably in the different commands, is directed principally to giving the men self-reliance. Gymnastics, hunting wild beasts and birds, swimming, rowing, fishing, making forced marches, night manœuvres, and shooting in the dark and by moonlight, are some of the points which receive attention. During the last two or three years the system has been much extended, and has become very popular in the army.

Captain Borgatti's article in the *Rivista di Artiglieria e Genio*, on the "Walls of Rome," like all articles which appear in this magazine, is admirably illustrated. The reader, however, must not look for the story of twenty-six centuries of heroic deeds, and also, alas! of untold baseness, extending from Romulus to Garibaldi, which the walls could tell. But the archaeologist and antiquary will certainly prove grateful to Captain Borgatti for the painstaking research with which he has so successfully re-erected the military walls of Rome. "Innovations in French Field-Artillery Matériel" points out some of the novelties which have been lately adopted for future use in the French artillery. These are the *obus à mitraille*, the torpedo-shell, smokeless powder, and a new level quadrant. The *obus à mitraille* is a shrapnel of special construction, three calibres long, with double-action fuse. The torpedo-shell, on the other hand, is four calibres long, and is filled with a high explosive, such as melinite or cresilite. Each battery carries 150 of these shells, i.e., 25 per gun, or 40 if the reserve ammunition is counted. The shells are said to offer no special danger in handling, but by way of precaution the fuse is only to be inserted on mobilization. As regards the new powder, every effort is made to keep it secret, and the quadrant has not been issued. The same secrecy which prevailed prior to 1870 with regard to the mitrailleuse, and which in a great measure led to its uselessness when placed in the hands of the troops after war had broken out, is still prevalent with the French authorities of the present day. If war should break out, the gunners will have to fire the torpedo-shell, which is one-third longer than the shells they are used to, and smokeless powder of whose action they know nothing, nor of the precautions which should be taken in using it.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL.

WHAT IS BEST WORTH SEEING IN THE OLD WORLD. I.

AUGUST is the month of the English exodus. It is the Hegira of the British tourist. For the next six weeks everybody who is anybody will be out of town. Only some four millions of us will remain in London to envy the more fortunate few who are no longer sandwiched between paving-stones and smoke, and to endeavour as best we can to share in imagination the pleasures of the more fortunate who are scattered abroad in search of the beautiful all over the Old World.

By way of a help to this economical method of taking holiday at home, I substitute for the book of the month some speculations as to which are the more beautiful scenes in Europe.

To take a European tour in your armchair at Paddington is not the same thing, it is true, as actually to climb the Alps or sail down the Rhine. But when you cannot get the real thing, the other is not to be despised; and it may be that these reminiscences of pleasant days spent in some of the most beautiful scenes in England and on the Continent may recall to the minds of many far more vivid and beautiful images than any which can be conjured up by mere printer's ink. We are apt to let the memory of former delights die out from pure carelessness. That which might be a joy for ever if we but recalled it from time to time, gradually becomes effaced. I remember, many years ago, on Loch Lomond, meeting a young German student on one of the steamboats. He was returning home from America, via the Scotch lakes. "I am storing my memory," he said, "with images of the beautiful. When I return I must settle down to hard work—my travel days are over. But before I settle down I shall have stored my mind with pictures of all that is loveliest and most sublime in nature. All through life, whenever I am wearied and dull with the routine of my profession, I need only close my eyes, and at will I shall revel in the glories and splendours of all that I have seen. I shall hear again the roar of Niagara, or explore once more the mysteries of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. I shall see the sun rise over the Atlantic, or watch the cloud gathering dark round the brow of Ben Lomond. In my travels I have been laying up capital to serve me for a lifetime—a capital which the more it is used becomes more and more imperishable."

What my German student did we all can do. Every beautiful scene that we have witnessed should be photographed for ever on our mental retina. The oftener we recall it, the more deeply will be the impression, the more vivid the reproduction. By thinking over it, it becomes part of ourselves; and we are able at will to transport ourselves from the dull, heavy roar of

London streets to the splashing music of the Falls of Lodore, and exchange the wilderness of sooty roofs for the sunlit horizon of Alpine mountains that we see from the summit of the Rigi.

In order to arouse the fading memories of the beautiful, I propose this month to ask my readers to help me in taking a plébiscite on the subject, which are the most beautiful places in the Old World? Of course, none of us has seen all the Old World, or one-hundredth part of it; but we all have seen some of it, and within the compass of what our eye has dwelt upon, it is possible for each to form a comparison of what seems to him or her the most beautiful. I do not offer a prize, because it is impossible to award it. The usual method of naming as the winner the person who most accurately guesses the places which will have a majority of votes, however useful it may be in some cases, fails entirely in this, because, instead of filling in what each thinks to be the most beautiful, he fills in what he imagines the majority of other people will deem to be the most beautiful. Besides, the value of a prize, which only one among our eighty thousand subscribers could hope to obtain, is so small compared with the value of the stimulus which such a mental retrospect may give to the habit of remembering the beautiful, that I do not think its absence will materially affect the number who will take part in the plébiscite one way or the other.

It is evident that some who have visited many countries can make a much wider comparison than those who have never left their native land. It is, therefore, necessary to discriminate, and to separate those who only know one country from those who know two; and these, again, from those who have visited several. The first line, therefore, must specify the countries included in the comparative survey. It may be limited to one—perhaps the most useful paper will be one filled up by readers who know only one land, but who know that well. I ask each one to mention those places which dwell in his own memory as the most beautiful. If this invitation is generally responded to, we shall have a useful list of scenes exceptionally beautiful, selected by a wide range of intelligent observers. Every year increases the number of those who visit the old country and the Continent from other and newer worlds in America and Australia. Often the English-speaking man or woman from over-sea has but time to make a very hurried visit. He naturally wishes to see the best that there is to be seen. But for want of discrimination, his whole picture is blurred. Instead of contenting himself with half-a-dozen of the more lovely and typical old-world scenes, he tries to see everything. He rushes through one country after another, contracts mental dyspepsia, and ultimately carries back with him nothing but a confused and confusing medley of pictures, each imperfectly outlined on his mental retina, one effacing the other until all are spoiled. Gluttony in sight-seeing exacts severe penalties in the shape of an indigestion of the eye and a surfeit of the memory.

There are a few who deprecate any attempt to direct the attention of the many to the loveliest places, because they grudge the million the sight of the choicest beauties of nature. They would keep them as the exclusive preserve of the favoured minority, who have opportunities of knowing where these beauties lie, and means whereby they can visit them. Those who hold such views will not, of course, vouchsafe to afford us the benefit of their opinions. If they have discovered anything exceptionally beautiful they will keep it to themselves, jealously refusing to share with the multitude even the sight of beauty which the gaze of a million eyes could not impair.

Fortunately, the most beautiful things in the world, like its sunsets and sunrises, cannot be monopolized. They are free to all; and the tendency of the time is strongly in favour of breaking down all the bolts and bars by which those who, drawing rent from land, seek to exclude the general public from delighting in the sights of their possession. So far as the eye goes we are thorough-going communists. As to the pocket that is another matter. But, while two men cannot share a pound and keep a pound, a thousand can see a waterfall or a mountain tarn without diminishing its indestructible beauty and its power to charm.

By way of giving my readers a friendly lead, I asked some academicians, novelists, and politicians to answer the inquiries on the annexed slip. Many made excuses. But several sufficiently representative in character kindly complied with my request. They filled in and signed the following form:—

To the Editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Dear Sir,—If a Colonist or an American who could only make one visit to Europe were to ask me to name the six most beautiful scenes in the Old World which he should if possible see before his return, I would reply as follows:—

The writer of the first list preferred to veil his identity under the nom de plume of "A Sexagenarian." He is one of our greatest nobles, and a statesman of the highest rank:—

1. *Mountain Scenery.*—Zermatt, especially the Gornergrat.
2. *Lake.*—Lucerne; Lago Maggiore.
3. *Sea Coast.*—South-west coast of Ireland (but I have not seen Norway, and cannot compare).
4. *River View.*—The Rhine.
5. *City or Town.*—Paris; Rome.
6. *General.*—For a combination of various kinds of picturesqueness and interest, I know nothing preferable to some of the Pyrenean valleys, especially about Eaux Bonnes and Luchon.

Observations.—The only observation I should care to offer to a colonist or American is, "Don't try to see more than you have time to enjoy."

LORD DUFFERIN AND AVA.

Lord Dufferin, who is now staying at Sorrento, fills in his paper as follows:—

1. *Mountain Scenery.*—West Coast of Scotland.
2. *Lake.*—Scotch Lakes.
3. *Sea Coast.*—The neighbourhood of Skye in Scotland.
4. *River View.*—The Rhine in the neighbourhood of Bingen.
5. *City or Town.*—Edinburgh.
6. *General.*—The Campagna.

Observations.—I have travelled so little in Europe of late that I do not think my views on the subject are worth much, and perhaps I have been prejudiced by various associations in favour of Scotland.

After these typical nobles, I give for comparison the list of the typical Irish democrats of our time.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT.

1. *Mountain Scenery.*—Switzerland—taking Lucerne as the centre from whence the easiest trips can be made to where

the best views can be obtained of Mont Blanc and the other mountain monarchs of the little republic.

2. *Lake.*—Killarney, in the poetry of Ireland, is the earthly reflection of heaven. The accuracy of the comparison cannot, unfortunately, be tested by experience; but for all that which renders lake scenery so exquisite a pleasure to the eye, "Killarney's Lakes," with their wooded isles, mountain background, and general fairy loveliness, are unsurpassed in Europe.

3. *Sea Coast.*—Trip from Oban along the west-north-west coast of Scotland, putting in to all the estuaries, lochs, bays and creeks, supplies scenes of varied beauty not equalled by any other country in Europe.

4. *River View.*—The Rhine, taken for its historic associations along with its physical beauty, combines the greatest number of scenic river charms.

5. *City or Town.*—Naples, viewed from the island of Capri or from Vesuvius, comprises in situation, build, colour and surroundings more enchanting pictures than any other city or town in Europe.

6. *General.*—In the Cove of Cork, the Killarney Lakes, the Connemara mountains, the wooded vales of Wicklow, the innumerable meandering inland rivers, the wild coast scenery off the Western Islands, and the softer and more varied views on the east coast, from Lambay Island to Wicklow Head, Ireland, possesses a variety of enchanting scenery little known to the tourist world.

Observations.—Not having travelled in Germany excepting along the Rhine, and not having been in Norway, Sweden, Russia, Greece, Austria, or Spain, my experience of the scenery of Europe is limited to the countries outside this list.

It may be interesting to compare the preferences of men of politics with those of artists. Sir John Millais excuses himself from filling in the form as follows:—

2, Palace Gate, Kensington, 14th July, 1890.

Dear Sir,—The most beautiful women and the most beautiful scenes don't make the best pictures. Every turn of the road in West Scotland is delightful. I cannot pledge myself to any preference in my appreciation for beautiful objects.

Mr. Herkomer sent me the following characteristic note:—

Bushey, Herts, July 15, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I fear I cannot answer the question you ask—because to me England is the loveliest country in the world, and any part of it would delight me.

Sir Frederick Leighton forwarded me the following comprehensive anathema upon the whole scheme:—

2, Holland Park Road, Kensington, W.

July 16, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I hope you will not think me discourteous if I do not see my way to accede to your wish, finding myself, as I do, entirely at variance with you as to the feasibility, value, and desirability of the scheme you have taken in hand.

Mr. Alma Tadema writes:—

As I have seen too little of the world to know what is the most beautiful scenery under any of the headings above, I cannot advise in this matter

Three well-known artists, however, sent me their opinions, as follows:—

MR. FREDK. GOODALL, R.A.

1. *Mountain Scenery.*—Italian Alps—Pyrenees; Isle of Skye.

2. *Lake.*—Italian Lakes, especially Lugano; Loch Lomond.

3. *Sea Coast.*—Cornish Coast; the Coast of Albania; and the Grecian Isles.

4. *River View.*—"Windsor Castle from the River" and "The Thames from the North Terrace."

Observations.—As Egypt is now so accessible, I cannot help saying that the Pyramids of Ghizeh, at the time of high Nile, should be included as one of the grandest scenes in the Old World.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACES IN EUROPE.

If a Colonist or an American, who could only make one visit to Europe, were to ask me to name the Six most Beautiful Scenes in the Old World which he should, if possible, see before his return, I would reply, that of all the places which I have seen, those which impressed me most were as follows:—

Countries included in this comparison

1.—MOUNTAIN SCENERY

2.—LAKE

3.—SEA COAST

4.—RIVER VIEWS

5.—TOWN OR COUNTRY

6.—GENERAL SCENERY

OBSERVATIONS

SIGNATURE

ADDRESS

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WILLIAM T. STEAD

"REVIEW OF REVIEWS" OFFICE,

MOWBRAY HOUSE,

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MR. GEO. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

1. *Mountain Scenery*.—Switzerland; or the Western Highlands of Scotland.

2. *Lake*.—Windermere; the English lakes; Lucerne (anywhere).

3. *Sea Coast*.—Luccombe Chine, Isle of Wight; or Tintagel.

4. *River View*.—The Thames, from Cookham to Wargrave; or Windsor from the river.

5. *City or Town*.—Edinburgh.

6. *General*.—For the romantic, the Riviera; and for wild scenery, the West Coast of Scotland.

Observations.—It is difficult to fix on any one particular spot or view that shall eclipse all others. Much depends on the accidental effects of time of day, season of year, of even the momentary grouping of figures or objects of a picturesque and helpful nature. Much depends, also, on one's point of observation—even on one's personal mood at the time. For myself I prefer the quiet pastoral Weald of Kent to Switzerland, or the moors and wilds of Western Scotland to the vine-clad hills of the Rhine (from the deck of the steamer). In fact, you will see from my selection that I am very simple in my tastes, and that I have not been very far afield.

MR. J. MACWHIRTER.

1. *Mountain Scenery*.—Scotland, especially Ross-shire and the Coolin Hill, Skye; Switzerland, of course—the Bernese Oberland from summit of Simplon Pass, &c.

2. *Lake*.—Scotland again—Loch Marree, Loch Katrine; Tyrolean Lakes, and especially the Green Lakes of the Salzkammergut Königsee, Goransee, &c.

3. *Sea Coast*.—Coast of Sutherlandshire; coast of Cornwall; all the coast of Sicily.

4. *River View*.—Valley of the Inn near Innsbruck; the Tay and Tunnell (Scotland).

5. *City or Town*.—Edinburgh (when it doesn't rain); Constantinople (various views); Florence from San Miniato; Palermo (from the sea); Venice, everywhere.

6. *General*.—Salzkammergut (Salzburg, &c.); Coast near Palermo and Messina; all Scotland (part of England).

Observations.—But it is impossible to specify for all times—effect has so much to do with it. For example, in a general way, Italy and the South require sunshine. Scotland and Norway are the only countries that I know of with colour enough to do without it. These countries, especially the first, are often at their best in cloudy, broken weather.

After the artists the opinion of the following lady novelists will be read with interest:—

MISS YONGE.

1. *Mountain Scenery*.—In England.

2. *Lake*.—Ullswater.

3. *Sea Coast*.—Lynmead; Torquay.

4. *River View*.—The Thames, about Pangbourne.

5. *City or Town*.—Edinburgh; Durham.

6. *General*.—Devonshire Coast, south of Dartmoor; neighbourhood of Windsor, taking in the Castle.

Observations.—My pleasures have been chiefly in varying effects in homely scenery, so that I am hardly qualified to answer. "The Seven Churches," at Glendalough, in Ireland, give the wildest, most peculiar scene I have seen, but not exactly beautiful.

"EDNA LYALL."

1. *Mountain Scenery*.—The Pyrenees, in the neighbourhood of Eaux Chaudes and Eaux Bonnes.

2. *Lake*.—The Königsee, Tyrol.

3. *Sea Coast*.—The Italian Coast between Genoa and Naples.

4. *River View*.—The Dart, between Totnes and Dartmouth.

5. *City or Town*.—Florence.

6. *General*.—The south-west part of Norway.

MISS MEADE.

1. *Mountain Scenery*.—View from the top of the Rigi.

2. *Lake*.—Old Weir Bridge, Killarney.

3. *Sea Coast*.—Garretstown, near Old Head of Kinsale, Co. Cork.

4. *River View*.—Tintern Abbey, on the Wye.

5. *City or Town*.—Edinburgh.

6. *General*.—The New Forest, in Hampshire.

Observations.—These are the places that have given me personally most pleasure.

MISS TYTLER.

1. *Mountain Scenery*.—The Jungfrau; Goatfell.

2. *Lake*.—Lucerne; St. Mary's Loch ("Ione St. Mary's").

3. *Sea Coast*.—St. Andrew's Bay, Lyme Regis.

4. *River View*.—The Rhine; The Tweed.

5. *City or Town*.—Nürnberg; Edinburgh; Paris; Oxford.

Observations.—I have little acquaintance with "sea coasts" beyond those of Great Britain. With this reservation I have given St. Andrew's, in Fifeshire, and Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, as, to my mind, very fine—each in its widely different way.

The opinion of Mrs. Magnussen is that Reykjavik, in Iceland, is the most beautiful place in the whole world, so far as she has seen the world; and that Stockholm, after Constantinople, is the most beautiful city.

MRS. FAWCETT.

Mrs. Fawcett fills in her paper as follows:—

1. *Mountain Scenery*.—From St. Anton, Partenkirchen, looking towards the Zugspitze and the Drei Thorspitze.

2. *Lake*.—Lucerne.

3. *Sea Coast*.—Kynance Cove, Cornwall.

4. *River View*.—The Lune, from The Terrace, Kirkby Lonsdale.

5. *City or Town*.—Edinburgh.

6. *General*.—From the terrace outside San Pietro de Casinensi, Perugia.

MRS. BESANT.

It is interesting to compare this with the preferences of another well-known woman, who in many respects is the antithesis of Mrs. Fawcett:—

1. *Mountain Scenery*.—Pass of Killiecrankie, Highlands.

2. *Lake*.—Lake Thun, Switzerland.

3. *Sea Coast*.—Sark, Channel Islands.

4. *River View*.—Wye, from Ross to Monmouth.

5. *City or Town*.—Edinburgh or Freiburg.

6. *General*.—Across Windsor Forest from the end of the Long Walk in early autumn.

Observations.—It is almost impossible to choose one out of many scenes, each with its own special loveliness, and my list is made up with many mental notes of interrogation.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

I conclude with the opinion of a Churchman who is well competent to form a judgment. The Ven. Archdeacon Farrar writes:—

1. *Mountain Scenery*.—The view from Monte Monterone, near Lake Orta.

2. *Lake*.—The view from the Villa Serbelloni, at Bellagio.

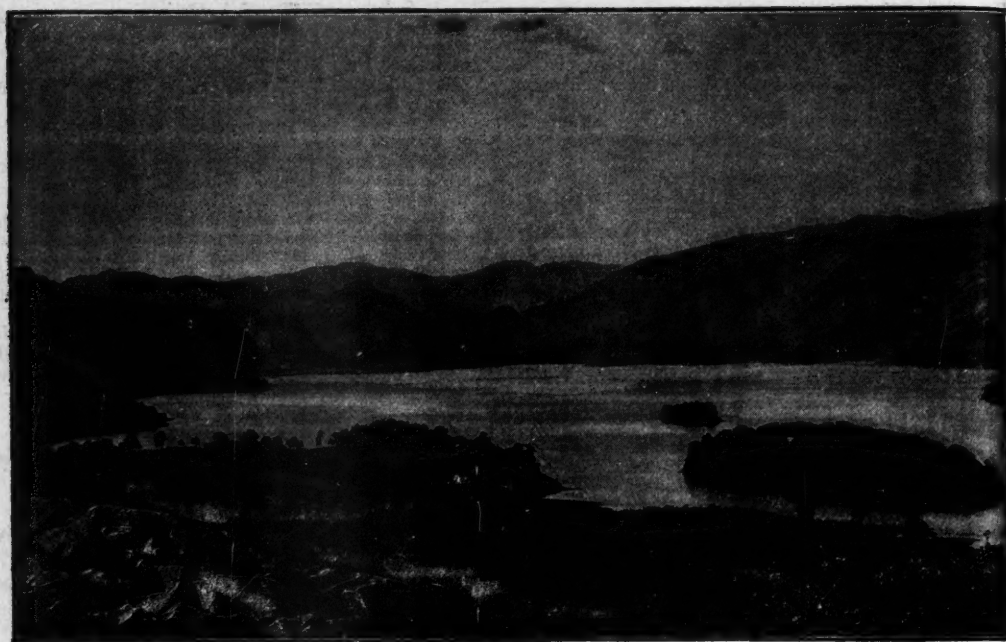
3. *Sea Coast*.—The view from Land's End.

4. *River View*.—The Rhine, near Bacherach.

5. *City or Town*.—Florence, from San Miniato.

Standards of beauty shift and change. A hundred years ago few people could see anything beautiful in mountains. Who knows but a hundred years hence our descendants may have discovered beauties which we pass to-day without even a suspicion that they are beautiful! In any case, the enquiry which this month I put before my readers will, if there be any general response, be interesting and useful, as enabling us to place on record what, on the whole, intelligent English-speaking men and women at the close of the nineteenth century thought were the most beautiful places in the Old World.

The following sketch, partly written many years ago, of one of the most beautiful of the English lakes may not be unwelcome to those whose range of vision will not extend, this month, beyond the office, the counter, or the street.



Pettitt's.

DERWENTWATER FROM CASTLE HILL.

Keswick.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE ENGLISH LAKES.

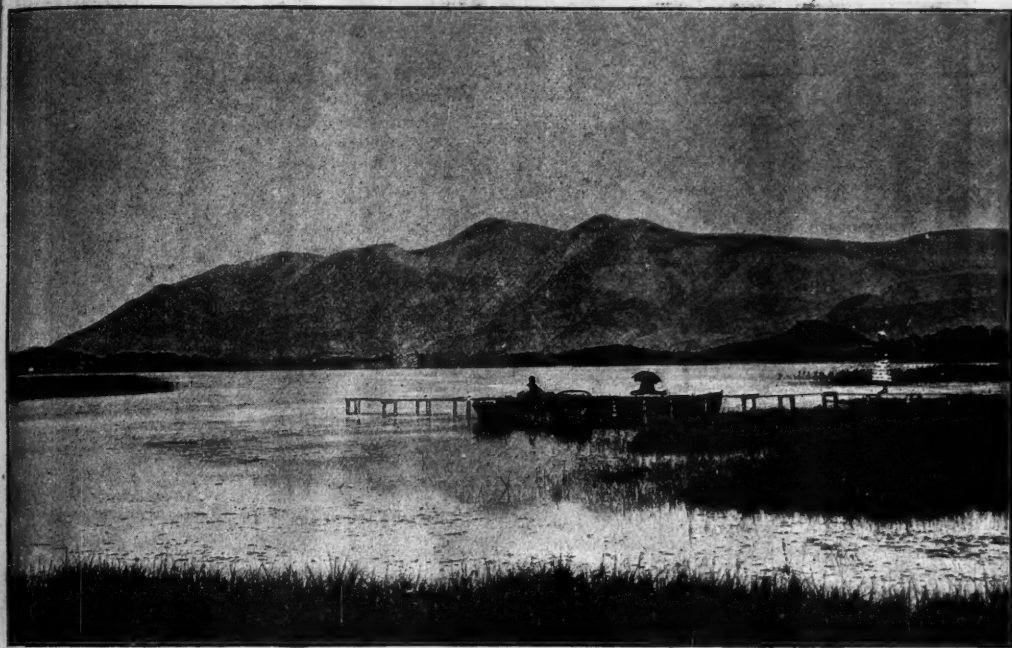
"All beauty," said the devout mystic, "is the face of God." All earthly beauty is but the faint image of the eternal, mirrored in transitory things—reflected there with softened radiance to convey to the eyes of mortals some distant idea of the unimaginable glories of the face of Him upon whom no man can look and live. If this be so, and few there are who would care to deny the latent truth of that saying, then surely on the shores of Lake Derwentwater man gains a clearer sight of that hidden Face than elsewhere on this planet. No lovelier spot can be discovered on the whole of this round earth. The district is one of the temples of nature for the worship of her Maker, and the calm bosom of Derwentwater is the Holy of Holies, wherein His presence is most clearly revealed. There is a glory overhanging the whole of the mountains and lakes of the northern counties, but in Derwentwater as in the inmost chamber of the Jewish temple is the Shekinah, there is an all but visible revelation of the beauty of that countenance, the unveiling of which in the future is the greatest promise made to the Christian for fulfilment beyond the grave. Pious Mahomedans assert that the sensual paradise portrayed by the prophet of Arabia was never designed as anything more than a mere parable for the ignorant, to enable them to understand somewhat of the glories reserved for the faithful, for, said Mahommed after dilating upon the voluptuous charms of Paradise, "all these things are less than nothing and vanish utterly compared with the rapture of obtaining one glimpse of the face of God." That joy is reserved for the Faithful, who, lost in ecstasy at the splendours of that sight, will remember no more for ever the rivers of wine, milk, and honey, the spreading branches of the Tree of Happiness, the soil of musk, the stones of jacinth, the dresses of silk brocade, the golden dishes, and the seventy-two hours

which await each believer in another world. All material joys are but as dust in the balance compared with the spiritual delight of gazing for ever on the face of the Eternal. The mystical utterance of the devout German throws light upon the sublime conception of the Arabian apostle, and Derwentwater sheds light on both. For if the beauty which sleeps alike in storm and in calm on the bosom of that fair lake is but a far off reflection of the face of God—a glimpse seen through a glass darkly of the Divine countenance—then it is not difficult to understand by the aid of that material revelation the reality of the truth made manifest of the deep spiritual insight of the Arabian seer.

Lake Derwentwater is the Queen of the Lakes. Not Windermere with her hundred isles, or Grasmere, dowered with the associations of Wordsworth's genius, or Ullswater winding among the hills until it laves the base of the mighty Helvellyn, can compare for beauty with the lake surnamed by our forefathers, "The Beautiful Water." Windermere, like Loch Lomond, is too long to be taken in at a glance save from the summit of a mountain, and both these lakes are more like rivers than lakes at their extremities; Grasmere is small and its beauties are tame compared with those of Derwentwater. Ullswater, in none of its reaches or in all of them together, offers that perfect image of beauty which meets the eye between the rugged crags of Borrodale and the peaks of sky-soaring Skiddaw. For perfect loveliness Loch Katrine at the eastern end where the traveller passes enraptured from the wooded shores of the lake, near Ellen's Island to the romantic gorge of the Trossachs, perhaps surpasses anything about Derwentwater, as it surpasses anything elsewhere; but as a whole Derwentwater is more beautiful than Loch Katrine. There are larger hills and

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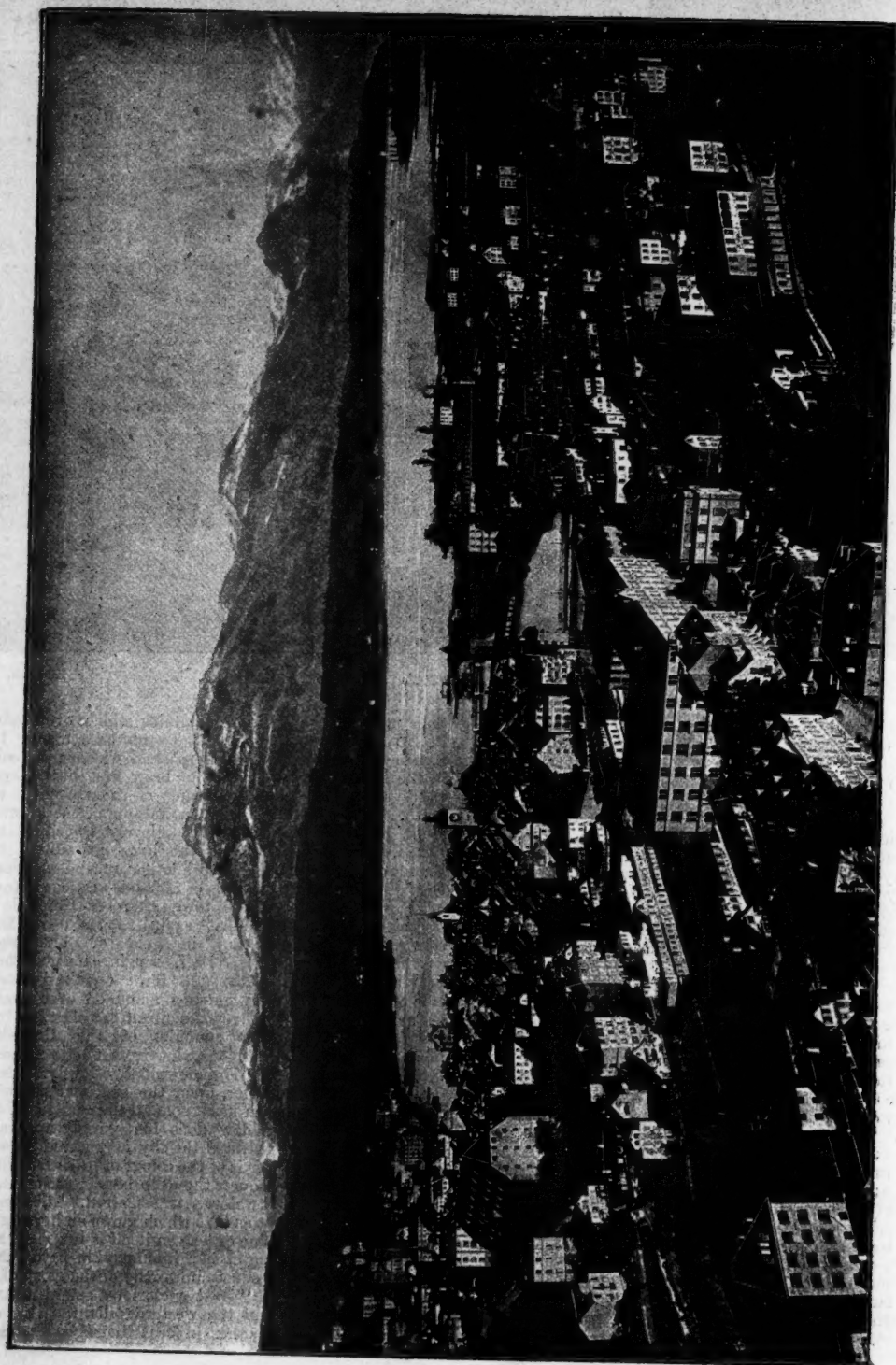
DERWENTWATER, WITH SKIDDAW, FROM THE FOOT OF THE LAKE

Keswick.

wilder lakes, but a lovelier lake is not to be found "high-land or lowland, far or near" than Cumberland's "Beautiful Water." Wastwater, like Loch Skene of the Scotch lowlands, is wilder. The solitude of its dreary hills the grandeur of its storm-riven crags, are not rivalled in the milder beauties of the Vale of Keswick; but rugged grandeur, though it may be sublime and awe-inspiring, is not always beautiful, and the eye, fatigued with travelling over jagged peaks, dreary wastes, and stormy passes, rests with indescribable delight on the placid bosom of Derwentwater.

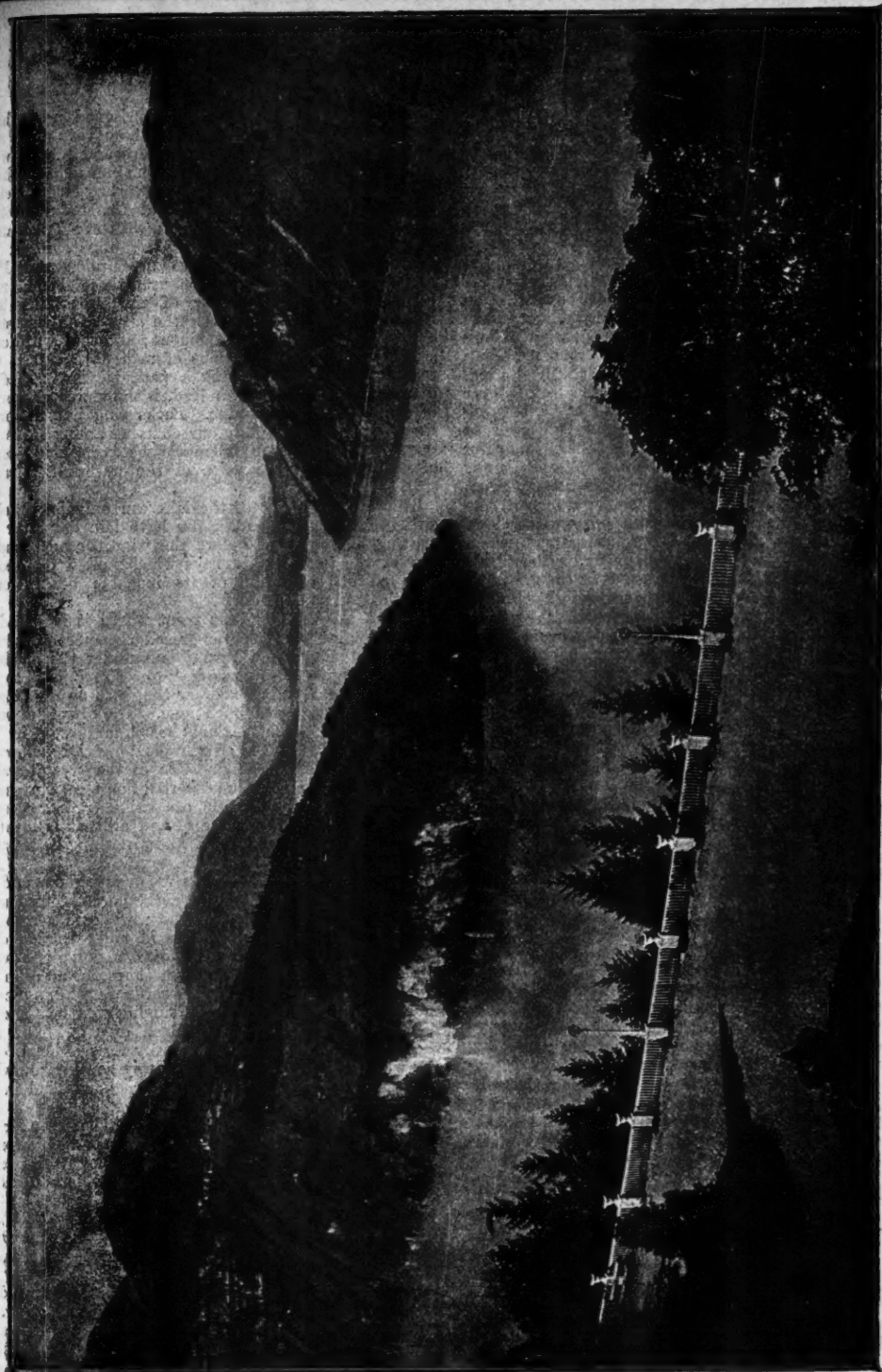
Keswick, like ancient Jerusalem, is "beautiful for situation" and is annually becoming more and more "the joy of the whole earth." On leaving the railway which winds in and out among the hills by the side of the wailing Greta, Keswick appears to stand within the very clefts of the rocks. Mountains rise in front, Skiddaw lies behind, and to the right stretch a succession of hills like waves on a wind-lashed sea, and to the left bends away the imposing range of Helvellyn. A gentle swelling of the ground crowned by trees shuts out all save the extreme northern extremity of the lake from view. Immediately beyond the woody knoll the green slopes of the Catbells seem to rise, giving no token of the mile and a half of water that intervenes. Veiling her loveliness like a retiring beauty the lake conceals her charms from the town of Keswick. Castle Head, the first and smallest of the acclivities which keeps guard on the lake, is quite a tiny little rock among the flourishing monsters which overshadow it and dwarf it into insignificance; but, small as it is, it is half as high again as the castle Craig of Edinburgh, the basaltic mass of which frowns over the modern Athens. Castle Hill or Castle Head, or Castlette, although small comparatively, commands a better view

than many of the loftiest mountains which overshadow it. Wooded from its summit to its base among the meadows, the ascent is accomplished without difficulty in the hottest days. From its brow first bursts upon the eye the glory and the beauty of the Queen of the lakes. Immediately below, a meadow and a wood alone intervening, stretches the lovely Queen of the Lakes. High on the right the huge masses of the Skiddaw range rise one above another until lost among the fleecy clouds. At the base of Skiddaw nestles the town of Keswick. Beyond the town stretches the Vale of Keswick, and beyond that again the lake of Basenthwaite lies gleaming in gold or blue-bright as the heavens above it. Barf, rough, storm-scathed, heaven-defying—rears its rude form on the western side and then the eye wanders on and on over a maze of mountains until it reposes itself at last as far to the south on the summits of the Borrodale mountains. At all times the view from Castle Head is beautiful, sometimes it is indescribably lovely. Much depends upon the weather, upon the sun, and the sky. Derwentwater mirrors in her bosom all the changes of the heavens. When Skiddaw dons his "nightcap," and Borrodale is lost in mist, and the sky is grey and the sun obscured, Derwentwater is of the colour of lead; but when not a single cloud chequers the deep blue of the summer heavens then Derwentwater is transfigured. The sun in the sky is not so bright as that which glows on her sparkling waters, and the blue of heaven itself is less rich than that which lies sleeping in her innumerable bays. Nor is the splendour of its sunset unworthy of the glory of its sunrise. When the "great victorious summer sun" sinks to his rest behind the western fells, the sky and the lake vie with each other in contributing to the mag-



LAKE AND CITY OF LUCERNE, WITH THE RIGI IN THE DISTANCE.

LAKE AND CITY OF LUCERNE, WITH THE RIGI IN THE DISTANCE.



LAKE OF LUCERNE FROM ABOVE BRUNNEN.

nificence of his parting. Far up the western heavens glow the fiery splendours of the King of Day. The standard of the retiring monarch, emblazoned with gold and barred with crimson, flaunts across the pale blue sky and the western horizon between the dark purple masses of Skiddaw and Wythorp Fell with unspeakable glory. Far away in the east the snowy clouds which overshadow the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn, or stoop to kiss the woody summit of Wallow Crag, are suffused with a faint tinge of "celestial rosy red." Athwart the hills and distant valleys, the sun, although now shut out from view, still darts his rays like arrows of light showing vividly against the dark masses of emerald hills. Here and there in the west a mountain top glows with light, or on them the sun is still shining, but eastward the shades of evening are stealing over the hills, and, lo, a mist wreath, white as snow, is lying on the spacious bosom of Glaramara. And what of Derwentwater in all these splendours? The "Beautiful Water" mirrors on its bosom the glories of the sky. Far down the lake all may be cold and dark, but between us and the sunset it is flashing with splendours such as the apocalyptic seer saw in the streets of the New Jerusalem. As is the sky so is the lake. The crimson and golden glories of the sky glow with equal lustre on the placid waters. The islands, bright as emeralds in the foliage of early summer, are encompassed by a sea of light through which may be discerned the reflections of their trees struggling with the fiery splendours of the heavens. The struggle is not for long. Slowly the fire fades out of the western sky. Crimson succeeds to the gold and grey steals over the ruddy clouds. The great dark hills once more overshadow the lake. One by one the stars come out in the sky, and Derwentwater sleeps with the stars reflected on her bosom, till the rising sun once more summons her to witness the splendours of a new-born day.

Some lakes are only lovely under special aspects. Such is not Derwentwater. Whether you look down upon it from the rock-strewn peak of sky-soaring Skiddaw, or whether you are lying in a little boat in the centre of its placid expanse, the charm remains constant, although the phases differ. One of the favourite views—perhaps, on the whole, the greatest favourite, because most accessible from the town—is that obtained from the little wooded promontory known as Friar's Crag. The footpath winds its way by the side of the lake over the interlaced roots of the firs and birches, whose branches meet overhead, until you come out upon a small crag not twenty feet in height which serves as a platform for the survey of as perfect an amphitheatre of lake and mountain scenery as is to be found on the world's surface.

It is a long walk round the lake, and few there be who take it. But it is a short walk down to Lodore, and a still shorter drive. The road for half its distance is almost an avenue, with crags on one side which recall the Trossachs, and on the other ever and anon charming glimpses of a lake which needs not fear comparison with Loch Katrine at its best. Past Barrow waterfall—which, unfortunately, is enclosed in the grounds of Barrow House, and visited therefore by few—the road skirts the lake until you reach the wooded gorge through which the water comes down at Lodore. It is but seldom—only after a heavy rain—that it descends with the roar and the tumult described in Southey's verse, but it is always lovely and cool. The great moss-covered rocks, festooned with ferns, beneath which the stream leaps down to the lake, hear sweet silver music that ceases not night or day, from the bursting of the

innumerable foam-bells that are imprisoned in the falling water. As in some ancient fane, whose very walls seem impregnated with the voices of praise and prayer which through long centuries have risen from human hearts below to the vaulted roof above, so these beetling crags on either side of the gorge which constitutes this natural temple seem themselves to be resonant with the fairy music of the falling waters. Day and night, night and day, from times long before man piled the Pyramids or invented the alphabet, these black rocks echoed the limpid melody of the waterfall. They heard it last night beneath the silence of the starlit sky, they hear it at this moment; and they will hear it still after all the generations of man have ceased with reverent footsteps to wear a path to the foot of the cascade. Awe-inspiring, indeed, is the temporal eternity of the music of the water. Larks sing but in spring-time. The organ-swell in our churches and cathedrals is but a fitful interlude of music between long periods of silence. But the voice of the waterfall is never still.

The full enjoyment of the lake can only be obtained on its surface. Only after you have lain day after day drifting in your boat before the wind, or anchored in one of the innumerable bays which indent its shores, does a full realization of its ineffable beauty enter into the soul and possess it.

Across the lake, at the point where it is broadest, is the loveliest bay that ever graced the shore of lake or sea. How many hours have I lain under the shade of the overhanging trees reading "The Excursion," to the music of the rippling lake as the boat swung slowly round her improvised anchorage. The cawing of rooks who nest on Herbert Isle is heard far away in the dreamy distance. The perch dart merrily below the keel of your boat, plainly visible in the crystal water, and on the shore near the deserted house in the green-wood the mavis and merle are singing. For perfect peace, as of an earthly paradise and all that is loveliest and most idyllic in nature, I know nothing better than that Bay of Beauty.

And at night, when twilight came over the lake, and the great mass of Skiddaw loomed dark and ominous against the western sky, how pleasant the row home across the lake! Sometimes across the placid water sounds clear and sweet the music of a girl's voice singing alone while her companions rowed; and sometimes, far away in the dim distance that stretches towards Southey's house, could be heard the more lusty singing of a boat's company, keeping time with the plash of oars. Now and then a long-legged heron would lazily fly overhead, or a few wild ducks would wing their way southward, while the occasional caw of a belated rook sounded loud in the stillness of the evening solitude.

But Derwentwater is not always a placid mirror for the stars. Often a thunderstorm sweeps black and lowering up Borrodale, filling the romantic valley with purple gloom, ominous of gusty storm. The lake, lashed into a thousand waves, seems transformed. The azure of her tranquil bosom vanishes and in its stead appears a black and heaving surface. The white crests of its wavelets warns you to strain every nerve to reach the shelter of some friendly isle.

Derwentwater is truly a dream of delight, an abiding possession of beauty which can never be taken away. I had intended to speak of other lakes, notably of Lucerne, loveliest of all the lakes of Switzerland—but space forbids. I content myself with reproducing two views of the lake.

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OUR SCIENTIFIC CAUSERIE.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN NATURAL COLOURS.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHER."

IN all probability "Photography in Natural Colours," as the phrase is commonly understood, will never be more than a beautiful dream, but "the depicting of objects in their natural colours, by means of photography" has for some years been perfectly possible as a scientific experiment, and has quite recently been made commercially practicable.

In the July issue of *The Photographic Quarterly* is published a photo-chrome, or photo-mechanical print in natural colours, which is interesting as being the first photo-chrome from solid objects issued to the public in England, if not in the world. Simultaneously, in *The Photographic Globe*, Mr. Bierstadt, an advanced American worker, announces an improvement which he considers of the utmost importance, in connection with the subject of photo-chromotopy.

To obtain a clear idea of the present position of "Photography in Natural Colours," it will be well to review the work of the past, and first we must consider

THE DIRECT METHOD.

In 1810, Dr. Seebeck, of Jena, receiving the prismatic spectrum of white light upon a surface of sensitive chloride of silver, found that after a lengthened exposure the sensitive surface assumed a series of tints approximating to the spectrum colours thrown upon it. Thirty years later, Sir John Herschel noticed and announced the same fact. In 1840-43, Robert Hunt experimented on the subject, and published his results in 1844 under the title of "Researches on Light." But Edmund Becquerel, in 1848, attained the greatest success that up to the present has been achieved. He produced a surface of silver chloride of extreme sensitiveness, upon which he obtained correctly coloured images of various brilliant objects. Numberless workers have repeated the experiments of Becquerel and Hunt, but though there is no difficulty in obtaining the coloured images, no means have been found to render them permanent in daylight. Becquerel, it is true, is said to have rendered some of his "heliochromes" permanent, but he never announced the fact, and it is known that many of his results were very evanescent. Again, Poitevin, who devoted much attention to the subject, stated in 1863 that the images might be "fixed" by means of sulphuric acid. But he showed no permanent results, and those who have followed his instructions have utterly failed.

The latest disciple of Becquerel, Veresetz, a Transylvanian worker, whose fame has been widely chronicled in England, has partially succeeded in fixing photo-chromes. But in even his latest and most successful efforts he has been unable to fix them so as to withstand direct sunlight; his colours are, at best, but weak representations of the originals; and the green rays are entirely unrecorded.

The two most scientific and thorough workers who have studied the action of light on the photo-salts of silver—I refer to Captain Abney, in England, and the late Carey Lea, in the United States—give but little hope that direct heliochromy will ever be accomplished. In fact, Captain Abney speaks of it almost as a "proven impossibility."

To put the argument against the direct process in a few non-technical words, I may say that the colours of the spectrum image represent so many stages in the complete action of light. Whenever light is admitted to the sensitive surface the action is continued until the whole of the image "fades" or reaches the extreme result of the light's action. As the differences are in the molecular arrangement, and not in the chemical constitution of the sensitive body, it is useless to expect that chemical action will "fix" the colours.



THE INDIRECT METHOD

of representing objects in their natural colours by phonography was first proposed in 1865, by Henry Collen, a drawing-master, who knew nothing of photography. Starting from the theory that all colours are produced from three primaries, he pointed out that if negatives could be made, on three plates, each rendered sensitive to a different primary colour, and if superimposed prints could be made in the same colours to which the respective negatives were sensitive, not only would the primary colours be rendered correctly in the result, but also, as the intermediary colours would affect the plates in direct proportion as they approached their primaries, so they would be represented in the print by a partial deposit of two of the primary pigments, which would blend to give the correct colour value. Though the old colour theory is now known to be scientifically incorrect, it works sufficiently well for all practical purposes, and Collen's suggestion may be considered a sound one. But to carry it out it was necessary to obtain a plate specially sensitive to each of the primary colours, a feat which has not yet been achieved. This difficulty was seen by Duos du Hauron, of Paris, a practical worker who advanced the suggestion that it would answer equally well to use plates

sensitive to all colours, and to "filter" the light through suitable screens of coloured glass. Even with this modification the process presented so many practical difficulties in its details, that many workers gave it up in despair, after devoting to it years of labour. But each one added a little to the general store of knowledge on the subject. Du Hauron's latest efforts, in 1879, were far from successful, and several of his Continental followers branched off from the main idea into such intricate manipulations, that though they approached theoretical perfection, their practical results were useless.

Fred. E. Ives, of Philadelphia, and Bierstadt, of New York, have both worked out modifications of Du Hauron's process which give good results in their own hands, and F. Bligh Bond, an English experimenter, has just published, as previously stated, a commercially practical photo-chrome print, and also some particulars of his working.

THE PROCESS OF TO-DAY, IN THEORY,

can be briefly described, with the aid of the science-school diagram herewith. It is based upon the theory of three primary colours, violet, green, and red, with purple, blue, and orange as secondaries. Three negatives are taken through glasses transmitting the colours complementary to the ones in which the prints from the respective negatives are to be made. Thus, the glass through which the negative for printing in red is taken transmits violet and green, with their secondary, blue, and their intermediates, blue-violet and blue-green, in their full power, and the yellow and the purple-violet in a less active degree, but entirely absorbs the red, and its intermediates between purple and orange. The action of the other screens is similar in extent, but their centres of full transmission are orange and purple respectively. From the negatives thus obtained, three superimposed prints are made, in pigments approximating to the primary colours. These pigments are necessarily as transparent as possible. Where a pure primary colour is represented (on one negative only), the pigment is deposited at its greatest thickness, but for the representation of the secondaries and intermediates two of the negatives will have been more or less acted upon, and there will be a partial deposit of two of the pigments in proper proportions to give the intermediate tint. Though this process is simple and satisfactory in theory there are certain difficulties and

LIMITATIONS IN PRACTICE.

The first and greatest of these difficulties lies in the fact that the optical and actinic (or chemical) effects of various coloured lights are not truly proportionate. This is seen in ordinary portraiture, where a comparatively dark blue is represented as lighter than a bright red, the reason being, that the light of the red end of the spectrum, even when more brilliant to the eye, is less active, chemically, than the violet end.* Therefore, to give the reds and yellows their fair share of pigment representation, it is necessary to make the exposures for the three negatives of unequal duration. If the whole of the spectrum were equally actinic in power, it would only be necessary to expose all the plates for an equal length of time, and to develop them together, to obtain perfect equality of rendering.

An unequal representation of the colours is not observable if the picture we produce is a copy of a painting, or any flat surface, unless we are able to compare the copy with the original; but if the photograph

* This difficulty has been partially, but by no means entirely, overcome by the recent advances in orthochromatic photography.

is from objects in relief, the defect will be noticeable from the fact that the shadowed side of a brightly coloured object will be represented, not by a darker shade of the same colour, but by a darker shade of a slightly different colour from the light side. So far as I can understand from Mr. Bierstadt's somewhat imperfect statement in *The Photographic Globe*, it is this defect of rendering that he has been able to overcome, by the use, in addition to the primary colours, of a neutral-tint ground-work printed from a fourth negative, which is presumably taken without a screen.

Another great difficulty lies in the fact that pigments are not colours, but merely more or less imperfect representations of them; and that the pigments which give the best representation of the primary colours do not make the most truthful secondary and intermediate combinations. In colour-printers' parlance, one colour partly "kills" another when mixed. To overcome this difficulty the green pigment must incline very strongly towards a lemon or sulphur yellow, while the red must also incline somewhat in the direction of yellow rather than in the direction of purple.

Again, it is unfortunate that in ordinary pigments or inks, printed upon a white surface, increased intensity of colour is accompanied by increased density, so that it is difficult to find inks to give a bright, vivid picture, and yet transparent enough to let the lower colour show through, and tinge the one that is printed upon it. This difficulty is partly overcome by printing the yellow-green first, red next, and blue last; but more transparent pigments than we can now command must be found before the natural colour process is perfect. Transparent gelatine or celluloid films, printed with suitable transparent dyes, and viewed by transmitted light, give a truer blending of the colours. Or uncoloured lantern slides, produced from three suitable negatives, and projected on to a screen by means of a triple optical lantern, with lights of the primary colours, will give a still better rendering. But neither transparencies nor optical lanterns are so handy for general reference as paper prints.

WHAT HAS ACTUALLY BEEN ACHIEVED

is represented in its most accessible form by the print given with *The Photographic Quarterly* for July. It is a photo-chrome of several gaudily-coloured bowls and vases, Japanese hand screens, plants in pots, four peacocks' feathers, and a coloured rug or carpet. Without the original objects to refer to, it is impossible to say that the colours are truly rendered, but there is no reason why they should not be so. Speaking of the variety of tints and shades produced from the three colours, a competent chromo-litho artist, to whom I showed the print, described it as a wonderful production, which his art could scarcely rival, and said he would not attempt to produce an equal effect with less than ten or twelve printings.

The problem of depicting objects in their natural colours by means of photography is practically and commercially solved, but there is much to be done before the process is perfect. At present only motionless objects can be dealt with, owing to the long exposure necessary when using colour-screens, but within the past two years plates have been rendered far more sensitive than ever before to the less active rays of light, and we shall see still greater advances in the near future. In fact, it is hardly extravagant to expect that, in ten or fifteen years, photography in natural colours may be almost as simple, and quite as near perfection, as photography in monochrome is to-day.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.

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THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH.

THE progress of photography, and the rapid development of photographic publishing, leads me to add this month a new feature to the REVIEW. As I have hitherto published every month a descriptive catalogue of New Books and Blue Books, so I shall in future publish a list of the more important New Photographs that have appeared at home and abroad since my last publication, together with an occasional reproduction of the most interesting. As this is the first month of this new feature, my list is very fragmentary and incomplete. I hope,



From a photograph by

[Mrs. Myers.]

MRS. H. M. STANLEY.

however, in future numbers, with the kind assistance of photographic publishers at home and abroad, to make these pages the best existing catalogue of the photographs of the world. Publishers will much oblige if, in sending their photographs for notice, they would kindly mention the prices and sizes, whether mounted or unmounted.

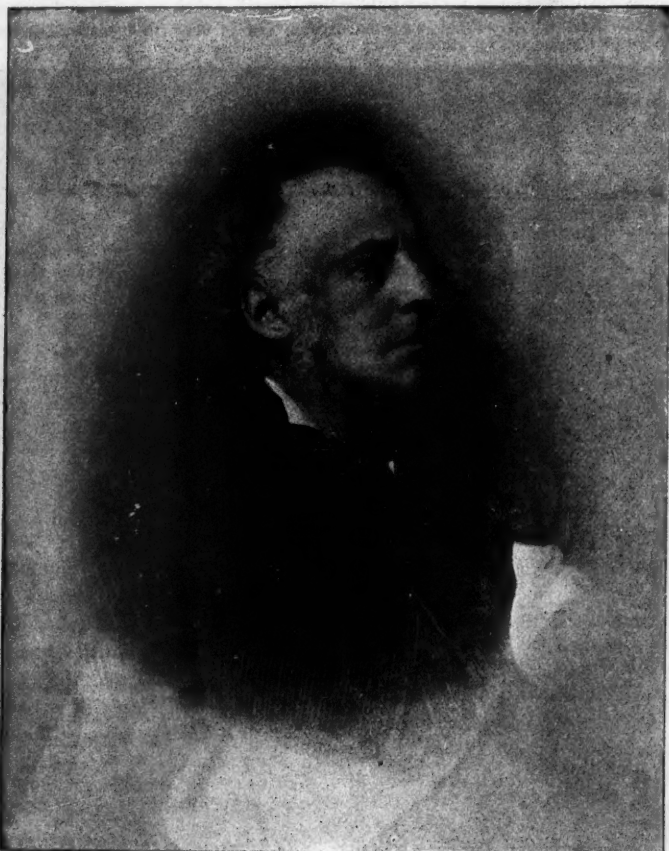
There is some difficulty in classifying photographs, and the present list is so very imperfect that it hardly lends itself to elaborate classification. This being the case, it may, perhaps, be best (1) to group together the lists of the different publishers; and (2) to classify the portraits of celebrities published last month.

"Pharaoh's Daughter."

Graceful personification of the Egyptian Princess and infant Moses. Mounted. Price 10s. 6d.

"The First Chord."

Two beautiful children sitting on the ground listening intently to the sound issuing from the musical instrument held by one of them. 21 inches by 18. Mounted. Price £1 11s. 6d.



From a photograph by J

[Fradelle and Young.

W. M. Myers

STUDIES BY MRS. EVELYN MYERS.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Singularly beautiful and thoughtful head of boy. Portrait of the artist's own son, 9½ by 11½ inches. Mounted. Price 10s. 6d.

"Rebecca at the Well."

Full-length figure of girl holding a pitcher, in graceful Eastern garments. Mounted. Price 10s. 6d.

"Minstrel Boy."

Child sitting on the ground playing on a banjo. Mounted. Price 10s. 6d.

"Hagar and Ishmael."

Two Figures. Mounted. Price 10s. 6d.

"Steady."

Charming study of a little girl holding a cupful of milk in both hands. Mounted, £1 11s. 6d.

"Smashed."

Companion picture to the above, showing the cup and its contents lying on the floor before their little bearer's dismayed gaze. Mounted. Price £1 11s. 6d.

All the above are platinotype, and are on view at 7, Haymarket.

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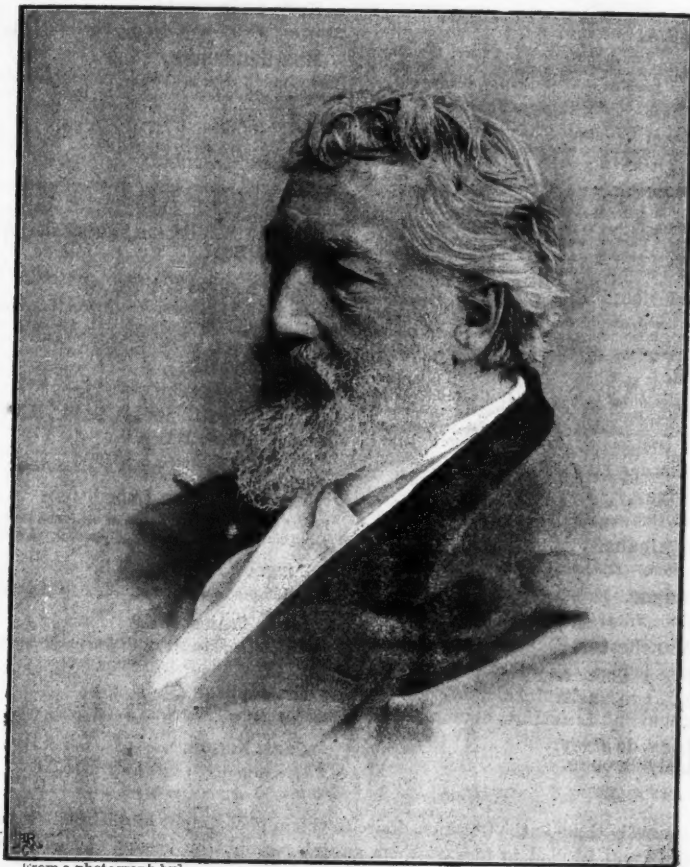
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CAMERON ART REPRODUCTIONS.

The success attending the reproduction last year by Messrs. Cameron and Smith of the principal portraits shown in the Stuart Exhibition held last year, leads them to believe that lovers of the art of Holbein, Strete, and Zuccherro will equally welcome a series of reproductions in permanent photography from pictures exhibited in the late Tudor

Title.	Artist.	Owner.	Cat. No.
Cardinal Fisher, } Bishop of Rochester	—	...Hon. H. Tyrwhitt Wilson	61
Ven. Philip Howard, } Earl of Arundel	Zuccherro	...Duke of Norfolk, E.M., K.G.	286
William Warham, } Archbishop of Canterbury	Hans Holbein	...Viscount Dillon	107



From a photograph by]

[Cameron & Smith, Ltd.]

Free Gift

Exhibition. By permission of respective owners, the following reproduction can now be obtained in folio on India-tinted sepia mounts, in two sizes, viz., 18 inches and 10 inches.

Title.	Artist.	Owner.	Cat. No.
Henry VIII.	...Paris Bordone	...Merchant Taylors' Company	120
Sir Thomas More	...Hans Holbein	...Edward Huth, Esq.	94
Charles Brandon, } Duke of Suffolk	Hans Holbein	...Lord Donington	38
Margaret, Countess of Salisbury	—	...Lord Donington	78
Katherine of Aragon	Hans Holbein	...Duke of Manchester	98
Queen Mary	...Lucas de Heere	...Society of Antiquaries	206
Henry Howard, } Earl of Surrey	Gwillim Strete	...Duke of Norfolk, E.M., K.G.	51
Cardinal Pole	...Annibale Carracci	...Lord Donington	216
Christina, Duchess of Milan	Hans Holbein	...Duke of Norfolk, E.M., K.G.	92
Queen Elizabeth	—	...Mrs. Cunliffe	269
Queen Elizabeth	—	...Lord De L'Isle and Dudley	311
Edward VI.	...Gwillim Strete	...Henry Huck Gibbs, Esq.	...

The price of a set of 10, selected from the above, is £25 5s. (18 by 14).
£2 2s. (10 by 8). Separate examples of the foregoing, excepting the

portrait of Sir Thomas More, may also be had (16 by 14) 15s., and (10 by 8) 5s.

Messrs. Cameron and Smith have also recently photographed the fine portrait of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, taken from life during the winter of 1859, by Mrs. Birdell Fox. Mounted. Price £1 1s.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRITIES.

ARTISTS.

Millais, Sir John, R.A.

A series of quarto portraits. One (reproduced) and bust; the others three-quarters length, with cap on head, standing before canvas or easel with brush in hand. Price 10s. 6d. (Fradelle and Young.)

Stanley, Mrs. H. M. (Dorothy Tennant).

Two portraits of the bride of the month. One (reproduced) with profile and bust; the other standing, showing back. (Mrs. Myers.) Not for sale.

Leighton, Sir Frederick.

Imperial photo, mezzotint, 10in. by 8in. Represents the President of the Royal Academy standing in his studio with palette and brush in hand, facing the spectator. Part of the Distinguished Artist's series. Price, platinotype process—resembling an engraving, 10s. 6d.; ordinary process, 7s. 6d.; cabinets of same, 2s. each. (Fradelle and Young.)

Leighton, Sir Frederick, P.R.A.

Two cabinet portraits, head and shoulders; full face and half profile, latter reproduced picture; fine photographs. Price 2s. each. (Stereoscopic Company.)

Mr. Alma Tadema.

This photograph, which also forms part of the Distinguished Artist's series, represents the artist, three-parts length, looking at a picture on his easel. Platinotype. Imperial size, 10s. 6d.; ordinary process, 7s. 6d.; cabinets of same, 2s. (Fradelle and Young.)

ECCLESIASTICS.

The Bishop of Sydney.

Three-quarters. Price 2s. (Elliott and Fry.)

The Bishop of St. Albans.

Head and shoulders. Price 2s. (Elliott and Fry.)

The Bishop of Bangor.

Sitting facing the spectator. Price 2s. (Elliott and Fry.)

The Bishop of Manchester.

Sitting, three-quarter length, full face. Cabinet. 2s. (Elliott and Fry.)

SOCIAL AND THEATRICAL.

From the "VAN DER WEYDE," LIMELIGHT STUDIO.

Lady de Grey.
Lady Brooke.

Price 2s. each.

As many readers, especially those in the Colonies, desire to obtain photographs of celebrities without exactly knowing where to order them, I will be glad to forward them any photographs on receipt of their remittance for postage and cost of photographs. Roughly speaking, cabinet photographs are published at 2s. 2d., and the postage for unmounted photographs by book post is:—

For all parts of the Postal Union	s. d.
For India, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand	0 1
For India, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand	0 2

If mounted, and sent in sealed envelope, a cabinet photograph weighs nearly an ounce, and costs double the ordinary postal rates for a half-ounce letter, viz. :—

For the Postal Union	s. d.
For India	0 5
For India	0 10
For Australia and New Zealand	1 0
For South Africa	0 8

Very few portraits of celebrities are published excepting in cabinet size. Views of scenery are usually of the larger quarto size, and cost unmounted from 1s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.

The Passion Play cabinets cost 1s. each; the quarto pictures 2s. 6d. each. The price is the same mounted or unmounted.

All letters enclosing orders to be marked "Photograph" on the outside of the envelope.

From the STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY—

Miss Agnes Huntingdon.
Mrs. Bernard Beere.
Miss Halliday.
Mr. John Hare.
Mr. Willard.

Price 2s. each.

Herr Paderewski.

Head and shoulders. Cabinet. Price 2s. (Elliott and Fry.)

Max Hamburg.

The youthful musical prodigy, dressed in sailor suit, leaning against a piano with piece of music in his hand. Cabinet. Price 2s. (Elliott and Fry.)

LITERARY.

Sir Edwin Arnold.

Powerful, expressive head; shoulders covered with heavy fur coat. Cabinet. Price 2s. (Vander Weyde.)

Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist. Author of "Three Men in a Boat."

Rider Haggard, Novelist.

Cabinets. Price 2s. each. (Stereoscopic Company.)

POLITICIANS.

Mr. Pilsmsoll.

Cabinet. Price 2s. (Stereoscopic Company.)

Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., M.P.

Cabinet. Price 2s. (Elliott and Fry.)

TRAVELLERS, ETC.

The Emin Relief Expedition.

Elliott and Fry publish portraits of all the leading members of the Emin Expedition, in costume as equipped for African Exploration.

Surgeon Parke, A.M.S.

With rifle across back. Full length, facing spectator. Cabinet. 2s.

Lieut. Stairs, R.E.

Half profile, full length, with rifle in one hand and spear in the other. Cabinet. 2s.

Mr. Jephson.

Standing at ease, with rifle and shooting cap. Cabinet. 2s.

Capt. Nelson.

Profile, with rifle in right hand. Cabinet. 2s.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

NOTICE.—For the convenience of such of our readers as may live at a distance from any bookseller, any Book they may require, whether or not it is mentioned in the following List, will be forwarded post free to any part of the United Kingdom, from the Office of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, on receipt of Postal Order for the published price of the Book ordered.

ART.

MOLLETT, JOHN W. The Painters of Barbizon. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Two volumes. Price 7s.

These two volumes form the most recent addition to the "Great Artists" Series. Corot, Daubigny, and Dupré are dealt with in the first; Millet, Rousseau, and Diaz in the others.

THOMSON, DAVID CROAL. The Barbizon School of Painters. (Chapman and Hall.)

This is a far more elaborate work than the preceding, and contains no less than one hundred and thirty beautiful illustrations. Mr. Thompson, who is connected with the Goupil Gallery in New Bond Street, has done much to create a taste in this country for the works of Corot and his confrères. Millet, it may be added, is now universally known as the painter of the "Angelus," which was bought in 1859 for £20 and recently sold for £22,120!

BIOGRAPHY.

DUFFY, SIR CHARLES GAVAN, K.C.M.G. Thomas Davis: The Memoirs of an Irish Patriot, 1840—1846. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.) Demy 8vo. Cloth. Price 12s.

Davis was one of the purest of patriots, and his connection with the "Young Ireland Movement," brief though it was in respect of time, has had an important bearing upon the struggle for Irish national independence. The story of his life and work is here told by a political associate and friend.

E. A. T. Alexander Heriot Maconochie: A Memoir. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Portrait and Two Views. Price 7s. 6d.

A very sympathetic record (from the pen of Mrs. Charles Towle, a daughter of Sir Henry Taylor) of an earnest and untiring worker among the poor. Mr. Maconochie laboured for more than thirty years in the parish of St. Alban's, Holborn, and effected great changes in the crowded district of which he had charge. The ritual introduced by him at St. Alban's provoked much litigation, an account of which will be found in this Memoir. The Rev. W. Russell contributes a preface.

FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY, M.A. Thomas Carlyle: A History of the First Forty Years of His Life, 1795—1835. (Longmans, Green, and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Two volumes. Portraits and engravings. Price 7s.

These are two volumes of the "Silver Series." The time has gone by when one might abuse Froude's "Carlyle" on the ground that he tells us too much about his subject. What he has written, he has written. We hasten cordially to welcome a cheap and excellent edition of one of the most entertaining biographies of the century. Two more volumes, containing Carlyle's Life in London, are to follow. The new edition will cost something less than a quarter of the sum at which the book was originally published.

REID, MRS. ELIZABETH. Mayne Reid: A Memoir of his Life. (Ward and Downey.) 8vo. Cloth. Portrait. Price 6s.

The facts which Captain Mayne Reid's widow has collected concerning her husband's military and literary careers are not very artistically arranged, but there can be no doubt that they are very interesting. All who have read and admired Mayne Reid's stories and adventures—and who has not?—will welcome this record of his life and work.

SMITH, G. BARNETT. The Life of The Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone. (Ward, Lock, and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 604. Portrait. Price 3s. 6d.

A new and cheaper edition of this popular life of Mr. Gladstone. Should prove a useful accession to the libraries of Liberal Clubs and of similar institutions.

WILLIAMS, MONTAGU, Q.C. Leaves of a Life. (Macmillan and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 374. Portrait. Price 3s. 6d.

This is a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Montagu Williams's very interesting reminiscences. The book is well printed, and prettily bound.

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, AND BELLES-LETTRES.

BURNAND, F. C. Very Much Abroad. (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 436. Price 5s.

Papers reprinted (with the illustrations) from *Punch*, formerly the first volume of a "Collected Uniform Edition" of Mr. Burnand's writings.

BURNAND, F. C. A New Light Thrown Across (the) Keep-it-Quiet! Darkest Africa. (Trischler and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 176. Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.

Mr. Burnand possesses the true spirit of parody, and the little volume before us is a pleasant skit upon the book of the day. Perhaps we ought to have placed it under "Travel."

HOWELLS, A. G. FERRERS, LL.M. Dante's Treatise: De Vulgari Eloquentia. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xx. 132.

Dante's great poem has overshadowed the few prose-works which he wrote. Mr. Howells has translated his Latin treatise on the eloquence of the vulgar tongue (i.e., Italian), and has appended some very useful notes. Dante's treatise is really a manifesto in favour of the use of Italian in preference to Latin.

LESLIE, ROBERT C. Old Sea Wings: Ways and Words in the Days of Oak and Hemp. (Chapman and Hall.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 328. One hundred and thirty-five illustrations. Price 14s.

The title pretty accurately describes this book. It may be added that the book was suggested to the author by Mr. John Ruskin.

MASSON, DAVID (Editor). The Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey. (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii. 456. Price 3s. 6d.

The tenth volume of Professor Masson's new edition of De Quincey's works, containing "Literary Theory and Criticism." Among the articles and papers comprised in this volume are the "Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected," and the essays on Rhetoric, Style, Language, Conversation, Greek Literature, and Milton.

STEVENSON, E. (Editor). Early Reviews of Great Writers (1786-1832). (Walter Scott.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xviii. 326. Price 1s.

An excellent idea spoilt by bad editing. Mr. Stevenson seems to have thought it sufficient to extract a certain number of old review articles, and to prefix to them a short history of the old Reviews. Concerning the most important point—namely, the circumstances under which the articles were written—he says nothing. Extracts are taken from the *Monthly*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the book includes reviews of Burns, Coleridge, Byron, Scott, Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson. A volume of the "Camelot Series."

The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. (Vizetelly and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 444. Price 2s. 6d.

This is the first volume of a new edition of this entertaining work, which, when complete, will form the initial publication of a new series of reprints. Lord Macaulay's excellent essay is prefixed by way of biographical introduction, and Mr. W. C. Ward contributes some useful notes. A portrait of Fanny Burney forms the frontispiece.

FICTION.

The following list contains all the more important works of fiction published during the month of July. It will be observed that the number of two and three volume novels is exceedingly small. Such works are seldom bought outright: persons desirous of reading them usually find an abundant supply at the circulating libraries. Stories in one volume naturally stand on a different footing; consequently both size and price are in each case given.

THREE VOLUME NOVELS.

ANON. **An Australian Girl.** (Bentley and Son.)

COBB, THOMAS. **For Value Received.** (Ward and Downey.)

JAMES, HENRY. **The Tragie Muse.** (Macmillan and Co.)

TWO VOLUME NOVELS.

BROWN, ROBERT. **Jack Abbott's Log: a Yarn of the Merchant Service.** (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)

HETHERINGTON, HELEN F., and THE REV. H. DARWIN BURTON. **Paul Nugent, Materialist.** (Griffith, Farran, and Co.)

A reply to "Robert Elsmere." Miss Hetherington no doubt supplies the story, while the clergyman contributes the many discussions on religion and science with which the book abounds. In the end the materialist becomes a Christian.

LODWICK, R. W. **John Bolt, Indian Civil Servant.** (Digby and Long.)

ONE VOLUME NOVELS.

ALLEN, F. M. **Brayhard: The Strange Adventures of One Ass and Seven Champions.** (Ward and Downey.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 308. 37 illustrations by Harry Furniss. Price 6s.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN." **Two Marriages.** (Macmillan and Co.) A cheap edition. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 338. Price 3s. 6d.

AUTHOR OF "MY NEIGHBOUR NELLIE." **Loafing and Loving.** (Fun Office.) A collection of short stories and sketches. 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 198. Illustrations. Price 1s.

BJÖRNSSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE. **In God's Way.** (William Heinemann.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 288. Price 2s. 6d.

The initial volume of *Heinemann's International Library*. The translation has been made by Miss Elizabeth Carmichael; Mr. Edmund Gosse, the general editor of the series, prefixing a brief biographical and critical note.

BOLDREWOOD, RALPH. **The Squatter's Dream: a Story of Australian Life.** (Macmillan and Co.) 8vo. cloth. Pp. 312. Price 3s. 6d. A cheap edition.

BORLASE, J. S. **For True Love's Lake.** (Warne and Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 190. Price 1s.

COMPTON, HERBERT. **The Dead Man's Gift: a Tea Planter's Romance.** (W. H. Allen and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 390. Price 3s. 6d.

CUNNINGHAM, SIR HENRY STEWART, K.C.I.B. **Wheat and Tares: a Modern Story.** (Macmillan and Co.) 8vo. Pp. 280. Price 3s. 6d. A cheap edition.

DICKENS, CHARLES, and WILKIE COLLINS. **The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices: No Thoroughfare: The Perils of Certain English Prisoners.** (Chapman and Hall.) 8vo. Cloth. Illustrations. Price 5s.

These three stories formed three Christmas Numbers of *Household Words*. They are now reprinted in complete form for the first time.

FARMER, LUCY. **The Chronicles of Cardewe Manor.** (Hutchinson and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 308. Price 2s. 6d.

A collection of short stories.

FENN, GEORGE MANVILLE. **Princess Fedor's Pledge; and Other Stories.** (Hutchinson and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 308. Price 2s. 6d.

FRANCILLON, R. E., and OTHER WRITERS. **Wooing: Stories of the Course that Never Did Run Smooth.** (Hutchinson and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 312. Price 3s. 6d.

GILCHRIST, R. MURRAY. **Passion the Plaything.** (William Heinemann.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 208. Price 6s.

GISSING, GEORGE. **The Nether World.** (Smith, Elder, and Co.) 8vo. Boards. Pp. 392. Price 2s.

A cheap "yellow-back" edition.

LEE, TOM. **Stephanie.** (Ward and Downey.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 320. Price 6s.

LEITH-ADAMS, MRS. **My Land of Beulah.** (Methuen and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 320. Price 3s. 6d.

A new edition in one volume.

LETHBRIDGE-BANBURY, G. A. **The Lumley Wood Mystery.** (Hutchinson and Co.) 4to. Paper covers. Pp. 78. Illustrations by Mr. Bernard Partridge. Price 1s.

Love Tales. (William Paterson and Co.)

A set of five small octavo volumes, bound in cloth, containing selected love tales—English, Scottish, Irish, German, and American. Price 1s. per volume.

MULHOLLAND, ROSA. **The Haunted Organist of Hurly Burly; and Other Stories.** (Hutchinson and Co.) 8vo. cloth. Pp. 304. Price 2s. 6d.

NISBET, HUME. **Ashes: A Tale of Two Spheres.** (Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 404. Price 6s.

ST. JOHNSTON, ALFRED. **A South Sea Lover.** (Macmillan and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 322. Price 6s.

Tales from "Blackwood." (Blackwood and Sons.) Sm. 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 208. Price 1s.

Four stories, reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*. "Such Pity as a Father hath"; "Coincidences"; "A Dead Man's Vengeance"; and "The Story of James Barker."

WILLIAMS, J. LOCKE. **Amyon Drewth.** (Ward and Downey.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 152. Price 1s.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

BENNETT, ARTHUR. **John Bull and His Other Island II.** (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 240. Price 1s.

The first part of this book was noticed in our April number. The volume before us is of a more political character, containing, as it does, a narrative of a visit to Ulster, undertaken with the object of obtaining, by personal enquiry, some idea as to the opinions of the province concerning Home Rule. It also gives an account of a journey to Gweedore, and a description of Belfast at the time of the riots.

DUNCAN, SARA JEANETTE. **A Social Departure; How Orthodox and I Went Round the World by Ourselves.** (Chatto and Windus). 8vo. Cloth. Price 7s. 6d.

A very bright and amusing book of travel, full of picturesque and humorous descriptions of countries, men, and manners.

OLIVER, EDWARD, M.I.C.E. **Across the Border; or, Pathan and Bilech.** (Chapman and Hall). 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xi. 844. Map. Price 14s.

This book is to some extent a reprint of letters which have appeared in various Indian journals. It contains a well-written description of the various tribes inhabiting the frontier, from the Black Mountain to Southern Baluchistan, together with some amusing anecdotes.

HISTORY.

FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY, M.A. **Cæsar: A Sketch.** (Longmans, Green and Co.). 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xvi. 568. Price 3s. 6d.

This is a volume of the "Silver Series." Mr. Froude's sketch is universally admitted to be one of the most graphic presentations of the life, character, and deeds of Julius Cæsar which have yet been written, and the publishers have done wisely to issue it in so pleasant and accessible a form.

MACKINTOSH, JOHN, LL.D. **Scotland from the Earliest Times to the Present Century.** (T. Fisher Unwin). 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxii. 336. Price 5s.

The most recently issued volume of the "Story of the Nations" series.

MERIVALE, THE VERY REV. CHARLES, D.C.L. **History of the Romans Under the Empire.** (Longmans, Green, and Co.). 8vo. Cloth. 8 vols. Price 3s. 6d. per volume.

Dean Merivale's "History" is the standard work upon the subject with which it deals, so that this again, like Mr. Froude's "Cæsar," is a welcome addition to the "Silver Series." The plates from which the book is printed are rather worn; but, on the whole, this may be pronounced a good working edition. Last month this book could not be purchased for less than 48s.; now it may be bought for 28s.

WALPOLE, SPENCER. **A History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815.** (Longmans, Green and Co.). 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s. per volume.

This is a revised re-issue in six volumes of a work that is almost indispensable to the student of English politics. Vols. I and II, which are now ready, show that the book is likely to be one which will prove pleasant to read and to handle—all that can be desired in a reprint.

YONGE, CHARLOTTE M. **Cameos from English History.** (Macmillan and Co.). 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 342. Price 5s.

This is the seventh series of Miss Yonge's pleasantly-written sketches of the more important events of English history. It embraces the important period between 1642 and 1678, and comprises an account of the Revolution and of the Restoration of Charles II.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

BRASSEY, LORD (Editor). **The Naval Annual, 1890.** (Portsmouth: Griffin and Co.). 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 538.

A very valuable year-book, in four parts: (1) General, by Lord Brassey; (2) Tables of British and Foreign Armoured and Unarmoured Ships, by F. K. Barnes; (3) Armour and Ordnance, by Captain Orde Browne; and (4) Statistics, Tables, and Official Reports.

GREENWOOD, THOMAS, F.R.G.S. **Public Libraries: A History of the Movement, and a Manual for the Organization and Management of Rate-Supported Libraries.** (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.). 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 586. Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.

A third edition entirely re-written. We cordially agree with Mr. Greenwood that "if by increased effort and an enhanced public interest the number of adoptions of the Acts can be raised from two hundred to four hundred during the next ten years, when the jubilee of the Ewart Act will be celebrated, a most desirable end will be accomplished."

Low's **Handbook to the Charities of London.** (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.). 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxx. 288. Price 1s. 6d.

This useful handbook gives the objects, date of formation, office, income, expenditure, invested funds, bankers, treasurers, and secretaries of over a thousand charitable institutions.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

ADAMS, FRANCIS. **Songs of the Army of Night.** (Vizetelly and Co.). Sm. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 116. Price 2s. 6d.

A volume of remarkable verse. Much of it is crude, and all of it breathes the fierce spirit of Republicanism; but there are pieces in the book which reveal rare insight and power.

AUSTIN, ALFRED. **English Lyrics.** (Macmillan and Co.). 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 172. Price 3s. 6d.

A selection from Mr. Alfred Austin's lyrical poems, to which is prefixed a critical preface by Mr. William Watson.

BETHAM-EDWARDS, M. (Editor.) **Poems of Owen Meredith.** (Walter Scott.). Sm. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxiv., 250. Price 1s.

This is a volume of the "Canterbury Poets" series, which is now drawing to a close. The poems appear to have been carefully selected, and the introduction reads very pleasantly.

ELLIS, HAVELOCK. (Editor.) **The Best Plays of the Old Dramatists: Thomas Middleton.** (Vizetelly and Co.). 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiv. 486. Price 2s. 6d.

Students of our English drama will note with satisfaction that Mr. Vizetelly has recommenced his issue of the "Mermaid Series." This is the second volume of Middleton, and contains "The Roaring Girl," "The Witch," "A Fair Quarrel," "The Mayor of Queensborough," and "The Widow."

POLITICS AND SOCIETY.

Co-operative Life. (Co-operative Publishing Co.). 8vo. Boards. Pp. 237. Price 1s. 6d.

A course of lectures on the advantages of co-operation in the various departments of life, delivered at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street. The lectures are by various pens, the whole course being summed up in a final lecture by Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days."

DICEY, A. V., Q.C. **The Verdict: A Tract on the Political Significance of the Parnell Commission.** (Cassell and Co.). 8vo. Cloth. Pp. x. 194. Price 2s. 6d.

A somewhat belated analysis of the Special Commission Report, as seen from the Unionist point of view. We fear the book is too late to revive any keen interest in the doings of the Parnell Commission or its Report.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

EYTON, ROBERT. **The Apostles' Creed; Sermons.** (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.). 8vo. Pp. xiii. 206. Price 3s. 6d.

"The aim of these sermons," says the author in his preface, "is to give such a simple exposition of the truths of the Baptismal Creed as may be useful to candidates for confirmation, and to others who have not time or ability for the study of more profound works on the subject."

FISHER, GEORGE PARK. **The Nature and Method of Revelation.** (Fisher Unwin). 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 292. Price 3s. 6d.

A work by an American theologian. Four chapters are devoted to the nature and method of Revelation: for the rest the book consists of essays on the date and authenticity of the Gospels, on the theological ideas of Matthew Arnold—an interesting paper—and a criticism of the recent controversy between Professor Huxley and Dr. Wace.

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ian Epoch.
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Mr. W. M. Richardson, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Y.M.C.A. Worker. With Portrait.

Zoologist. July.

The Evolution of Bird Song. Mr. Witheill.

Zoophilist. August. 3d.

Pasteur's Prophylactic in its True Light.

INDEX.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A. Arena	D. R., Dublin Review	L. T., Ladies' Treasury	P. Med. J., Provincial Medical Journal
A. A., Anglo-Austria	E., Expositor	Luc., Lucifer	P. M. M., Primitive Methodist Magazine
A. L., Art and Literature	Ed., Education	L. W., Life and Work	P. Q., Photographic Quarterly
All W., All the World	E. H., English Historical Review	Mac., Macmillan's Magazine	P. R., Parents' Review
A. M., Atlantic Monthly	E. L., English Illustrated Magazine	M. Art., Magazine of Art	Pr. M., Preacher's Magazine
Ant., Antiquary	E. R., Edinburgh Review	M. C., Monthly Chronicle of North Country Lore	P. R. R., Presbyterian and Reformed Review
A. Q., Asiatic Quarterly	E. T., Forum	Mind., Mind	Ps., Psyche
A. R., Andover Review	Fl., Fireside	M. M., Murray's Magazine	Q., Quiver
Arg., Argosy	F. R., Fortnightly Review	M. Mus., Magazine of Music	Q. R., Quarterly Review
Art J., Art Journal	F. S., Fashion and Sport	M. N. C., Methodist New Connexion Magazine	R. A. S., Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society
Art R., Art Review	G. M., Gentleman's Magazine	M. Q., Manchester Quarterly	S., Sun
Arts M., Arts Monthly	G. O. F., Girl's Own Paper	M. R., Monthly Review	Scots., Scots Magazine
Astrol. M., Astrologer's Magazine	G. T., Great Thoughts	M. S. H., Musical Herald	Scrib., Scribner's Magazine
Ata., Atalanta	G. W., Housewife	M. S. M., Musical Midget	S. D., Subjects of the Day
Au., Author	H. C., Home Chimes	Mus. O., Musical Opinion	S. G. M., Scottish Geographical Magazine
A. W., Bailey's Magazine	H. F., Home Friend	Mus. T., Musical Times	S. H., Sunday at Home
B. A., Bible Advocate	H. M., Harper's Magazine	N. A. R., North American Review	S. M., Sunday Magazine
Baby., Baby	H. R., Homeopathic World	Nat. R., National Review	Soc. R., Social Review
B. B., Bow Bells	I. C. B., Illustrated Carpenter and Builder	N. C., Nineteenth Century	S. R., Scottish Review
Bank., Banker's Magazine	I. E. R., Irish Ecclesiastical Record	N. E. M., New England Magazine	S. T., Sword and Trowel
Bel., Belgravia	Ig., Igdrasil	N. H., Newbury House Magazine	Stu., Student
Bk-wm., Bookworm	I. M., Irish Monthly	N. Mus. J., Nonconformist Musical Journal	Sun. R., Sunday Review
B. M., Blackwood's Magazine	In. E., Indian Empire	N. N., Nature Notes	S. W., Shipping World
B. O. P., Boy's Own Paper	I. N. M., Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine	N. R., New Review	T. B., Temple Bar
C., Cornhill	J. E., Journal of Education	N. Z., Monthly Review of New Zealand	Th., Theatre
C. F. M., Cassell's Family Magazine	J. Q. R., Jewish Quarterly Review	O., Outing	Tin., Tinsley's Magazine
Ch., Churchman	Jud. R., Judicial Review	O. D., Our Day	T. M., Theological Monthly
Chaut., Chautauquan	K., Knowledge	P., Portfolio	T. R., Theological Review
Ch. M., Church Monthly	KE., Kindergarten	P. E. F., Palestine Exploration Fund	U. R., Universal Review
C. J., Chambers's Journal	K. O., King's Own Law Quarterly	P. F., People's Friend	U. S. M., United Service Magazine
Cly., Clergyman's Magazine	L. F., Little Folks	Phren. J., Phrenological Journal	V., Vegetarian Messenger
Cl. R., Classical Review	L. H., Leisure Hour	Phren. M., Phrenological Magazine	W., Work
C. M. I., Century Magazine	Lip., Lippincott's Monthly	Pion., Pioneer	W. M., Workers' Monthly
C. M. I., Church Missionary Intelligencer	L. M., Longman's Magazine	P. L., Poet Lore	W. R., Westminster Review
Cos., Cosmopolitan	L. Q., London Quarterly		W. W., Woman's World
C. P., Contemporary Pulpit			Y. E., Young England
C. Q., Church Quarterly			Y. M., Young Man
C. S., Cassell's Saturday Journal			Z., Zoologist
Com., Commonwealth			
C. R., Contemporary Review			

It has been found necessary to restrict this index to periodicals published in the English language. All the articles in the leading Reviews are indexed, but only the more important articles in the other magazines. Many more articles are indexed than can be noticed in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, but when they are noticed, the number of the page is added on which the notice will be found. Owing to an unfortunate accident at the moment of going to press, which compelled the omission of the notices of the Musical Magazines, all entries in this Index referring to pages 198 to 203 should be read two pages backwards. For instance, *Andover Review*, July, 200, ought to be read *Andover Review*, July, 198, and so forth.

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 Agriculture: Hop-farming, R. A. S., July; Heritage of Pastures, R. A. S., July; Agricultural Machinery, R. A. S., July; Lessons of the "Eighties," R. A. S., July; Official Reports, R. A. S., July; American Agriculture, Chaut., August. Agricultural Education, B. M., August
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Mr. W. GUNN, the celebrated Nottingham professional, writing from the County Cricket Warehouse, 14, Carrington Street, Nottingham, July 9, 1890, says:—"Dear Sir,—You will be glad to hear that the Electropathic Belt I had from you has quite cured the rheumatism that prevented me from playing football last winter, and it has also been of great benefit in sustaining strength of nerve and endurance, which qualities are of great importance in my profession.—With thanks, yours truly, WM. GUNN. To C. B. HARNESS, Esq., the Medical Battery Co., Limited, 52, Oxford Street, London, W."

A SCULPTOR'S GRATITUDE.

The following letter explains itself:—"Oakley Studio, Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, S.W., May 2, 1890.—My Dear Mr. Harness,—I trust you will be pleased with the bust of your distinguished self which is now being exhibited at the Royal Academy. If you will allow me to present this, my work to you, I shall be only too glad for you to accept it as a token of my gratitude for the skilful treatment by yourself and other officers of the Electropathic Institute. I must admit that my health has been completely restored, and I owe it entirely to your system of electropathy.—I remain, ever your grateful patient, ED. LANTERI."

EXTRACTS FROM OTHER LETTERS.

HENRY NELSON, Esq., 173, Market Street, Birkenhead, writes:—"I suffered from epilepsy for twenty years; but since wearing your Electropathic Belt I have not had a single attack, nor any appearance of my old complaint. My circulation has improved, and I have felt better in every respect."

E. MORRIS, Esq., writing from 46, Medlock Street, Kirkdale, says:—"I procured one of your Electropathic Belts for weak back, indigestion, and a nervous disorder, the result of a fall, and I am glad to say it has already done me a lot of good. My back is better, my appetite is much improved, and I am not so nervous."

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SEPTEMBER, 1890.

No. 9.

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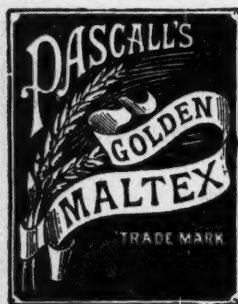
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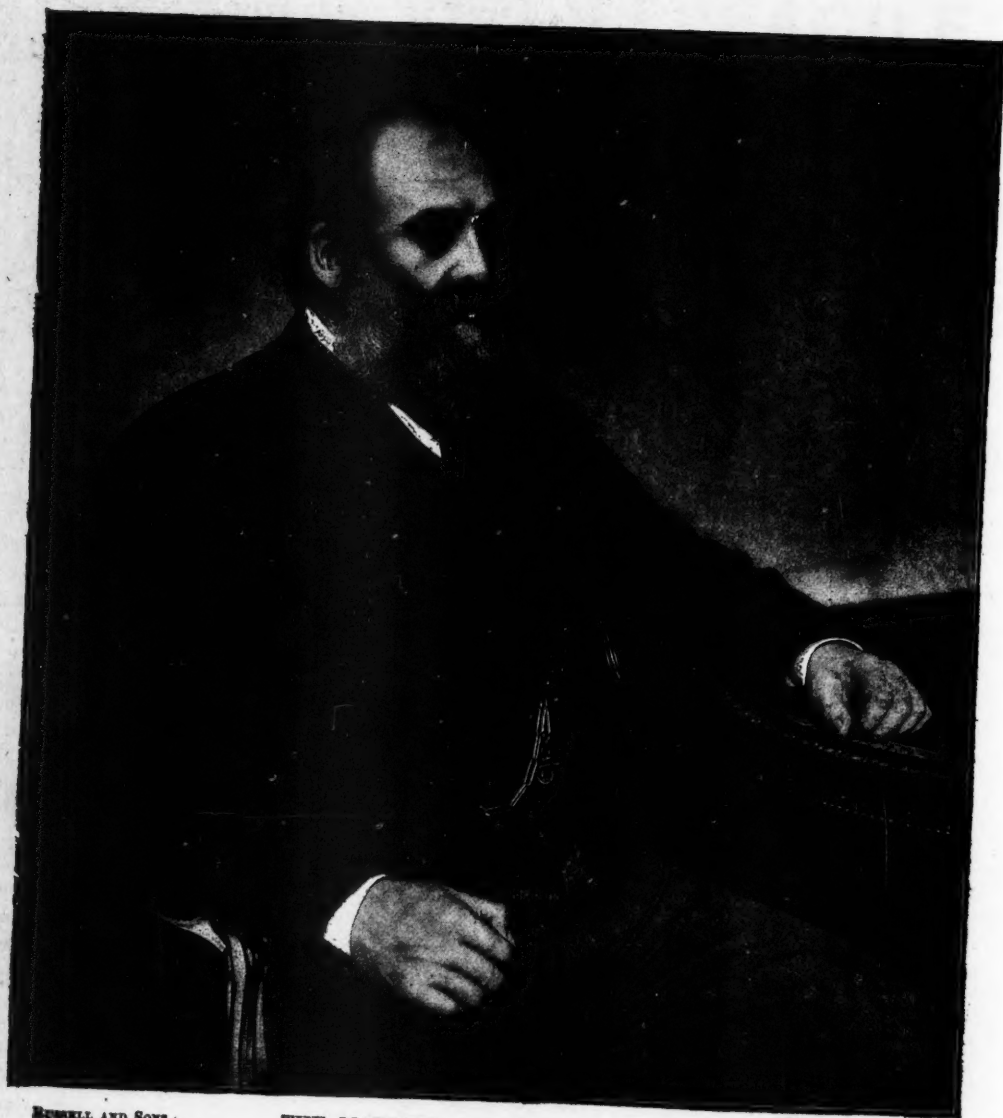
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